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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOL. III.

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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY,

&c. &c. &c.

B295

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

JOHN WOOD WARTER, B.D.
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD;
VICAR OF WEST TARRING, SUSSEX.

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"Southey's Letters show his true Character."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,
MS. Letter to Mrs. Southey, April 29. 1843.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

XXA -d- 1

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.
1856.

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LETTERS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Miss Barker.

London, Nov. 9. 1815.

I AM afraid, Senhora, that the letters, which I wrote from Brussels did not reach their destination, for there is no allusion to them in those which we have received from the Venerable * and the juvenile Moon. One was a second letter of wonders, carrying us, if I recollect rightly, to Ghent. The other was to yourself, and brought our history as far as Brussels. I found it impossible to write anything more than my journal, which occupied every minute I could spare, even on those days when we were stationary. You know how little leisure is to be obtained in a foreign country, when your curiosity is always on the alert, and eyes and ears both upon active service from morning till night.

You shall, however, have our whole history in due form when we return. My journal is very full. That portion which relates to the fields of battle I shall extract, and affix either as preface or postscript to my

* This was Mrs. Coleridge's household name.

projected poem. The rest I may arrange and fill up at leisure to leave among my papers. Here in London I can find time for nothing; and to make things *worse*, the devil, who owes me an old grudge, has made me sit to Philipps for a picture for Murray. I have in my time been tormented in this manner so often, and to such little purpose, that I am half tempted to suppose the devil was the inventor of portrait painting.

To-day (Thursday) we are to see the Lord Mayor's Show. It is raining, and will continue to rain. We go in about an hour to Rickman's, to see the water part of the pageant; then to Josiah Conder's in St. Paul's Church Yard, to see the procession by land. To-morrow for Streatham, between which place and Champion Hill (Mrs. Gonne's) we shall remain till the Saturday of next week: on that day we go to John May's, and return from his house to London on the Monday; then, after four or, at the most, five days, we set off on our return, for which we are all equally impatient. I am weary of this continual movement and bustle, and long most heartily to be once more at home and at work, — the best kind of rest.

I have bought for the Mountain Marshal a cuirassier's pistol from the spoil at Waterloo, and also a piece of kick-man-jiggery from Aix-la-Chapelle, which, being a very out of the way sort of thing, and pretending to be useful, is more fit for the said Marshal than for anybody else. There is as yet no news of any of my books. There are some Dutch volumes among them ("Lives of the Painters"), with heads by Houbracken: some of the very finest of his works.

I am writing upon Herbert's desk, and I mend my pen with Herbert's knife; a knife of queer cut from Namur, containing two blades and corkscrew, and steel for striking fire to light his pipe, and an instrument for picking the pipe: the latter will serve to untie parcels,

and I have a flint from Waterloo with which he may strike light when we want a fire by the lake side. We have a friar apiece for Kate and Isabel, a friar on horseback for Bertha, and two nuns who are to be disposed of I know not how. Betty will be glad to hear that I have been mindful of her commission, and bought four sponges, taking Shedaw for my counsellor in the choice. We are to spend one whole morning in shopping before we leave London.

Whether I am one of those persons who know how to spend and how to spare, is not for me to determine, but I have been both spending and sparing more than I wished. My gold has fled like chaff before the wind. You will lend me 100*l.* on my return, to set all straight, as they say in Cumberland, and it will not be very long before I shall be able to set that amount straight also. "Roderick" is doing well, and has given me a good lift; its work is not done yet, and it may possibly set us fairly afloat in smooth water. My Waterloo poem will get me more credit than money. *There is one friend to whom I look for both—that eminent physician whose house I reconnoitred at Doncaster.** God bless you. Love from all to all, and kisses as many as you please to give to the kissable part of the family. The Doctor, in particular, desires his remembrances. You must not go to London this winter, and perhaps next year I may accompany you to visit the ruins of Paris. I *almost* expect a massacre of the allied troops, and the destruction of that city.

The first Mina is in London, and I shall see him. My letters need not be sent. Remember me to the General and Mrs. Peachey. The other General (Mrs. Coleridge's friend) I have seen; he is living with a

* "His premeditated work, '*Doctor Daniel Dove, of Doncaster*,' which was to have been dedicated to me.

"Mary Slade, *née* Barker."

Jewish quack, who calls himself an Italian, the most impudent of his fraternity. This fellow's name is on the door, and I believe he lives upon the General, whose credulity in such things amounts to absolute insanity. Once more, God bless you. I long to sing my bravura at home once more.

Yours affectionately.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Streatham, Nov. 17. 1815.

My dear Grosvenor,

I have written a letter to Gifford, which I shall not be able to despatch till to-morrow, when the proof may accompany it. I hope he will show it you. What effect it may produce Heaven knows. Bring with you the sheets of the article, in their original state, when you come to Queen Anne Street; they are become curious. It is not unlikely that I may offend Croker by the manner in which (without alluding to him) I have pointed out the impolicy and injustice of his interpolations. If it be so, so it may be. He may say what he pleases in his own person, and call black white if he likes it, but it is presuming too much to do this in mine. Fools that these people are! as if there were any living man who is more disposed to render full justice to the Duke of Wellington than I am, or who had equally the will and the power to bestow upon him the highest and most lasting praise. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Wednesday, Dec. 6. 1815.

We reached home to-day, after a safe journey; the weather too wet to be cold, so that we suffered little other discomfort than that of fatigue. Edith May grew better as we advanced further from London, and I trust that her usual habits will soon restore her to her usual health.*

I had no opportunity, when last we met, to tell you what has passed concerning the "Quarterly Review." In consequence of my letter to Gifford, which you saw, I found that the interpolations came from no less a personage than the Duke himself, who thought proper, through Croker, to make me his tool. I spoke as became me upon the occasion; insisted upon stopping the press, carried my point, struck out the falsehoods which had been inserted, and replaced what had been struck out. Upon seeing the former part of the article (the

* The following lines are from the proem to the "Pilgrimage to Waterloo": —

"The young companion of our weary way
Found here the end desired of all her ills;
She who in sickness pining many a day,
Hunger'd and thirsted for her native hills,
Forgetful now of sufferings past, and pain,
Rejoiced to see her own dear home again.

"Recover'd now, the home-sick mountaineer
Sate by the playmate of her infancy,
Her twin-like comrade[1], render'd doubly dear
For that long absence; full of life was she,
With voluble discourse and eager mien,
Telling of all the wonders she had seen."

[1] Mrs. Warter's "twin-like comrade" was poor Sara Coleridge.

proofs of which had not been sent me), I find a passage interpolated about the Convention of Cintra, which is contrary to my own expressed opinion. This I shall resist, and insist upon it that nothing hereafter be inserted in any paper of mine without my consent; otherwise I will withdraw from the work. I had an interview at the Admiralty after the business, and it was curious to observe how carefully the subject was avoided, and yet what concessions were made, and civilities shown, in reference to it.

I shall be anxious to hear how your leg is going on. My table is covered with letters.

I was much pleased with Mina, and shall get from him a sketch of his own history. With Frere also I am likely to have much correspondence. He has been a very ill-used man, and is perfectly aware that I am likely to prove his best friend. Of course he is able to give me much information; but I was much gratified by finding that, on most points, the opinion which I had previously formed was strengthened and confirmed by what he communicated.

My love to my aunt and the bairn.

God bless you.

R. S.

To J. Neville White, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 8. 1815.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

You would hear of us from Nottingham, where we met the kindest and warmest reception; — that after departing from your mother's house we broke down in the streets you probably would not hear, for

we went to the inn while our luggage was shifted to another chaise, and no hurt was done. On the Tuesday night we reached Wordsworth's about seven o'clock; it would have been possible to have got home by ten, but to have come in at night when the children were asleep, would have been a cruel disappointment to them and to us! A return of this kind is a sort of triumph for which daylight is required, and sunshine also, if it could be had upon demand. So we slept at Rydal, and the next morning made our appearance. I need not say that it was a happy house that day. God be thanked we found them all in health, and Edith had improved in health every day after she left London.

My table was covered with letters; and though I fully intended to have told you of our safe arrival by the first post, I had not fulfilled my intention when the post hour came.

You loaded us with kindness in London, and added largely to the treasures which we brought home for the children, — treasures they may be called; for things of infinitely greater value would give them less delight in riper years. I shall feel myself your debtor till you have brought your sisters here; or rather let me say, you *owe* us this gratification; and if your excellent mother would be of the party, our gratification would be the greater.

James was looking well. I wish I could assist him in his search for a curacy.

It will be some days before I can, as it were, find my way, and resume the broken thread of old employments. At this moment I am up to the elbows in letters, these I hasten to clear off, in the hope of this night beginning my poem. God bless you. Remember me to the Conders, and believe me, my dear Neville,

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P. S. All here, the old and the young, unite in the kindest remembrances. Herbert has gone on faithfully both with his Greek and German during my absence, so as to have lost nothing. It is not possible that any child could be more entirely after his father's own heart.

To Captain Southey, R.N., St. Helen's.

Keswick, Dec. 20. 1815.

MY DEAR TOM,

I want your help about the beginning of "Oliver Newman." It must open with a funeral at sea. Do you put shot in the coffin (when there is one), or fasten the weights in any other manner? And in what manner, when the ceremony was to be performed with some respect, would you hoist it over? and from what part of the ship? Give me all the technicals.

My plan is pretty well made out, and I believe my mind is made up upon the choice of metre, which is always a perplexing choice. It will be that of "Thalaba." Blank verse might lead me into repetitions, and rhyme will not do for a poem much of which must be essentially dramatic.

Longman expects that the quarto "Roderick" will be gone before a small edition can be ready; it is therefore in the press again. This was to be looked for; but it will not have, and cannot have, a great sale. The passion for novelty is soon satisfied, and the poem is of far too high a character to become popular, till time has made it so. It is like an acorn upon Latrigg now. The thistles and the fern will shoot up faster, and put it out of sight for a season, but the oak will strike root and grow.

Will you be glad or sorry to hear that I must write an ode? I verily believed that the performance had been dropped last year, and thought it was an act of over-caution when I wrote last week to ask Croker whether or not it was so. He told me last night that though the custom ought to be abolished, it is not yet, and therefore I must write one: and he holds out a vague sort of prospect of its abolition, upon which very little dependence can be placed. You may be sure I care very little about this. An immediate and public abolition of so idle a custom would reflect credit upon the Prince, but as for me, it may very possibly be more to my credit that it should continue; for subjects can never be wanting to a man who looks at public events as I do, in their causes and consequences. So instead of *pesting* the ode (that French word is better than either our synonyme in *c* or in *d*), I set about it, formed the plan immediately, and have to-day written thirty-seven lines; which, considering I had a head-ache in the morning, and took a humming dose of magnesia at two o'clock to get rid of it, is pretty well. . . . . .

We had yesterday the most remarkable storm that Mrs. Wilson or any person in Keswick can remember. The wind was nearly due south, and it took up the water of the lake, literally like dust: we could see it beginning to rise far up under Brandelow, white as smoke or as a morning mist, gathering and growing all the way to the bottom of the lake, and there dispersed as far as the tempest could carry it. The report from the town was that "slates were flying about there like crows"; and in fact the long sort of pent-house above the Queen's Head is nearly unroofed. It still blows a heavy gale.

The "West Indies" you cannot complete without going to London, and working at the public libraries there, and this it will be worth while to do when you

have done all that can be done from the mater
your reach. We must overhaul them when
you.

Dec. 22nd. — My *ode*ous job was finished
thirteen stanzas in the rhymeless measure c
gratulatory odes which Milton, after the Gr
Apolelymenon,—a good hard word for *loose.*
name for the ode sadly; but to call it merel
metre, Carmen Apolelymenon, would be such
upon a title-page" as might well make the r
himself. So I suppose it must simply be
ode. I dismiss the American War by a w
may soon be at an end; and, with a refere
memory of Washington, then turn to wh
labours which befit this country in peace, lau
upon the two great subjects of general edu
colonisation. I will get it franked to you if
Love to Sarah. God bless you.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, De

My dear Grosvenor,

I have been doggedly at work, and w
my unwilling Minerva no longer. Here
stanzas which are good enough for the fiddl
the time I shall have finished my poem, I
be able to complete this, or substitute somet
in its place. The "Pilgrimage" goes on to
I am at Brussels now, and another evening
me to the Field of Battle; thus far, all i
could not be otherwise: it remains to be

shall succeed when description is to be exchanged for a moral and severe strain. As for making a poem *upon* the battle, as you advise, it would be just as possible to make a plum-pudding of it, for battles are as unfit for poetry as they are for puddings; and if you can find a more dissimilar simile, you may substitute it as more to the purpose.

I shall put my journal in such order as to make a volume for posthumous publication, by which time it will have greatly increased in value; that is to say, it will be worth much more as a post-obit than as a bill at sight. My recollections help me now and then to something which had been forgotten in its place; and I hear others from the two Ediths, in the course of the many conversations upon our journey, which had escaped my observation, or not occurred to it. Besides this, I am reading about the countries which I saw, and am become so curious about them, that my "Collectanea Belgica" will amount to something considerable by and by, both in extent and value. I meant to have given you your letters in London, and behold they remained in my trunk; but I am not sorry for this.

R. S.

P. S. A merry Christmas to you.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 12. 1816.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

It is Barrow who so perversely persists in discrediting cannibalism, for no better reason than that he thinks his own preconceived opinion of more weight

than the testimony of anybody else: this is strange and provoking in a man of so much knowledge and so much ability. It is curious, too, for he had expressed this disbelief before in the same channel, and, after the publication of my first volume, seemed to retract it. Murray has a manuscript in his hands concerning the Tongataboo Islands, which contains some pleasant stories upon this subject, and upon savage life in general. I have advised him by all means to publish it. It is one of the most curious books of its kind, drawn up from the account of a certain Mr. Mariner, who was spared from the massacre of a ship's crew, being a lad, and had lived among them several years. Wynn sent me once an extract from an unprinted Welsh Chronicle written in Latin: speaking of an invasion from Ireland, it said that the leader was killed, and being a very fat man, one of the Welsh chieftains had him for his share, and made bacon of him! I think the Latin words are, "*in carnem suillam condidit.*" Now whether for *rashers*, or for *lard*, as unguents, the French surgeon in Brazil collected human fat from the Tupinambas *boucans** I know not, but incline to believe in the rashers. It is a pity that Barrow is not a Welshman, for the pleasure which he would derive from this story.

God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* "Four forked stakes were driven into the ground, sticks were laid across, and on this they rather dried than broiled the flesh. This wooden frame was called the *boucan*; food thus smoked and dried was said to be *buccaneered*; and hence the origin of the name applied to that extraordinary race of freebooters who were so long the scourge of the Spaniards in South America."—*History of Brazil*, vol. i. p. 207.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Feb. 21. 1816.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Since you heard from me last, my "Pilgrimage" has never been off my desk, and I have not reached the end of it,—such a snail's pace have I travelled. With as boyish a heart as ever, I begin to have a grey head, and many symptoms that the noonday of life is gone by. In the year 1798 I once wrote 1200 lines in a week. "Gualberto" made part of them; the greater number of the rest were in "Madoc." This I could not do now; and an increased fastidiousness, or sense of imperfection, will not account for all, or even half, the differences; the inclination for the effort is wanting, which is a strong indication that the power no longer exists.

I took the story of "Bless thy eyes"* from Bowdler's book, with a strong suspicion, I confess, that the word "*Bless*" was put *evangelicè* for a much more soldierlike expression; but I had no suspicion that eyes had been substituted for noses, or I should certainly have restored the true reading. In consequence of what was said of the Convention of Cintra in the former number (where my sentiments were suffered to stand), Sir Hew Dalrymple has sent me a long vindication through Murray. I cannot reply to him as I should wish to do for his courtesy, and must therefore take advantage of his letters having come to me as an anonymous person, not to reply to it at all. He is very fearful of what I shall say in my history, and from this fear it is impossible to relieve him. This is an evil inseparable from the task of writing contemporary history; there are occasions on which, be as cautious as you may, you must either

* I think the expression was, "Bless thy crooked nose."—C.W.W.

sacrifice truth, or wound the feelings of others. My Spanish honours bring me into a curious dilemma: as a member of their two Academies, I am expected to send copies of whatever I may publish to each; and to do this with a history which will neither mince the matter respecting the Holy Office nor Ferdinand would be a direct insult. As for Ferdinand and the *Liberales*, there is as much to be said in justification of one as of the other: their constitution provided for quarrelling with the puppet King at its head, and would soon have ended by getting rid of him. It is not much to be wondered at if he, who has just sense enough to understand this thoroughly, and is, moreover, so thorough a Catholic as to embroider petticoats* for the Virgin, should have very little mercy upon men who really are thorough Jacobinical Atheists, and who declare that they would show no mercy if the power were in their hands. This is a matter which I can judge with entire impartiality; for certainly, had I been born a Spaniard, and bred under such a Government and such a Church, the first wish of my heart would have been to destroy both. In short, it is as fair a war between them, as between shark and sailor. It required all Brougham's effrontery to take up this question. While these men were acting against France, he never spoke of them but with contempt.

Dr. Aikin announces "George III.," and I am to review his work—an offer readily accepted on my part: because what I shall then write will serve as the outline of my own intended book. In this forthcoming number I have a short paper upon a French account of Massena's campaign in Portugal; and another upon Alfieri,

* See 2 Kings, xxiii. 7. So like is the superstition of one age to another!

Τᾶς καλλιδίφροι' Ἀθα-
ναίας ἐν κροκέῳ πέπλῳ κ. τ. λ.—EUR. *Hec.*, v. 464.

of little or no value. For the next I must exert myself as my ways and means will require.

We have had an avalanche. I do not know whether you saw Applethwaite when you were here, — a gill under Skiddaw. An immense portion of snow came rolling down, and brought with it a proportionate quantity of wreck from the mountain, so as to bury the stream for some hundred yards, and the water now works its way under the mingled mass, or rather under an arch of snow which is covered with wreck. This arch has fallen in in many places, and the whole scene is highly curious. You will receive my "Pilgrimage" in the course of a month: I end it with a vision, which enables me to speak of the political aspects, and of the prospects of society, as I would wish to do. How I like it myself, I shall better be able to say when it is completed: the barometer of an author's own feelings is liable to many variations. Bedford will tell you of the prints, which will give the book a certain and permanent interest. I have made proper mention of Picton, who, I think, may take place of Sir Henry Morgan, as the Worthy of Wales. God bless you.

Yours very affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Messrs. Longman and Co.

Keswick, March 8. 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have two matters of business to propose for your consideration. I believe I mentioned to you, in town, the death of a young Cantabrigian, in whom I had taken much interest. His papers (poems) are in

my hands, and, in my judgment, a selection from them will do honour to his memory. They will not have the religious interest of Kirke White's "Remains," neither do they display so much correctness; but certainly there is as much power and as much promise. In the way of memoir, I do not know that there will be much to say. He was the eldest of a very large family; the father a half-pay officer, in very straitened circumstances. Of course, the publication is with his approbation; but it remains to be seen what circumstances of his son's short life he would choose to have stated. Be that as it may, there will be enough of general matter bearing upon the particular subject to make an introduction. He was highly respected in his college, and known enough at Cambridge to have excited some interest there; with this, and with my name, there can, I think, be little risk in venturing one volume, the size of K. White's; the title, "The Remains of James Dusautoy, late of Emmanuel College, Cambridge; with an Introduction, by R. S.," &c. My own judgment of these papers is sanctioned by Wordsworth. Should you be willing to undertake the publication, upon our usual terms, I should wish you to communicate your assent to Captain James Dusautoy, Totness, Devonshire, and account with him for the eventual profits. I may hint to you, that it is desirable the letter should be franked.

The second point of business relates to a volume of "Travels in Brazil," by Henry Koster, a friend of mine who resided six years in that country, and went to it with the advantage of speaking Portuguese as his own tongue, being an English-Lisboner by birth. The line of his travels was from Pernambuco to Ceara, besides occasional excursions, and a voyage to Maranham. The manner of his narration is plain and unaffected; and the picture which it gives of the state of society in that country is highly curious. In quantity, I should suppose

it would make such a volume as Mawe's; and he has some four or five drawings of costumes, which would make good coloured prints. In the second sheet of the "Pilgrimage" there are three stanzas* relating to Koster and his travels. I did not know that he had any intention of publishing them when those lines were written; but the quotation might have its use in announcing the book, and I should, of course, notice it as soon as it appeared, in the "Quarterly."

Pople is printing the "Pilgrimage" much to my satisfaction. The poem extends considerably beyond my estimate, but will not be the worse for its length.

Believe me, yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* I transcribe the stanzas, as the reader may not have the "Pilgrimage" at hand:—

"A third, who from the Land of Lakes with me
Went out upon this pleasant pilgrimage,
Had sojourn'd long beyond the Atlantic Sea;
Adventurous was his spirit, as his age;
For he in far Brazil, through wood and waste,
Had travell'd many a day, and there his heart was placed.

"Wild region! . . . happy if at night he found
The shelter of some rude Tapuya's shed;
Else would he take his lodgment on the ground,
Or from the tree suspend his hardy bed;
And sometimes starting at the jaguar's cries,
See through the murky night the prowler's eyes.

"And sometimes over thirsty deserts drear,
And sometimes over flooded plains he went;
A joy it was his fire-side tales to hear,
And he a comrade to my heart's content;
For he of what I most desired could tell,
And loved the Portugals because he knew them well."
Part I. i. 38.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, March 12. 1816.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I have been reading Turner's "Tibet," having felt my intellect hungry for it after what you said in its praise. A good book, a strange country, and a stranger people. I do not find any mention of the proportion between the sexes, and this silence may seem to infer that there is no visible disproportion; but on the other hand, women being everywhere less abroad than men, it may exist, without being obvious to a traveller. I can account for the system of Polyandry *, as he calls it, only in one way; that among the first settlers there was, from whatever cause, a paucity of women, and that it originated in necessity. As, for instance, it might have done at early Rome, if there had been no Sabines within reach. Cæsar found a similar system here,— this island being peopled from the continent. There will be always a great majority of men among emigrants and colonists; but if the system thus began in an actual disproportion, that disproportion (in the ordinary course of nature) would continue the same, unless a supply were introduced from without: to restore the natural equilibrium women must be imported, not bred. In Tibet there seems to be no importation.

Their Lama, like Apis, who is always the same, has this advantage over other rulers,— rather, there is this advantage in the fraud, that it gives them choice of the subject; and that as an Apis was sure to be a fine ox,

* "In Pinkerton's abominable collection of voyages is a compilation about Tibet, copied from Astley's collection, and here it is stated that the people say their custom of polyandry is necessary because of the scarcity of women."— J. R.

so will the Lama be chosen among the finest specimens of the human infant. It is a book that gives one much matter for speculation.

Have you read Elphinston's "Caubul"? The Affghans are a fine people: of all the Easterlings, the Persians are the worst.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, March 15. 1816.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

I shall attend to your remarks always, and profit by them where I can. As for party, you need not fear that. I have even done some little injustice to some of my own political apprehensions in putting them into the old man's mouth. But you will see that all this is subordinate to the philosophical views developed at the conclusion.

It will, perhaps, be convenient to prefix something like an analysis of this part in the way of argument to the poem. The tower upon the sand* is not emblematic of ambition, but of philosophy built upon false principles. The principles of the revolutionary leaders are broadly stated in this part, as avowed by most of them, and consistently acted upon by Bonaparte; and in this canto they are contrasted with the principles of duty. In the next canto these arguments are advanced, which would prove that no good has resulted from the conest, and that our victory has left the world worse than t found it: and with these arguments as relating to

* "Its frail foundations upon sand were placed," &c. Part II. "THE TOWER," § 9

Italy and Spain, and the domestic dangers, the old gentleman takes his departure, leaving me more impressed by them than it would have been agreeable to acknowledge to one who, if he had been closely examined, might have been found guilty of a cloven foot and a tail. In the third canto, which is far more visionary, the purport is, that religion must be the foundation of philosophy, which can never judge rightly of human affairs unless the nature and destination of man be felt and understood. The two points upon which I rest are, that imperfection or disease is our nature, which is called original sin (which I am very far from understanding in a Calvinistic sense), and the immortality of the soul. Upon these data, whatever relates to individual man becomes clear and satisfactory; and in the last canto this is applied: I then look at the general course of history, consider the question of national degeneracy, and show that the degradation of Europe, that is, of the only progressive part of the world, would have resulted from Bonaparte's success. Thence the immeasurable importance of this victory. All this ought to be perspicuous, if I have explained myself properly. I then proceed to show what England may be, taking the fair side; and this is a series of shifting pictures looking on for centuries, far and wide; and taking care to say that it depends upon herself whether they be realised or not. Then I shall wake, and conclude with a L'Envoy of rejoicing, in which the bonfire upon old Skiddaw is not to be forgotten. I have got on thirty-two stanzas with the last canto, and heartily glad shall I be to see the end.

The plan is now before you; it is precisely the outline which I formed when my determination of writing upon the subject was first made; in the execution it has extended farther than I expected, and after all, may very probably not be worth the time which it

has cost. The subject certainly would never have occurred to me as one of choice. However, I am not out of humour with it upon the whole, and shall be in great glee when the pictures arrive.

What has Gifford done with my article about the Frenchman with half a dozen initials? He does not mention it in his note: I take it for granted that it stands over for the next number, and as he has chosen that "Algiers" shall stand over too, I shall do less for the number in consequence. If they go wrong about Lord Elgin, it is not my fault: I suspect a design of washing the blackamoor white, and cautioned them against it.

Cyril Jackson's good word is worth something if it gets abroad. I am greatly indebted to Cyril Jackson, —to no man more. He refused to admit me at Christ Church, as doubtless you remember, and this was the most fortunate event in my life. Grosvenor, there were more wigs than brains laid together about that poor number of the "Flagellant!"

God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

April 17. 1816.

My dear Friend,

If you have seen Harry of late, you will anticipate the intelligence which a black seal announces. It has pleased God to visit me with the severest of all afflictions, by removing my son,—my only son,—who was the very flower and crown of all my happiness: for never was man blest with a child more entirely after his

own heart's desire. "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

I am very thankful for having had him during ten years. During those years he has been the joy of my life; and my deepest pleasure hereafter will be in the sure and certain hope that this separation is only for a time. I feel, also, that the removal is for his good; that he was perfectly fit for a better scene of existence: he had learnt all of good that this world could teach him,—all kind affections, all good feelings, all generous hopes; and he is gone before the world has sullied his pure spirits, without a spot or stain, never having known a thought of evil, never having felt a single affliction. His life has been past in love, and he has fallen asleep to wake in immortality.

In this frame of mind, you will believe that I am as composed and as resigned as becomes a man and a Christian; but I am fully aware that in this place I shall never be able to overcome the recollections which must everywhere haunt me. My morning walks, my summer excursions on the lake, &c. &c., —all are associated with him, who was my constant companion. I will therefore, if it be possible, remove from Cumberland. My lease expires in twelve months from this time. I wish to be near London, and, if it may be, near you. Harry will talk to you about this.

Edith has supported herself through this long and severe trial with exemplary fortitude. I trust God will support her now. For myself, it is a relief to know that the worst is over. For full five weeks I have never known an hour's peace of mind, perpetually dreading this; and even when I gave way to the hopes with which others flattered me, it was hoping against belief. His whole demeanour was, like his whole life, almost beyond belief for calmness, collectedness, and obedience.

Pray for us, my dear friend, that we may be supported in our affliction. My heart is strong, and I can answer for controlling all outward excess of grief; but I pray that my health may not fail me. I have many ties to life, and am duly mindful of them at this hour.

God bless you. Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, April 22. 1816.

I OUGHT sooner to have written to you; but ill news always finds its way, and I was willing to shrink from another repetition of the same tale. The affliction which has befallen me is heavier than any person can conceive, who had not seen the habits of my domestic life; how closely they were connected with the studies and the amusement of the child whom I have lost, and how he became as naturally my companion as I became his playmate. There is but one source of consolation; but that source is all-sufficient, and I have drank of it largely. My happiness can never again be what it has been, yet will the difference be rather in kind than in degree; there will be less of earth about it, less that is insecure and perishable. He was the main object of my hopes; those hopes have now no fears to alloy them (for this calamity was always before my eyes), and at this moment with a feeling of perfect resignation at his removal, I thank God for having, during so many years, blest me with a son who was, in every quality of disposition and intellect, entirely after my own heart. No mother could possibly have behaved with more admir-

able fortitude than Edith did during the whole severe trial. We are both as you would wish to see us under such a dispensation, — resigned to the call of God, and grateful for the blessings which we still possess; blessings such as fall to the lot of few.

I am very much reduced in body and in strength; but I am taking all care of myself, and a short time will recruit me. I employ myself incessantly. I find not only relief in mental exertion, but even pleasure.

God grant that you may never be visited with a sorrow of this kind. My love to my aunt and the children. I cannot love Edward more than I already loved him; but, as far as is possible, he will be to me hereafter in the place of my son. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Herbert Southey.**

"

HERBERT! having some spare time,
I will write to you in rhyme;
For, though you perhaps suppose
That I should write to you in prose,
Rhyming Son, methinks, should rather
Hear in rhymes from rhyming Father.

* In the "Life and Correspondence," vol. iv. p. 16., Southey says in a letter to G. C. Bedford, "In his desk there are the few letters which I had written to him in the joy of my heart. I will fold up these and send them to you, that they may be preserved when I am gone, in memory of him and of me."

"These letters," my brother-in-law observes in a note, "have not come into my hands," nor have they into mine. The above scrap, written on a bit of waste paper, I found amongst the MSS. of the late Mrs. Southey, marked "VERY PRECIOUS."

And if I in verse declare
Where we've been, and where we are,
Such odd names I needs must bring in
As will prove my skill in singing;
Skill, my son, which, you may guess,
It befits me to possess;—
Me, who, living by the Greta,
Am his Majesty's Poeta!

At our outset, as you saw, son,
We for driver had James Lawson;
Carefully did young James guide
Chaise and horse to Ambleside.
Loth we were, the truth to tell,
To leave a house we love so well;
Yet we felt our spirits mend all
On the second stage to Kendal:
Thence we went to Kirkby Lonsdale.
(He, son, does not walk in bonds well
Who can make a name so ugly
Into couplets come so snugly!)

Thence we went to Ingleton
When our first day's work was done.
Horses well upon their mettle
Carried us next day to Settle;
After breakfast then we skipt on
Merrily as far as Skipton;
Next a man, whose coat was motley,
Drove a pleasant stage to Ottley.
Thence a weary way proceeds
Up a heavy hill to Leeds.

Cætera desunt.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, May 17. 1816.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I am very glad you are satisfied with the "Pilgrimage;" a work of such length can never be completed without many fits of misgiving in the author, and towards its close, when uneasy apprehensions from another cause began to disquiet me, I more than once wished that it had never been begun. To me the book will ever remain a sad memento of the uncertainty of human enjoyments; and yet it is a satisfaction that the poem exists, and will exist as long as my name shall be remembered.

*Emuling** is not my coinage; you will find the word in Spenser.

The "Carmen Nuptiale" was half written two years ago, and, by a piece of good luck, which could not have been expected, is only by one word the worse for altering. I had to turn the Belgic lion into a Saxon one; this male Simorg of ours most obligingly happening to have a lion for his supporter. Tell nobody this, and nobody will perceive how much difference the one word makes. I myself think this far the best of my minor poems. Nor am I afraid of being misunderstood in the third stanza.

The stanza is not Spenser's; he, I believe, has never used it. It is the simplest form of stanza, and of the most convenient length. A longer stanza, when the same rhyme recurs more frequently, leads almost inevitably to a diffuser style than is at all times desirable.

* The word occurs in "Colin Clout's come home again:"—

"Yet, *æmuling* my pipe, he took in hand
My pipe, before that *æmuled* of many,
And plaid thereon."—v. 72.

"The Lay of the Laureate" is a good English name for the "Carmen Nuptiale:" it is just such a poem as those which were originally called "Lays," and though I have put more of Robert Southey into it than many persons may think proper (and you perhaps among others), yet certainly the subject is one which R. S. would never have chosen, but which the Laureate could not with propriety let pass. Moreover, the two L's alliterate well, and the beauty of the title-page will be improved, because the title renders unnecessary the introduction of the author's name.

The Waterloo men have got their medals, I see. You and I and Alexander Davison have contributed to this. This is not the first time that I have been oddly classed with Alexander Davison. Poor Woodruffe Smith, of Stockwell, left 50*l.* each to Duppa, Alexander Davison, Sir John Eames, their Lord Mayor, and R. S., as his four particular friends.

I am afraid Wilson has acted from a very unworthy feeling of personal resentment towards Lord Wellington and his own Government. Wilson has been an ill-used man. If I were called upon to say what particular act, above all others, contributed to the success of our struggle in the Peninsula, I think I should say, Wilson's advance to Ciudad Rodrigo at the time when Sir J. Moore was in full retreat; for that movement (beyond all doubt) prevented the French from advancing upon Lisbon, and the English from evacuating it, as they were ready to do. I daresay Beresford is a better drill sergeant than Wilson, and Wilson a better guerilla chief than regular soldier; but certainly his merits were never acknowledged and rewarded as they might have been. No weaker feeling than that of bitter resentment could ever have made *him*, of all men, take so strong an interest for Marshal Ney. My own feelings upon this business are these: I would have seized Ney in his

flight, and delivered him to the executioner; but had Lavalette come to me, I would have used every effort to favour his escape; I would not have plotted it, but when he was out of prison, I could no more have abstained from assisting him (there being no paramount claims of eternal policy in his case, as there were in Ney's), than I could from saving any human creature from death, if it were in my power. But as for the grounds on which B—— and H—— profess to have acted, they and my Lord K—— ought to be cut for the simples; and if the operation were extended to some of the opponents of the Alien Act, the sum total of folly in the House of Commons would be reduced.

The French seem very lovingly disposed to cut each other's throats, in which meritorious work I hope they may prosper to their hearts' desire. A Bonapartian La Vendée would be a spectacle for men and angels. I mean good angels; the devils would be too busily engaged in it to have any leisure for looking on.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Wade Brown, Esq., Ludlow.

Keswick, May 26. 1816.

My dear Sir,

You will easily excuse me for not having myself informed you of our loss. It is the third which we have sustained, but the sorrow is now different in kind as well as in degree. The death of an infant seems repaired by the birth of another, and you lose in it more of hope than of actual enjoyment; yet God knows, even then the heart is wounded in its tenderest part.

But in our present case, the loss is irreparable. Were there the probability of our having another son, I am not sure that I should desire it; so infinitely unlikely is it that he should resemble Herbert in those moral and intellectual endowments which rendered him all that my heart desired. No father was ever blest with a child more entirely such as he would have prayed for, and therefore it was that I always apprehended the calamity which has befallen me: I could not help feeling that when a creature of this kind came into the world, it was not likely that he should be suffered to remain in it; he lived in it long enough to know all that was good,—and nothing but what was good; and he is removed before a thought of evil has ever risen in his heart, or a breath of impurity ever tainted his ears.

For ourselves, I hope we bear the visitation with true submission to the unerring wisdom which has appointed it. I have lost so many near and dear friends that my thoughts have been long and habitually directed toward the next world, as a point of hope,—as the place where we are to meet again, and where we shall be separated no more. Meantime, though the very head and flower of all my earthly hopes and happiness is cut off, I have abundant blessings left: for each and all of these I am truly thankful; but of all the blessings which God has given me, this child, who is removed, is the one which I *still* prize the most. Most thankful I am that I should have been favoured with such a son, and most happy in the certain assurance that this privation is only for a time. But for this faith it is scarcely possible that we should have supported the blow. The illness was of six or eight weeks' continuance; there was hope till the last, — though from the first in my own mind fear predominated. It was found after death to be an accumulation of matter in the pericardium. Part of my prayers were granted; long as the

decline was, and total as the decay, it was attended with the least possible suffering; and at the end he fell asleep. One word more, and I will have done with this painful subject:— his whole behaviour was in this, as in all his life, — BEAUTIFUL.

I thank you, my dear Sir, for your very friendly letter. My tears even now are not without some portion of delight — such is the power of religion.

Remember us most kindly to Mrs. Browne and your daughters,

And believe me

Very truly and affectionately yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, July 2. 1816.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Do not imagine that any circumstances would ever render me indifferent to anything which concerned your happiness. My state of mind, as it regards my own loss, is what it should be, and admits of no repining thought or feeling: least, of all occasions, would any such feeling occur upon the present,—an event of which I have so truly wished to hear.

I hope to see you here. If I leave home this year, it must be for a longer journey than to Wales. Bedford, I think, must lose his mother ere long. She is not in immediate danger, but she may be so at any moment; that she should recover, is nearly impossible, and any day the disorder may assume a fatal character. Whenever this event happens, if it be possible for me to get from home, I should wish to go with Grosvenor for five or six weeks to the Continent,—the best thing for him,

and which would be wholesome for me also. During my last trip I kept a minute journal; and were I to go through the rest of the Netherlands, the knowledge which I have acquired from books, and which I have the means of obtaining in that country, would enable me to make a volume that should do me no discredit, and would pay the expense of my journey.

As to the mention of the Catholic Question, the character of the poem rendered it indispensable. The sovereign of this country has no more imperative duty than that of preserving the institutions of the country. That the Roman Catholics will ever succeed in building up their own church here, I do not believe; but they may go a great way in assisting to pull our church down, — and a church which is undermined, which is battered in breach, and which has the dry rot to boot, is in a bad way for durability. That you will carry the question I take for granted, — from the total want of activity in your opponents. You would not carry it if most of the men who sit upon the woolsacks, were not as soft as the wool which they sit on. The next demand which the Catholics make is, for a Catholic Establishment in Ireland; and upon the quarrel (into which every Paddy Rampant will enter as into a crusade) you will have a civil war; — and if it be delayed till the Bourbons feel safe upon their throne, you will find far more danger from a Bourbon fomenting a Catholic Rebellion, than ever you did from a Directory instigating a Republican one. The question will not, however, be easily carried: this business in the South of France has opened the eyes of the Dissenters, and you may probably calculate upon some act of folly in the Irish. Gifford is so connected with Canning that the "Quarterly" will probably be enlisted on that side; in that case I shall most likely publish a pamphlet upon the subject.

Though I cannot come to you at present (my fellow traveller Nash, who made the drawings for me, is just arrived), at some future time I hope to go over "Madoc's" ground, that I may improve the poem by interweaving local descriptions. My race as a poet is nearly run; if I finish what I have begun, it is little likely that I shall ever begin anything more. "*Solve senescentem!*" The hours which I might be able to spare for such pursuits in declining life, would be better employed in correcting my former poems than in attempting anything more.

I have reviewed "M. Roche Jaquelein" for the next numbers, and written a paper upon bettering the condition of the poor. I am about to take Pinckard's shallow book for a text, and write upon the West Indies. My mind is reconciled to remaining here; and having worn out the first inclination of flying from the spot, in all likelihood I shall never remove from it. I am perfectly at ease respecting the future circumstances of my family; were I to be removed immediately, there would be a provision for them; and if I live some few years, it will be in my power to save money. All things considered, I have been singularly fortunate, nor shall I ever be unmindful how much this has been owing to you.

God bless you, my dear Wynn. Present my congratulations to your wife, and believe me

Most affectionately yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Aug. 31. 1816.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

I begin to wish for solitude and long evenings—winter it were needless to include in the wish, for we have had it almost uninterruptedly since last Christmas. I am weary of visitors, and want leisure. The Beaumonts are here, and Rogers is here, — and the Lord knows who have been here, — and more of the Lord knows whose family are coming. Here is Glover in town; and the younger Westall and the Secretary of the Bible Society have been here, and the King of Prussia's librarian has been here: and what with one and another, I am well nigh walked off my legs, and talked out of my life. Am I the better for all this, you will ask? Everybody will tell you that I am in good spirits; but my spirits are not what they were, nor will they ever again be. *Hæret lateri!*

I have begun this letter, forgetting that an unfinished one has been lying in my desk; so as I can frank this, I will cut off the fragment. Gifford is at his old work of castrating my reviews, against which I must resolutely and decidedly remonstrate. He has likewise, without ceremony or any apology whatever, wholly suppressed a short article which I believe you saw, upon a Frenchman's history of Massena's campaign in Portugal, and which certainly has not been omitted to make room for better matter. It would be curious if I should be so disgusted as to throw up the "Review" at a time when it pays me more liberally than I have ever before been remunerated for any kind of labour. But I am strongly disposed to suspect foul play with which Gifford is unacquainted. Judge for yourself:—Murray propounds

to me, among other subjects, a paper upon the West Indies; there is none which I am more competent to treat: I accepted it, and intimated an intention of making it conclude with reference to the "Registry Bill." Murray is well pleased,—collects abundant pamphlets, takes it for granted that I must take part with the planters and slave smugglers, because he "took it for granted that I should think differently from Messrs. Jeffery and Brougham;" and finding that on this point (which is in effect the question of the Abolition) I agree with them, he writes to solicit me, as a matter in which his personal interest is deeply concerned, that I will write upon any other subject. There are two modes of accounting for this: he may have West Indian property, or connections, and in that case have formed a fool's opinion upon a mistaken notion of self-interest; or, he has submitted his Journal to some undue influence. I pretend not to say what money has been lavished in purchasing newspapers, &c., yet he can hardly have been so imprudent as to sell his Review, and damn its character and his own, should the truth be suspected. I, of course, have laid the subject aside; but as I made no secret of my intention to write through that medium upon the question, I have warned him to beware how he takes the other side.

Lord Byron calls him the Grand Murray. I have preserved all his letters; their hints and their flattery would amuse you much. When next you come to Keswick, we will turn over these papers upon a rainy day, and put them in some order.

By accident I have seen a number of the "Examiner," containing a parody upon the "Proem to the Lay:" I could not have desired it to be more silly, or more stupid. You are included in it, *nominatim*, as my *wise* friend, in burlesquing the stanza wherein I say, "The friendship of the wise and good is mine." It is

hardly worth while to allude to such attacks seriously; but if you will send me back the chapters of "The Prophet Jehephary," * I will alter and adapt them to the present date, and secure their appearance in the "Courier" by sending them to Stuart myself.

Recover, if you can, the MSS. of my last two articles. Remember me to all at home. God bless you.

R. S.

The Book of the Prophet Jehephary.

CHAPTER I.

1. In those days, the men of the Party were sorely troubled, for behold, none of those things were fulfilled which had been written of by Jehephary the Prophet, and Peherri the Chronicler, and Kawbit of the Black Guards.

2. And the spirit of melancholy possessed Jehephary the Prophet, and he was tempted to destroy himself, for he said: Wherefore should I live to see the triumph of mine enemies?

3. For the battle hath gone against us, and the Emperor Napoleon hath been sent prisoner to the Lone Island; and King Joachim hath been shot; and Marshal Ney, him also have they slain!

4. And the Prince and his Ministers are honoured, for their counsels have been blest: now, then, let me die, that I may not behold these things.

5. Then he revolved in his mind by what death he should die: pistols he liked not since the affair of the Moor Thomas,

* As the "History of the Prophet Jehephary" has got abroad in different shapes, it seems better to print it at once. There is but one person living whom it concerns, and he is too gifted and too kindhearted to be hurt at a long-exploded squib.

The same objection may possibly be made to this as to the "Ogham Fragment;" but Southey's reverence for the Bible, and his humble piety, are unimpeachable.

and poison might not have agreed with his complection, and to have tried drowning would have been disregarding one of the known laws of the constitution of things. So he determined upon a rope.

6. And he sent for Brum the Scribe, whom he thought that it behoved to die with, being his bosom friend and counsellor, and one who was involved in the same disgrace.

7. Now when Brum the Scribe came into the chamber of Jehephary the Prophet, he found him sitting disconsolately in a flannel robe, and a white nightcap.

8. Upon the table before him was the play of Cato, and the last number of the Reekie Review, and a basin of water-gruel, and two ropes coiled curiously.

9. His face was of the colour of brimstone, by reason of the bile which was diffused through his whole frame, and his beard was of a week's growth.

10. And Brum the Scribe accosted him, but Jehephary the Prophet regarded him awhile mournfully and in silence; and when he brake silence he said: Behold, we are become a jest unto the people, and the laughing-stock of our adversaries!

11. For the spirit whereby I prophecied hath deluded me to mine own destruction.

12. I did prophecy concerning Spain that it should be subdued, and concerning Portugal that it could not be defended, and behold both countries have been delivered.

13. And concerning Russia I did prophecy that the French should possess it: alas! they left their bones therein!

14. And I took up my prophecy concerning the Emperor Napoleon, and said that his dominion should endure for ever: but lo! it hath passed away!

15. Moreover, I prophecied concerning Bullion that our credit was destroyed, and see, it standeth firmer than before.

16. Worthwordos also, whom I have already reviled, riseth daily in repute; and so long as his name shall endure with honour, mine will be remembered with it, only to stink in the nostrils of posterity.

17. And Sahouthy the Chief Poet, the man whom I most hate, afflicteth me more than I can bear. I hear his praises, and they are as poison in my ears.

18. He writeth notes which sting even like scorpions; for he collecteth the words of prophecy which I did utter, and placeth beside each prophecy the event which hath proved it false.

19. He administereth unto me, quarterly, words that be bitterer than wormwood. He setteth my malice at defiance, and holdeth my commendation in scorn, so that I cannot appease him with unction, as I did Lord Harold the Giaour.

20. And the Reekie Review, the child of our bile and of our brain, even thy child and mine, is fallen into contempt. It is better to die than to endure this shame.

21. Forasmuch as it toucheth thee also, I have provided two halters, one for thee, and one for me, that we may die together. Do thou fasten the noose under my ear, and I will fasten it under thine.

22. But Brum the Scribe made answer and said: Not so, for there is yet hope for us, and to this we can but come at last.

[Here endeth the First Chapter of the Book of the Prophet Jehephary.]

CHAP. II.

1. True it is that while the Prince liveth I shall not be Chief Justice, nor wilt thou be made Lord Advocate. But the place of Enemy's Orator in the great council hath been vacated by the death of our friend Whiteloaf; and I have, by means of certain influence, been appointed to fill it, so that I may yet do the state some disservice.

2. Moreover, we have many friends. Are there not Peherri the Chronicler, and Lee the Huntsman, and Kawbit of the Black Guards, and Philip the Pythagorean, who is called Syrr-itch-hardos, and Cahapel the Astronomer,

and Love-ill the Statesman, and him whom the French call *La Perruque Independente?*

3. Also we have Surjami our colleague, and Shidnai the jester.

4. The Lord of the Green-field hath forsaken us, and the Marquis of the Down-lands walketh in his own way. But the Grey Thane is with us, and Lord Harold the Giaour whom thou hast anointed.

5. Moreover, Cahapel hath read the stars, and the aspects portend change. On earth also there be comfortable signs. There be those in France who would set the son of Philip Egalité upon the throne.

6. Comfort thyself, therefore: sleep now, and take thy rest; and when sleep shall have refreshed thee, thou wilt prophecy in his behalf.

7. And Jehephary the Prophet was comforted; but he said that sleep had forsaken him, and that he had sought relief from sleeping potions but in vain.

8. Then said Brum the Scribe, do thou lie down, and I will minister unto thee that thou shalt sleep.

9. So Jehephary the Prophet laid him down, and Brum the Scribe took up the Reckie Review, and began to read unto him. The paper which he read was the composition of Surjami: and at the first page thereof Jehephary the Prophet did yawn, and at the second he closed his eyes, and at the third he fell asleep.

[Here endeth the Second Chapter of the Book of the Prophet Jehephary.]

CHAP. III.

1. And Jehephary the Prophet dreamed a dream.

2. Behold it seemed unto him in his sleep that there was a great uproar, and the men of the party triumphed, and there was a new Government in the land.

3. And a ship was sent to bring the Emperor Napoleon

from the Lone Island, and to carry out prisoners there in his stead.

4. And the Bishops were put down, and the Church Lands were confiscated, and the Tithes were abolished.

5. And high-mass was performed in St. Paul's; and Duke Goliath was present thereat, and Father Mac Burn'em preached a sermon, and the words of his text were, 'Compel them to come in.'

6. And the great church of Westminster was given to the Methodists; and Duke Hengist was present at their service, and did give out the hymns: the Lord Mayor also attended, and the mace was borne before him.

7. And a law was passed against paper money, and another which was entitled, For the better security of the Liberty of the Press; and by the law it was made felony, without benefit of clergy, to contradict anything that was said in the Reekie Review, or to say anything which might tend to bring the party into disrepute.

8. Also there was a law made for the better encouragement of literature; and by that law it was decreed that a knowledge of Greek was not necessary for the learned professions:

9. And that the Latin prosody should be reformed according to the use of the High School at Edinburgh; and that the examples in the Gradus should be taken from the Electa ex Tentaminibus.

10. And a law was enacted that there should be perpetual peace for evermore; but the operation of that law was suspended for awhile, and war was declared against the King of Spain, because of his treatment of the Spanish Protestants;

11. And against the Prince of Brazil, because he had not abolished the Slave Trade; and against the King of France because he was of the old family;

12. And against the Emperor of Russia, and the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia, because they had entered into an evangelical compact with each other, to the manifest danger of the Christian Religion, the Turkish Empire, the Balance of Power, and the Man in the Moon.

13. Then was there a high court of justice established, and power was given unto Jehephary the Prophet that he should pass sentence upon his enemies.

14. So there were brought before him Kawp-helsiton the Provost, and Sahouthy the Chief Poet, and Kahannin who had been the King's minister, and Worthwordos, and Giphardos, and Krokairos, and the Editor of the Times.

15. Then the heart of Jehephary the Prophet rejoiced within him, and he called for the executioners and said: Take these men, and let them be hanged by the neck. And he smiled for joy in his sleep.

16. But behold it seemed in his dream that Sahouthy the Chief Poet reached out his arm, and plucked him down from his seat, and setting him in the midst of the court, took him between his two hands, and spun him round and round, like as boys do spin a top:

17. And each of the men upon whom he had been sitting in judgment drew forth a whip, and formed a circle round him, and scourged him round and round. And Jehephary the Prophet cried aloud and awoke with the agony thereof.

[Here endeth the Third Chapter of the Book of the Prophet Jehephary.]

CHAP. IV.

1. Now when it was seen that Jehephary the Prophet waxed more and more melancholic, the Physicians were sent for, that they might consult concerning him, and see if they could yield him relief.

2. And they enquired of him where the seat of his malady lay: and he said that there was a weak part in his head, and that if a strengthening plaister were applied to it, peradventure he might be relieved.

3. Then they desired that Spurzheimer the Professor might be called; and before he came a barber was sent for, and the head was shaved carefully.

4. No sooner had Spurzheimer looked upon the skull of

the patient, than he started like a man who was greatly amazed, and he exclaimed: A remarkable head! a remarkable head, indeed: never before have I seen so remarkable a head! And the countenance of the Professor brightened like that of one who had discovered a treasure.

5. The first part which he remarked was the organ of party: it was on the left side, and of such enormous size that it occupied the whole space where the organ of patriotism ought to have been found, and part of the organ of veracity.

6. There was no organ of veracity; there was no room for it, because of the organ of party on one hand, and the organ of malice on the other.

7. And behold as the Professor proceeded in the examination, he lifted up his hands in astonishment, and uttered a German interjection of surprise.

8. And he called upon those who were present, and said, see now behold this organ! how beautifully it is marked, how strongly it is charactered! It is the organ of assurance; in all my observations I have never seen one like unto it for bigness!

9. How decided it is! how firm it appeareth! Saying this, he struck it with the nail of his forefinger, and the sound which it gave was hollow, and as though it were of brass.

10. Where the organ of taste should have been there was a depression of the head: and when the Professor touched the depression with his finger, Jehephary the Prophet shrunk and cried out, for it was a sore part.

11. Adjacent thereto was the organ of vanity, which resembled a wen more than a projection of the skull: it was so great, and, moreover, pulpy; and this also was sore to the touch.

12. And Jehephary the Prophet said that blows had been given him there by Giphardos, and by Kawp-helsiton the Provost, and Sahouthy the Chief Poet. Moreover, there was an old bruise on that part of the head which he had received from Thelwallus the orator.

13. Then said the Professor, this is the weak part: it is here that the remedy must be applied.

14. And there were many opinions among the physicians;

and when his friends saw that they differed among themselves, they delivered each their council.

15. Shidnai the jester said that the best application would be essence of damages, such as was sold at great price in Westminster Hall.

16. But Brum the Scribe said that peradventure this might not be had; and that he had a soft part in his own head, which he protected by means of a brazen case. Ah, now, said the Professor, suffer me to examine it! And when Spurzheimer looked he found that the organ of discretion in the head of Brum the Scribe was in a diseased state.

17. Then Archy the Constable spake, and advised that Jehephary the Prophet should be anointed on the sore part with oil of flattery. The physicians approved thereof. It gave him ease during the application, but immediately afterwards the soreness returned as before.

18. But behold while they were consulting what farther should be done, an old woman who had been his nurse came into the room, crying, Ah, well a day! It is all in vain! I said it would be so! It is too late for the operation!

19. And they asked her what operation? What! she made answer, Do ye not know? It is all because he has never been cut for the simples.

[Here endeth the Fourth Chapter of the Book of the Prophet Jehephary.]

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 7. 1816.

My dear Grosvenor,

I would fain give your two letters all the consideration they deserve, so you shall have my first fresh thoughts at present, and my maturer opinion when I have chewed the cud.

So far as I can render any service towards upholding the existing Government (by which you will understand I do not mean a mere Ministry, but the old English order of things as by our Fathers established, and by me to be, if possible, transmitted unimpaired), I am ready to exert myself to the utmost, without regard to any personal considerations. But in what manner I could do this more effectually than I have for seven years past been endeavouring to do it in the "Quarterly Review," and during four years of that time in the "Edinburgh Annual Register," I cannot tell. To the management of a journal (if any such thing be contemplated) I am not equal.

If a full exposition of the state of things, a full display of our danger, and a resolute appeal to the sound part of the community should be thought likely to be beneficial, I am ready to undertake the task, and to perform it with all my heart, and with all my soul, and with all my strength. The possible advantage is, that such an appeal might strengthen the Government, and enable them to do what I advised in 1812, and what *must be done* if they would escape an attempt, *at least*, of a Jacobinical revolution, — that is, to curb the *licentiousness* of the Press.* My remedy is to make transportation the punishment for sedition, and thus to rid the country of those who would set it on fire. I could produce such a pamphlet as should startle the nation, if exertion were made to circulate it: without such exertion it would fail to do this. Burke's name was such as to make thousands read his "Reflections" who were incapable of understanding him. My name carries with it no such charm, but all who read shall understand me.

It does not appear to me (at present) that it would

* Southey's opinion on this head must always be rightly understood. He did not wish to curb the *Press*, but its *licentiousness*.

be of any use to see Lord S—— or any of the persons in power. I believe that an interview would tend to abate their favourable opinion of my practical talents, in whatever manner they might estimate me in other respects. I am not a man of business,—I am not a man of the world. They might be displeased; I am certain they would be disappointed. In the open field of conversation, there are five hundred men who might excel me, or baffle me; but at my post I defy the world.

The sum of this is, that if it be desired I will write upon the state of the nation: taking it in all points of view, looking the danger fairly in the face, and calling upon the Government to act *vigorously*.

I am interrupted; this, however, may suffice for to-night.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 14. 1816.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

It would be inconvenient for me to leave home, and very reluctant should I be to do it, yet it is most likely that you will see me ere long: for I suppose Lord L.'s desire of seeing me will be repeated. I have stated the danger broadly, and as broadly affirmed, that unless the *licentiousness* of the press be checked, nothing (as far as my judgment can foresee) can preserve us from revolution, and that in its most fearful shape. There are ten pages in No. XVI. of the "Quarterly Review," which might have alarmed the Government at that time, and perhaps would have done so, if they had leisure to think of anything besides the war. I must

say the same things again in a different form, and go through the whole causes which are hurrying us on to anarchy. You must aid me with hints and corrections; you know I am ever willing to learn, and upon many points properly distrustful of myself. But when I have the facts and the knowledge, no man knows better how to bring them out.

As to Owen, he is far gone in metaphysics, but neither rogue nor madman. We must see Lanark before we can fairly appreciate what he has done. In his views of society he is an enthusiast, and most imprudently blurts them out, when they can answer no possible purpose but that of raising an outcry against him, and injuring him in every way. I myself have a much stronger inclination to believe him right in the opinion, that to a community of lands we must come at last, than I should choose to avow; but in my view of things, it can only be arrived at as the result of the greatest possible improvements in society: it is a *little* in favour of this system that it is the point upon which most Utopia-framers have agreed; and that it does not necessarily debilitate the character is proved by Sparta, the men of which were not men-children, but men indeed. Let us leave this where it ought to be left,—among good hopes and harmless speculations.

Manufactures are overdone, if a greater quantity of goods are produced than can be consumed,—in other words, if the supply exceeds the demand. This error, I grant, corrects itself; but, in the meantime, it produces the evil under which we are now suffering: when every nation manufactures for itself all that it is capable of manufacturing, no danger of this kind will exist. But it is obvious, that as we improve in machinery (observe, I fully admit that it is an *improvement*,—the greatest of all improvements in society, to make brute matter do the work of intellect), fewer hands are re-

quired, and that the market being already stocked, every improvement which facilitates the production of goods lessens the employment for workmen. Over such things Government can have no control, but (as at Lanark) the condition of the workmen may be bettered, and when men are contented, they are good subjects. Men like H., with an abstract love of evil, *quoad* evil, are monsters. You will not rank me among the Basil Montagues and mock humanity mongers, but, in my judgment, the best way to keep the poor in obedience is to better their condition. We will talk over our heresies, perfectly sure of agreeing upon what ought to be tolerated, and the nonsense which is talked about toleration.

God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 18. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Herewith I send you a draft upon Longman for 100*l.* at three days' sight. The last twelve months have proved highly advantageous to my monied concerns, and for the first time have made the balance of his accounts in my favour. There is good reason for hoping that it will continue so, and that it will not be long before I shall be able to clear off my debt with you. "Roderick" has produced for me above 500*l.* by three editions, and the fourth will by this time have paid its expenses. Of the "Pilgrimage" 2000 were printed: they were all sold in the course of two months, leaving me a profit of

215*l.* My account only comes up to midsummer, and therefore does not include the "Carmen Nuptiale," of the fate of which I know nothing; — not, indeed, what number was printed.

The prospect before me is very good. The produce of my current publications may be reckoned at 200*l.* a year certainly, not improbably at twice the sum; and Murray pays me so well for the "Quarterly," that I hope there will be no occasion to trench much upon the other fund for my household expenses. For some subjects he offers me 100*l.* per article: such was that upon the poor in the last number, and one upon foreign travellers in England which is designed for this, and which I am busy in completing. I have no debt but the one to you, and this I have great hopes of liquidating in the course of another year; for the next year is likely to be a productive one. The preface to "Morte Darthur" (for which I am reading much black letter, at some cost of eyesight and no little expense of time) will give me 200*l.*, and the second volume of "Brazil" about half as much, a preposterous instance of the caprice upon which a man of letters depends for his remuneration! Perhaps the average may be fair at last, but it is injurious as well as ridiculous that I should derive my main support from what other persons might do as well, and what might as well not be done at all; while for works of permanent value and great labour, for which peculiar knowledge, peculiar talents, and peculiar industry are required, the profit which I obtain would scarcely exceed, and perhaps not amount to, the expenses of the documents. This volume will certainly be published at Christmas, and though it will be less interesting than the concluding volume, I think you will not be disappointed in its contents. There will be no delay with the conclusion; I shall never lay it aside till it is completed, and the printing will be pursued without interruption.

I have written no verses till this week, when I resumed the "Tale of Paraguay," which I may perhaps finish for publication in the spring. There is another subject nearer my heart; but I must refrain from it a while longer. It has pleased God to support us mercifully under the severest of all privations, and it would be sinful as well as in the last degree unwise, were I by any means to foster feelings which it is my duty, as far as possible, to overcome.

The summer (if summer it may be called) has brought with it more interruptions than usual, and unavoidably robbed me of precious time which I could ill afford. I am in consequence behindhand with many things, of which my long silence towards you is one proof. Mr. Walpole's memoir I shall resume upon the first interval; it is upon my conscience as the heaviest of all my sins of omission. The "History of the War" would go to press if the introductory chapter were finished: yet for this, which is less than an article for the "Review," I have not found time. When I have reviewed Koster's book, I will abstain from minor articles, and dispose of the time then gained to better purposes. Here is a letter full of my own concerns; but I will not apologise to you.

I can enter fully into the feelings which your present awful situation must excite. Wholesome they are,—however painful. We must not envy those who are on the threshold of our Father's house, but we may be thankful that every day brings us nearer to it ourselves. Meantime I labour diligently to acquire knowledge which I may leave behind, and to treasure up affections which I may bear with me.

Nash has made beautiful drawings of my four girls. Your god-daughter is well, and comes on in all things as I could wish her; the others, thank God, and their mother, are well also; and my own health perhaps is

better for the exercise which I have taken with my various visitors.

We have gloomy prospects, of which it is easier to see the causes than the consequences. I very much fear that the efforts which are making to inflame the discontents of a distressed people, will produce dreadful effects. This is a wide subject, and I have no room to enter upon it. Whatever I shall see during the dark season is what I cannot tell. Possibly I may be called to town, but it will be with much unwillingness on my part. The winter is my working time; in the summer I follow the example of the grasshopper more than of the ant.

Remember me most kindly to Mrs. May and your daughters. Remember me also to John Coleridge, whom I should be truly glad to see at Keswick.

God bless you.

R. S.

Messrs. Longman and Co.

Keswick, Dec. 14. 1816.

DEAR SIR,

I have sent off the "S. Greaal" this day by coach, carefully packed in a box, and with it the Italian "Trystans," * the "Life of Merlin," and the "British Bibliographers," vol. i. I shall now be much obliged to Mr. Laing for the "Perceval," which I will not detain so long, but go through it without delay. The "Morte Darthur" draws more largely from the "S. Greaal" than from any other source that I have

* "According to the Cymric orthography of the name."—*Preface to* "MORTE DARTHUR," p. xv.

yet traced; but upon this subject I purpose writing to Mr. Douce, and will enclose the letter to you, as I know not where to address him. He has great information upon these subjects, and is liberal in communicating it. There is a book by Davies, the Welch antiquarian, which I believe contains some speculations about Arthur; not his "Celtic Researches," but a volume which he published afterwards. Pray let me see it.

The set of the "Acta Sanctorum" has been completed for me, and Verbeest *, of Brussels, will draw upon you for the payment — 500 francs. I do not know in what condition the binding is; but if it should stand in need of repairs or lettering, have the goodness to get them put in order. Mr. Vardon will give them a passage to Newcastle. This is a work without which no historical library can be complete; I shall find it of great importance in completing my "History of Portugal." . . . .

Yours, &c.

R. S.

* Southey took very much to Verbeest. In his journal, before referred to, I find the following notice of him:—

"Verbeest, the bookseller — a very singular and striking man. A more thorough sloven I never saw, and seldom or never a man with a better and finer countenance. Frequent as my visits to him were, I never happened to see him entirely dressed; sometimes he was without neckcloth, sometimes without stockings . . . . . Verbeest is no ordinary bookseller. He has a thorough love of books, and he told me he would not exchange the pleasure which he found in reading for any advantage of wealth or station," &c., &c., &c.— *Tour in the Netherlands, MSS. Journal*, pp. 46, 47.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 20. 1817.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

The pantaloons (*uglyisimi coloris*) arrived this day, with the paper and the verses of my brother poet, the bellman; but the Almanacks and the Lioness were not forthcoming, to the great disappointment of the eager expectants, who were looking on. The Almanacks may come in Murray's next parcel, and the Lioness, unless she weighs above *two* ounces (which I suppose she will not), under one of Rickman's franks. It is very strenuously inquired for.

I have made large additions to this article in the "Quarterly," which I think may be called my *papel forte* (a title, by the by, which you will not understand till you have read my forthcoming volume of "Brazil").* The new matter relates to the Spencean philanthropists, Murray, at my desire, having got their publication for me; and to Cobbett, a chance paper or two of his having fallen into my hands. You will see that I have spoken very plainly upon many subjects, though not upon all. Will Gifford, think you, let my proposal stand for putting up boroughs to auction? Windham would have agreed with me in every single point.

What will they do with these rioters, if they are found guilty? I would *not* hang them, especially ——; it will make him an object of compassion; and nothing is so impolitic as to excite that feeling in behalf of the enemies of Government. If he be found guilty (which I am inclined to doubt from the nature of his defence and the humour of the day), the offence is

* *Papel forte*, or strong memorial of Vieyra to Joam IV.—*History of Brazil*, vol. ii. p. 222.

capital; but I would, as soon as possible, make it known that the punishment should be commuted into transportation for life, not waiting for popular feeling to be expressed upon the subject. The man has been made desperate by misery. I would treat him humanely, save only that his going should be compulsory, and for life; he should go as a settler, be treated as such, and encouraged to take his family with him. Governments are never aware how much they may gain by affecting this kind of generosity. Young W. should be hung, without mercy, for shooting Platt, unless a fair plea of insanity could be made out.

Murray will send me down the article as soon as it is printed; the first part, showing the war to have been popular, will, with certain additions, make the first chapter of the book. The personal matter, which in the "Review" is properly placed as well-timed, may be discarded, and left to perish there. The paper will be talked of, extracted into some of the newspapers, and well railed at in others. Meantime Longman calls for the preface to "Morte Darthur," and I am deep in the "History of the Round Table." This head of mine is curiously furnished with separate assortments of matter. I have just finished the second volume of "Brazil." I am busy upon Sydenham's "Peninsular Papers," and have other occupation, all as remote from each other as the dead Arthur and the living one. The living Arthur's connections are very civil to me, and look anxiously for my book. I have a note to-night from Richard Wellesley, who has sent me books, and offers personal communication. I mean to say that he invites me to ask him any questions respecting persons or things within his knowledge. The papers which Sydenham has sent me are, some of them, in the strictest sense of the term, confidential. They are in the highest degree interesting.

Nash is returned to London. He is to send me a frame for a prodigiously fine drawing of W. Westall's, and your honour will pay him for it. Remember also your own face, as soon as the proboscis shall have returned to its natural dimensions, which I trust it has by this time.

When I go to town, I shall not seek any interview with the Noddles, because it would be perfectly useless. Harry Inglis has made a sort of engagement for me to meet Lord Sidmouth, at his house, with Wilberforce (who has fallen in friendship with me) of the party. Wilberforce, I should tell you, is one of my curmudgeons. *Vide* Ash's "Dictionary." This will end in a good dinner; but I would have the Noddles reminded, whenever they speak well of my deserts, that I have a brother in the navy, and desire nothing so much as promotion for him.

Remember me to all at home. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 21. 1817.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

The contents wait for the arrival of one more proof.

Have you read Mariner's book, which so delights the Capitaneus? I saw it in manuscript, and only wish Mariner had written it himself. It is absurd to suppose that any people should, within the memory of man, have begun to make war for the first time since they were a people, in imitation of their neighbours. I suspect also the poem, vol. i. p. 307. But in the main,

the book is and must be true, and an admirable picture of savage man,—the animal being of a fine sort.

Did I tell you that I have a large cargo of papers from Mr. Sydenham (Marquis Wellesley's friend)? Among other highly curious facts, I learn from them that we sent arms and stores to Prussia as early as the autumn of 1811; and I have Blucher's word for it, that if the Walcheren army had landed in the north of Germany, the whole Prussian force in disobedience of their Government would have joined it.

I am now fairly behind the curtain with Lord Wellington in all his operations, as far as to the end of 1812.

God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

" Keswick, Jan. 27. 1817.

MY DEAR WYNN,

If you were but in the Administration, instead of out of it, there is but one question upon which there would be a shade of difference between us. Just after receiving your letter, I cut out the enclosed extract from the "Times." In discharging men from the army and navy, it is possible that much private good might be effected by a very easy arrangement in paying off a regiment; for instance, allowing those men who would prefer remaining in the service to exchange with others in a retained regiment who desire their discharge; and so with ships. As for the newspaper story, the Lord Mayor's language is very reprehensible, like the rest

of his conduct; but I am afraid there is some cause for it. It is inserted in the "Times" for the sake of doing mischief. Walter, the proprietor of that newspaper, believes that neither the Ministry, nor the Opposition can stand, and that *Hunt* is about to be Lord of the Ascendant; he has therefore dismissed Stoddart, who was for many years the editor, and the paper is becoming Jacobinical as fast as possible, in order to swim with the stream. This turmoil may easily be allayed, if Ministers have courage to act as they ought: and on this your party would go with them. But I doubt their courage, and I doubt their wisdom; and if things are suffered to go on, a bold push will certainly be made for revolution. You will receive my second volume of "Brazil" in two or three weeks: a book necessarily unlike other histories in many respects. Some parts will interest you much; I am busy upon the third volume, fully purposing (if I have health as well as life) to bring it out in twelve months from this time, and thus complete a work of extraordinary labour, the value of which will not be appreciated by many readers in this country. I could get more money by one month's employment for the "Quarterly Review," than this volume will produce me; but on the other hand this is for myself and for posterity.*

Have you read "Mariner's Tonga Islands"? I had the manuscript here: a singularly curious book.

I have been very much interested with the letters of Sydenham who died lately—(I believe he married poor

* The Bishop of Guiana, who had returned to England to recruit his wasted strength, happening to be in Worthing for the winter, requested me to lend him the "History of the Brazils." He read it over and over again (as I was informed), and on returning it, told me that he had never read so valuable and correct a work in all its particulars and details. From one who had resided in Guiana many years, this was a most valuable testimony. It must always be the work of standard authority.

Bunbury's widow)—written from Spain during the war. They are among the papers which his brother has sent me, through my brother Harry, who got acquainted with him in attending Marquis Wellesley at Ramsgate. I saw also many papers of Marquis Wellesley, Lord Wellington, and Sir C. Stuart: all greatly to the credit of the writers. This history of mine ought to be a good one, the subject being so fine, and my materials so copious and of such authenticity. I shall bring up about half a volume to the press in April.

The "Morte Darthur" will be published soon. I have collected a good many notes, and am now busy upon the preface.

I look with more anxiety than usual for the meeting of Parliament. Put a stop to the incendiary journals, and all other evils will cure themselves; but if you let them go on unchecked, in no long time we must inevitably come to mob law, or bayonet law. I have heard no hint as to the intentions of Ministers, but I know they are frightened: the less likely, therefore, are they to act as they should do.

God bless you.

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Jan. 29. 1817.

My dear Grosvenor,

I am neither surprised nor sorry at what you tell me of the Prose-gelder's intentions. The more he cuts out from the "Review," the more he leaves fresh for the book; and it is better that the strongest things

should appear where they will be accompanied with free language respecting the Anti-Jacobins and the Noddles, and the great sinecures, than where these are forbidden topics, and I seem rather to the reader as a partisan, than as in truth I am and ought to appear. I have desired Murray to send me the paper as soon as it is printed; but for fear he should not send it in its genuine state, do you secure for me the manuscript. We may be quite sure that the boldest and best parts are those which will be omitted.

My letters to you are such pure *Meipseads* that I have seldom room or leisure for any but personal concerns, and therefore it is that you have heard nothing from me of Chauncey Townsend, who is, however, as far as it is possible to judge by his verses and his letters, a highly interesting youth. His poetry is of uncommon promise; and it is a great pleasure to me to hear from him, though I can ill afford time for my part of the correspondence; being indeed too old, as well as too busy, for the epistolary mood.

I knew you would be delighted with the drawing of the two girls: yet there is one here of Edith *, sitting on a mountain side, which I think is more beautiful, and is, indeed, according to my perception, the perfect ideal of innocence; and the three younger ones over my chimney are so delightfully grouped, that it is worth while to come to Keswick for the sake of seeing the picture. My blank verse poem will probably not be printed while I live; these drawings should one day be engraved to accompany it, and that view which Nash has made of the church may come in for the frontispiece with my tombstone in the foreground.

We were very much attached to Nash. The children's

* This hangs now before me as I correct the proof in the drawing-room at West Tarring.

eyes sparkle with delight when they talk of him. I want him to take a six weeks' run on the Continent with me when I come to town, and then return with me to Keswick. The "Torso" is an excellent thing: by the by, this rich book is in such forwardness that, if you will only come down this summer and spur me on, we will have it ready for publication by Christmas. Poor Nash is no caprice of Nature's: his deformity is the effect of an accident when he was twelve years old. One of his portraits of me is more like the Doctor. When I come to town, I must contrive to have you meet Westall (the younger), a man much to my liking, who, I hope, will take up his abode at Keswick.

My book sleeps till the "Review" arrives; meantime I am busy upon the "Morte Darthur" (which brought sweet remuneration), and upon the third volume of "Brazil," which bringeth something sweeter still, in the great pleasure which I take in it. On Tuesday next I go with Edith, and Shedaw, and Bertha to Netherhall for a week. When I return, it will be with fresh appetite for Liber the Book, which may properly be called *Liber*, for free it shall be, as sure as I'm a Dutchman. My brother Mynheers have sent me no notification of the undeserved honour; and of course it appeareth not in my title-page, but such notification shall be duly recorded.

I have written a chapter concerning the pantaloons.*

And now God bless you.

R. S.

* See "The Doctor," &c., Interchapter xx. p. 489., one vol. edit.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Feb. 22. 1817.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

I must go twelve miles to make this affidavit, and of course cannot do so till Monday. The delay is unlucky, but inevitable. I think this is the best mode of proceeding. At any other time I could have let the thing pass, and smiled at it. Oh, with what glee I wrote it; it was only a few days' work, three or four at the utmost, as John Bunyan says,—

> "It came from mine own heart, then to my head,
> And thence into my fingers trickeled;
> Thence to my pen, from whence immediately
> On paper I did dripple it daintily."

And this is an exact history of my "Wat Tyler," whom I used in those days to call my uncle Wat. I could find in my heart to compose a drama upon the same subject now, in my wiser mind, as a sort of penance, had I but time. It is a rich subject: a little encouragement would egg me on, and the inclination will perhaps keep me sleepless in bed for some hours, turning and tossing the materials in my mind. Would not this make a curious finish to the story, if I were to follow the impulse, and actually produce such an historical drama as might stand beside "Roderick"?

Give that poor fellow a farther two pounds for me some little time hence, if you cannot help him in any other way.

But I must have done, for the spirit moves me, and I cannot rest till I have looked over the reign of Richard II., and called thoughts to counsel upon the

new scheme. If I had my old flux of the muse, it might soon be done.

God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Feb. 23. 1817.

MY DEAR WYNN,

The affidavit arrived on Saturday, and I must go to Cockermouth to swear to it, so that it cannot be returned till to-morrow's post. The enclosed will tell you my brother's opinion; he has more knowledge of the world than most men, and I should willingly assent to his advice, were it not highly probable that the publishers will force me to come forward at last, by putting my name in the advertisement, as they did in a paragraph in the "Morning Chronicle." Therefore, I think it is better to act at once; and, indeed, in all cases, the manliest course is the best. But it rather staggers me that both Turner and Rickman incline to Harry's way of thinking. If you should alter yours, desire Turner, by a note, not to proceed. I think you will remain in the same mind, and in that belief shall send up the affidavit.

How much could I say to you upon the subject of your letter? Muir's and Palmer's cases did harm, because both parties were hardly used. They had not deserved the punishment, especially Palmer, whose case was a flagrant act of injustice. M. was justly sentenced, but there was an appearance of wrong in not allowing some of his challenges. Gilbert Wakefield's book was not addressed to the mob. I think there is

more danger, if transportation were made the punishment, that it would prevent convictions, than that the power would be abused. But what else will stop the evil? And if the evil be not stopped, a *jacquerie* is inevitable. Give the press full play, and nothing can prevent the Agrarians from raising the mob upon us. They will swallow up all the feebler vermin, as the committee tells us they are doing; and as for stopping them by force of reason, you might as well reason against a steam-engine, or one of our mountain floods. I groan over the cowardice of the Ministry. Every concession will only provoke insult, contempt, and farther demands. But they must be supported: the choice is between them and Revolution; and therefore I was sorry that you had refused to be on the Finance Committee. Indeed, this is no time for doing anything which may increase their discredit.

If I were not too closely occupied, I would, by way of penance, gird up my loins and take the subject of "Wat Tyler" for an historical play, in which to put forth all the powers I could bring to bear upon the story. Plot is excused in such dramas, if interest can be excited without one by the mere march of events. I meant to have done this in 1797, but it was laid aside. I have bought the first volume of the "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores," and have taken a great fancy to O'Connor, notwithstanding the great O in his name. Some of the parts which relate to your uncle, and to his own situation at Stowe, are exceedingly fine. I hope the work will proceed; it is, indeed, a munificent example of wisely directed patronage. The second volume of "Brazil" is finished, and you will receive it in a few days. I am busy upon the third; and such is the course of my life at present, that this employment seems like playing truant from closer calls. Murray offers me 150*l.* for two articles in each number. I

want this money from the next, and shall earn it in the course of six weeks: the subjects are, "Mariner's Tonga Islands" (pray read the book) and the Reports of the Committee. I must write the latter part of this first, and leave the beginning till I see what is to be done. The main part will be a sketch of the growth and progress of political discontent in this country, and the means of abating it. I shall aim at a conciliative and persuasive tone, and avoid all personalities, while I endeavour, *totis viribus*, to attack that spirit of party which is the curse and the opprobrium of England.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, March 2. 1817.

My dear Rickman,

It is quite impossible that I can find time for any additional engagements, at any price whatever which might be held out.

The sins of my youth are risen against me. Some rascal has just published a piece of sedition written in 1794, and peppered like a turkey's gizzard. I have written to Wynn to know whether it be better to obtain an injunction, or let the brimstone burn out; if he advises the former, Sharon Turner will take the necessary steps. The MS. was put into Ridgeway's hands twenty-three years ago.

My "Papel Forte" has been converted by the hand of Gifford into a Papel Fraco (*flaccus flaccidus*). He has, with more than his wonted skill, pruned out everything of practical application, everything original, and

everything that was most forcibly expressed; *in pity*, as he says, *to the* TERRORS *of Ministers!!!*

I shall see you in April, and mean, God willing, to see Switzerland and the Rhine in May and June, and be home the first week in July, and ready for you in August.

Remember me to Mrs. R. God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq.

Keswick, March 10. 1817.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I am sorry your bill was lost, and a little vexed, because with a little zeal on the part of those who approved it, it might have been carried. This, however, is one of those reforms which is sure to be effected if you persevere in bringing it forward. Our neighbours in Westmoreland are already enjoying in rehearsal the blessings of a contested election. One of the best men in the county has been nearly killed by the Brougham mob, and spits blood in consequence of the injury which he received. Brougham's probability of success arises from a cause which has been widely operating over the whole of the kingdom,—the great multiplication of freeholders by the enclosures, forty shilling voters, good part of whom are in that hopeful state that they would vote for Hone or Cobbett against Brougham, for the same reason which will make them vote for Brougham against Lowther. I am out of the circle of these petty politics, and should regard them with perfect indifference, if every symptom of the times did not indicate the

same disease. Nevertheless, I think the aspects on the whole are improving.

Is the publication of the "Irish Historians" to be continued? If it be not, I shall look upon the death of the Marquis of Buckingham as the greatest loss that has been sustained in our times. If it were completed as it is begun, it would vie with any undertaking of the kind. Ill as I can spare the time, and unfit as I am in many respects for the task, I am strongly inclined to give some account of it in the "Quarterly Review," merely for the sake of calling the public attention to a work of such importance, and which is sure to be neglected without some such help: for this is the state of literature among us, and a vile state it is. If you were Minister I should be laying plans before you for national collections of this kind, and other works, which never can be performed without public assistance. In these things we are behindhand even with the Spaniards and Portuguese.

You would be amused to see my table overlaid with Methodism and Moravianism. I am going through the whole set of the "Arminian Magazine." This life of Wesley is a more *laborose* business than one who is not acquainted with my habits would suppose. I am given to works of supererogation, and could do nothing to my own satisfaction if I did not take twice as much labour as any other person would bestow upon it. In this case it will be well bestowed. I am treating of a curious part of history just at the right time, and in as fair a temper as it could be possible to bring to such a subject. The materials are very copious, and very curious, and the plan so arranged as to relieve that monotony which you might perhaps apprehend.

I had a letter lately from Sir H. Bunbury, inviting me to Suffolk to look over his papers about the war. This invitation I must accept, not as a matter of incli-

nation, but of duty in my vocation; so most probably if he can receive me at the fall of the leaf, I shall then move from home. His materials will relate to the latter years of the war. I wait for a French book, which contains the details and official papers concerning the imperial system of education. When this comes I shall finish the introductory chapter, and go to press. The introduction describes the moral and political state of the Peninsula, France, and England.

I see no person during the winter except my own family, and for weeks together do not stir beyond my own garden; the kitchen clock is not more regular in its movements than my life, and scarcely more monotonous, yet time never appeared to glide so swiftly. I have often said that, live as long as we may, the first twenty years of life are the longest half. There are indications enough that I am on the downhill road; an unwillingness to exertion of any kind is one, I fear that a decay of sight is another; as yet, however, it only regards distant objects; what is near I see as distinctly as ever. God bless you, my dear Wynn.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, March 22. 1817.

My dear Wynn,

The matter has been carried against me by direct perjury. Winterbottom I saw with Ridgeway and Symonds, but never dreamt of him (a dissenting minister*) as a publisher, farther than as he was con-

* "A dissenting minister of Plymouth."—*MS. letter to Dr. H. H. Southey*, 25th March, 1817.

nected with Symonds in his own book about America. Daniel Izaac Eaton I never saw in my life,—if I had it is not possible that I should have forgotten so notorious a person. It runs strongly in my head that I have seen an account of Winterbottom's death in the magazines; and indeed it would surprise me less to find that some villain should be found to personate him, than that he should thus swear to what he knows to be false. However, there is no remedy.

I have great reason to complain of my counsel, according to the newspaper's report, for humiliating me. I acknowledge no *wickedness* in "Wat Tyler," and feel no *shame* for it, for it was written in the sincerity of my heart *; and if this were not expressed in one of those letters to William Smith, certainly I should feel it necessary to say it in some other form equally public. The wickedness is in the present publication; and the Chancellor ought to have seen, if he chose to believe the story of the gift (which is absolutely false), that there was a condition on the receiver's part to publish it, and that if anything could call for relief in a Court of Equity, it was the publication of such a work after an interval of three-and-twenty years, for the avowed purposes of insulting and injuring the author. But the Chancellor has believed the statement of their counsel, and chooses totally to disregard the statement to which I have sworn. Ridgeway and Symonds *never* rejected the book. It was left with them by Lovell, and when I saw them they said, "We will publish it." My recollection is distinct. But it is time to have done with the subject. I am only anxious now to see my second letter to William Smith in the papers, because it will

* See the preface to it in the collected edition of his Poetical Works, and "Life and Correspondence," vol. iv. p. 236.

acquit me of the miserable folly imputed to me in Shadwell's speech.

I have received a very kind letter from Wilberforce on the occasion. There was an article in Tuesday's "Courier," by Coleridge, upon the subject.

God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, March 26. 1817.

My dear Wynn,

I do not by any means regret the application to Chancery: it was the straightforward course; and the question could not have been referred to a Court of Law (being so plain a case) if a false defence had not been set up, and supported by perjury. There is a strong impression upon my mind that Winterbottom is dead; and it is much less improbable to me that a fellow should have been found to swear falsely in his name, than that he,—a dissenting minister,—a man who was said to have undergone the same change in his opinions as I have done, should in the first place be guilty of so base an act as to publish the book, and then to defend the act by a direct perjury. My magazines, in which it appears to me that I have read of his death, are unluckily forty miles off at the binder's. But I have taken measures for ascertaining this matter; and if it should prove that my suspicions are well founded, the transaction will assume a very different aspect from what it now wears. Luckily, I have the rough draft of my first letter, and shall therefore throw them both into

one: but this I will delay till I have satisfied myself about Winterbottom.

A word or two about my intolerance. I recollect but two persons of whom I have spoken with acrimony in the true sense of the word. Whitbread in the "Register," and Joseph Lancaster. In the first case, I was treating of a leading politician, whose opinions would have laid this country at Bonaparte's mercy. As for my allusions to the "Edinburgh Review," it would surprise me much if I were censured for speaking as I think upon that subject, abstaining, as I have uniformly done, from anything in the way of personal defence during fifteen years of continual attack on their part. In the article which William Smith pulled out of his pocket, I have called Hunt an incendiary for one of the wickedest paragraphs that ever was written; and I have bestowed the same appellation upon Cobbett. Can any man in his senses think these misapplied? And for the passage which William Smith read (p. 227.), it neither names any individual, nor alludes to any, but deals in generals, relating to those metaphysicians who begin by denying the difference between right and wrong. Of such men as myself there is plain mention (p. 237.), and so far have I been from having ever sought to put my former opinions in the shade, that they are placed in broad daylight in the "Pilgrimage to Waterloo;" nor have I ever cancelled a line in my early poems on this account. They who blame me for intolerance should remember the abuse which has been incessantly poured upon me.

Wilberforce wrote me a very handsome letter upon William Smith's conduct, saying that he felt as if he had to clear his own character from a stain, till he assured me that he was not in the house at the time.

It will be unfortunate if I shall miss you on my transit. I shall be in London (God willing) on the

17th, pass a week with my uncle in Hampshire, and leave London for the Continent, if possible, on the 1st of May. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Easter-Sunday, April 6. 1817.

WHERE, my dear Wynn, are the proofs of this intolerance of which you speak? I know not towards whom I have been intolerant, except it be Bonaparte; and I believe he does not come within the field of your toleration. The language of the "Edinburgh Register," while it was in my hands, is that of a man who felt strongly and spoke plainly, but who made no difference between Trojan and Tyrian. In the "Quarterly" I have rarely had anything to do with politics, except in the two last numbers; and the man who censures the last paper must stand up for Hunt and Cobbett. You probably know, better than I do myself, the manner in which I have been assailed ever since I was made Laureate. Has the intolerance been on my side? This affair would not have affected me more than the blowing of the wind, if it had not made my wife seriously ill; and *thus* it has vexed me so much, that I could certainly have challenged William Smith, if a sense of duty did not withhold me.

I have been greatly harassed and interrupted about the house which I inhabit; a writ is issued against the estate, and it will be sold in the course of the summer. I would fain have put off my journey in consequence, but I did not like to disappoint my companions; and, moreover, change of air, scenes, and circumstances is

almost necessary for me. I have not recovered, and never shall recover, last year's affliction; and my worldly prospects are improving when I have no longer a heart to enjoy them. Were it not for these children, I should wish to be in yonder churchyard; this world has nothing to give me, and my heart, as well as my hopes, are in the next.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

April 17. 1817.

My dear G.,

In the course of this business I have very often had occasion to remember the apologue of the old man, his son, and the ass: for by listening to everybody, I am likely to please nobody, and myself least of all.

Wynn exhorts me most earnestly not to write arrogantly. Turner, I think, would not have me write at all; and perhaps this may be Rickman's opinion; you and the Doxter * say write, and Wordsworth and Senhouse here think that I cannot express myself too strongly.

You have the whole now; and if you and your chancellors, by which I mean Harry and Turner (and Rickman, if you please) think it better that the whole should be suppressed, so let it be. My anger has spent itself, and I care not the turn of a straw. If on the other hand you wish it to appear, I will in the proof expunge certain passages that offend Wynn's sensitive-

* A familiar expression in these letters, applied to Dr. H. H. Southey.

ness. I will smooth down others so as to lessen their asperity, but leave the whole edge; and I will insert a passage about public expenditure from their papers which you have sent me. But I must tell you that with this letter I close the business on my part. Whatever reply may be attempted to it, I shall say nothing more. I will waste no more time upon an affair which did not from the beginning deserve from me the sacrifice of a single hour.

The best answer which could have been made to him, would have been to have reprinted certain of my papers from the "Quarterly Review," together with certain excerpts from the "Register:" or, better still, if I had made a book, as was my first intention, instead of yielding to Murray's suggestion, and frittering my materials down to suit the purposes of his journal. After all, it is of little consequence: as regards myself of none, and as regards the country, things will take their course; the present ulcers will heal: the disease will continue in the system. We shall go on upon a system of expedients, living, as it were, from hand to mouth; to-day with the bug-bear of ruin before our eyes, to-morrow in a hey-day of prosperity; the evil may be indefinitely delayed, but sooner or later come it must, unless adequate remedies be applied, and for these the present race of statesmen want either the courage or the power, or both.

After Saturday next direct to Warcop Hall, near Brough, whither I go on Monday (this day week).

Harry will perhaps have told you that I have been disturbed about this house, and am under the strange temptation of buying the estate, without having a shilling to pay for it. All this when we meet, which I trust will be on the 24th. I hope the journey will do me good, for I stand in need of change of air, place, and circumstance.

May I be allowed a drab to travel in? And if not,

what kind of *light* coat will Hyde* permit me to wear? This is one of the first points to be determined on my arrival. God bless you.

R. S.

To Wade Browne, Esq., Ludlow.

Keswick, Nov. 4. 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

After a long journey, and a succession of company since my return, I am at last quietly settled to my winter's work, with the probability of as few interruptions from without, as Bruin has when he rolls himself up in his cave, and trusts to his paws till the spring. You probably heard of my travels. My companions were Mr. Senhouse of Netherhall (near Maryport), and Mr. Nash, the artist who was with me at Waterloo. Switzerland and the Alps were our object. We staid five days at Paris, and then proceeded by way of Dijon and Besançon to Neufchatel, meaning to have crossed Mount St. Gothard, and to have returned into Switzerland by the Simplon; but finding that this pass was not practicable for a carriage without taking it to pieces, which involves a heavy expense, and, moreover, that it was by no means advisable to enter upon it so early in the year as the beginning of June, when the season also happened to be remarkably backward, we changed our route, and, visiting the Grande Chartreuse on the way, entered Italy by way of Mount Cenis. This deviation from our first purposed course, I regard as very fortu-

* This is that same Hyde the tailor from whom Horace Bedford never could get a *drab*. "He could not carry it off," he said.

nate: for we saw nothing finer than the Chartreuse: indeed, in its kind it cannot be surpassed: and the Mount Cenis road, of which it has not been the fashion to say anything, is much more strange and impressive than the Simplon. As you advance up the valley of the Maurienne, the Alps around are crumbling to pieces: the Arc, which rushes down the valley with a force and fury beyond anything which I had ever witnessed, carries with it nearly as much earth, or rather decomposed stone, as water; and the towns and villages on the way are as ragged as the scenery about them. On the summit of Mount Cenis, where we breakfasted, I could have fancied myself in Cumberland, had not richer flowers been under my feet than our climate will produce. There is a turn opposite the inn, with all the features of our own mountain scenery. The first part of the descent is more ruinous than anything on the Savoy side. Indeed, the mountains are in so crumbling a state, that it has been found necessary to abandon the new line of road (only a year or two since it was made at enormous expense), and follow the old line, and this line leads you four times over the same waterfall; one turn is as closely under another as it can possibly be made. But when you get beyond this desolation, where you have nothing but masses of loose earth and perishing stone on every side, the descent into Piedmont is beyond description delightful. We went no farther than Milan; from thence to the Lakes of Como and Lugano, then across the Lago Maggiore, and back by the Simplon into Switzerland, turning aside on the way for three days to visit the vale of Chamounix, and the Mer de Glace.

My uncle's brother-in-law happened to be residing with his family not far from Lausanne: this was a very agreeable circumstance, and we halted with him two nights on our way out, and four on our return. Having

reached Bern, we sent the carriage on to Zurich, and struck into what is called the Oberland, making our way as we could, sometimes by land, and sometimes by water, on horseback or on foot. Thus we spent the most adventurous ten days of our journey, and the most delightful. From Zurich our way was to Schaffhausen and Donaueschingen, where the Danube rises: thence through the Black Forest to Friburg in the Brisgau. We crossed the Rhine to look at Strasburg, and returned the same night into Germany; and so by way of Heidelberg, Manheim, and Frankfort, to Mentz; then down the left bank to Cologne, and so to Brussels, Lisle, and Calais. The whole journey was the work of thirteen weeks, about three of which we were stationary at different places. I made a copious journal *, which was no slight exertion, and my companions were very diligent with the pencil; so that few persons could have brought back more.

I returned of a rich sun colour, and, according to all my friends, with more flesh upon my bones than I took out; though I am sure that such a journey performed in such a manner, would be an excellent recipe for one who had some to spare. Certain it is that the continual exercise, change of air, and excitement agreed admirably with me, to say nothing of the wine, which everywhere about the Rhine is the true Amreeta, and deserves to be called the "Liquor of Life."

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* This journal is also before me; and, as I hinted in vol. ii. p. 429., I should advise its being published as a Supplement to the "Common Place Books."

To John Kenyon, Esq.

Keswick, Nov. 17. 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am truly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in procuring for me my old friend, Martin Dobrizhoffer, of whom I have been ten years vainly in search. It will come in excellent time, just when I shall be composing a chapter upon the "Equestrian Tribes," the chief materials for which are taken from this Jesuit, the most entertaining and most interesting of all the missionary writers. The last volume of my history is now in the press, and from this time forward, it will form part of every day's business, till I shall have completed this laborious work. Our journey was prosperous in all points, without any accident of any kind, or any apparent delay. In the Val de Triens, I found your name written in pencil on the wainscot of the little cabin in which travellers are entertained; immediately under it I pencilled my own and those of my companions: and if any person finds as much pleasure in seeing this memorial, as I did in seeing yours, it may be reckoned among my successful writings. We entered Switzerland by Pontarlier and Neufchatel, from thence to Lausanne, finding it too early to cross St. Gothard; then to Geneva, and turning aside from Chamberry to visit the Chartreuse (one of the finest objects in our route), proceeded by Mount Cenis to Turin and Milan. This was our farthest point. We were three days at Como, but went no higher than the fork of the lake at Bellaggio, which must certainly be the finest of all lake stations. Yet as a lake, Lugano may perhaps be preferred to Como; and the Maggiore, where we crossed from Laveno, is equal to either. We returned to Switzerland by the

Simplon: magnificent as it is, it impressed me on the whole not so much as the pass of Mount Cenis, which nobody speaks of. Chamounix we took from Martigny, going and returning by the Tete Noir. The Col de Balm was not passable, and we returned to Martigny because we were bound to Echichens, near Morges, where I had some friends to visit. We halted with them three days — a very pleasant resting-place,— then made for Berne, and, sending our carriage from that city to Zurich, struck into the Oberland, where, at Unterseen, Hans Roth was added to our company. On our way home, we went a step out of the road to see the Danube at Donaueschingen, then through the Black Forest to Friburg; looked at Strasburg, and returned the same day to Kohl; went into the dungeons of the Secret Tribunal at Baden-Baden, and shuddered at seeing the doors of solid stone a foot in thickness; Rastadt, Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, Manheim, Frankfort, Mentz, Cologne, and so by Brussels and Lisle to Calais. In Hans' book, wherein my doggerel* was written, were

* "A guide offered himself, and produced his book of recommendations, — Jean Roth his name, and Blomfield among his recommenders." — *MS. Journal.*

The doggerel is not inserted in the Journal. I copy it from Mrs. Warter's Album :—

"*Written for Hans Roth, an Unterseen Guide, who conducted Mr. Southey and his Companions on a Ten Days' Expedition.*

"Hans Roth, by my troth,
Is an excellent guide;
A joker, a smoker,
A sçavan beside;
A geologician,
A metaphysician,
To search out how causes proceed.
A system inventor,
And an experimentor,
Who raises potatoes from seed.

some Latin verses which deserved to be copied. Very probably they came from Blomfield, whose name was among his testimonials, and though not written in the same hand, certainly they are of English growth, as you will perceive :—

HANS LOQUITUR.

" Sum Rothius, parvæ dux optimus Untersenæ,
Quaque lacus inter surgunt mapalia binos :
Seu te findentem scopuloso vertice nubes
Gotthardum peragrare placet, seu florea mavis
Regna Rigi, aut fractum pileato culmine montem
Omnia lustrabis Graii cognominis Alpes
Auspicio ductuque meo : fert sive dolores
Dira διάῤῥοια, aut fessis ὑπὸ ποσσὶ χίμετλα,
Non ignarus ero, novi quæ rupibus altis
Quæque in secretis crescunt convallibus herbæ——"
&c. &c. &c.

Present my compliments to your friend Mr. Ritchie, for the letter which he forwarded to Geneva for me. The ladies below stairs have desired me not to forget their remembrances. Here is Ormathwaite to be let, and Barrow, and the house which in your time was called Mr. Marshall's: I will risk the one which you may like

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He knoweth right well,
The forest and fell,
The Chalet and dwellers therein ;
The mountains, the fountains,
The ices, the prices,
Every town, every village and inn.
Take him for your guide,
He has often been tried,
And will always be useful when needed ;
You'll be merry together,
In foul or fair weather,
And shake hands at parting, as we did.
" Robert Southey."

best to remain vacant till you have finished your travels. Let me hear from you sometimes, and fail not to say where a letter may find you upon your road. The General is on the Island, enjoying all the advantages of solitude and retirement, and I daresay just now heartily disposed to join in the complaint of the lover against space and time, in reference to the limits of his island, and the length of the day. God bless you.

Yours most truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P. S. I am sorry it should be reported (though no person who knows either me or my manner of writing, can believe the report) that I am the reviewer of Lady Morgan's book. Her opinions are bad enough, but I would rather have cut off my right hand than have written anything so unmanly and disgraceful as that criticism.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, Nov. 20. 1817.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Since Bedford left me, after his fraction of a visit, I have, with very little interruption, kept close to my desk; having, Heaven knows, heavy arrears of business upon my hands. I have composed a paper for the "Quarterly," upon Lopez de Vega, with some translations, and a good deal of curious matter, though perhaps it may have cost me more time than it is worth. This, however, goes to Mammon's account. There is nothing else of mine in the number. I am thoroughly disgusted, as I daresay you are also, with the review of

Lady Morgan's book: I would rather have cut off my right hand than have written anything so unmanly and so disgraceful; and yet there are people who impute it to me, perhaps as much from stupidity as malice. This is the end of reviewing, but the evil must be taken with the good, in this, as in all things.

I am preparing to write upon the Report of the Poor Committee, and have prepared myself for it by good counsel. The Report is exceedingly able, so also is Davison's pamphlet, though the scheme with which it concludes is very objectionable. He would abolish the poor rates at the end of ten years, giving notice now, and making the abolition all at once. There is, I think, great reason to apprehend that whatever is done for getting rid of this cancer, will be made a handle by the Cobbetts, Hunts, &c., and perhaps it will not be done without some partial riots; but to do it *at once*, would ensure a general insurrection. A better plan is to limit the assessment and lessen it gradually, every year a tenth less than the last for ten years; this would leave, at the end of that time, about one third of the present assessment; and then the fitness of a farther reduction might be considered. But I have a good deal to say upon this subject, and, I hope, to good effect. What a triumph it will be if the country can be eased of this burthen, which otherwise must crush it.

We were, like everybody else, much shocked at the death of the Princess, and the more so, because of the temper in which we were found by the intelligence. It so happened that our newspaper did not arrive that day. When I went down to tea, young Edith, in the gaiety of her heart, was expressing her impatience to know the event, in the most playful and fantastic way, and indulging in this the more because of the quiet and thoughtful mood in which I came from my books. While I was smiling at her extravagance, and

the rest of the family were laughing, Dr. Bell came in, who was then lodging in the town. He asked if we had heard the news, and began to relate it in a lower tone and more deliberate manner than usual: we did not, however, apprehend the worst; his voice faltered in a slight degree when he came to it, and poor Edith was instantly in tears. There is a great deal of disgusting stuff in the "Courier" upon the occasion. It will not surprise me if we should hear ere long of a divorce, in which case obsolete laws will be more talked of than they are in the abominable case of Thornton's.

In thinking over this unlucky event with a view to writing anything upon the subject, I have almost resolved upon writing something of which the notion is taken from Boethius. Instead of his Philosophia, I shall bring in Sir Thomas More, and make the occasion serve to introduce a view of the present circumstances of society with the impending changes, as compared with the time of the Reformation. If I do this, I shall not do it heartily; but I am disposed to like the plan, as one in which some points of weighty consideration might be brought forward with much propriety.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Nov. 26. 1817.

My dear Grosvenor,

It is so long since I have written to you, that you will, I dare say, give me credit for having been very busy the while; and so, in truth, I have been, though

not in the way Murraymagne would wish, or that you, perhaps, expect; for I have not been at work for the next "Q. R.," nor have I yet attempted to write *ex officio* upon the dismal occasion which has put us all in mourning;—the only occasion, perhaps, in which a public mourning ever carried with it so real a sense of sorrow. As soon as you left us, I finished the paper upon Lopez de Vega, of which merely the beginning was written before. Then I set steadily to work upon the "Brazil," and have been sedulously employed upon it every morning from that time, with the full intention (unless any unforeseen evil should prevent) of doing something to it (however little) every day, till it is completed. I have corrected four sheets, and hope to keep the press going without intermission; the better to effect this, I rise as soon as it is light, and transcribe before breakfast. In the evenings I have paid off a heavy score of epistolary debts; and, with a truant disposition, as if I had nothing to consult but the inclination of the hour, have taken a good serious spell at the "Life of Wesley," which bids very fair to be a singularly curious book.

I would very, very fain be excused from any threnodial service, farther than what must needs be prepared for the "Mus. Doc." But I see, from one or two private letters, that it is *looked for*, and it is no use to grumble at a task which I must not shrink from. In thinking over the matter, which you may be sure I have been doing (even in fact at the time when I would willingly have persuaded myself that it was not a matter of necessity to undertake the task), a notion laid strong hold upon me, of producing something in distant imitation of Boethius. In which, instead of his Philosophia, I should introduce Sir Thomas More; and pass from the ostensible occasion of the book, by an easy transition, to a view of the prospect before us, compared

with the state of things at the Reformation. An obvious objection to this is, that I make use of an event which ought to be my subject, merely as an introduction to something else. Perhaps this may be handsomely obviated by frequently recurring to it, and bringing it again prominently forward at the end. You will, perhaps, hardly comprehend my scheme, unless I open it a little more fully. There would be a mixture of verse as in Boethius; but the bulk of the composition in prose, and in colloquy, between Sir T. More and Meipsum. How he, of all persons, should think of paying Meipsum a visit you must trust to me to explain; but you will at once perceive that no fitter personage could be introduced, he having taken pretty much the same view of affairs in his age as I do in mine. The tone would, of course, be funereal, relieved by such imaginative parts as the introduction of one from another world would produce; and the main object is to show that we are rapidly approaching a *crisis* in society (if, indeed, we have not actually reached it), as *critical* as that which the restoration of letters and the discovery of printing brought with them in the days of Sir Thomas More: the extent about as much as a long paper in the "Review,"—a little volume from 150 to 200 pages. These digressions are not very convenient for one who has so many huge undertakings in hand, and has to provide for Murraymagne also. I hope you like his new title.

Oh, my books! my books! Pray ask Colnaghi if he has heard anything from Discacciati about them; that if not, I may get Landor to inquire; and if the larger consignment from Brussels be not arrived, I must write about them also.

Your pencils shall be looked after. The Grand Dormouse returned on Monday from Senhouse's. Wordsworth is gone to London on business. I have

not heard from Sirius, Heaven knows when; he might as well be in his own star for anything I know of him. Pulcheria is in great favour, and sends a purr to Narses, her countryman. I have put on my leathern jerkin for the first time to day; and yesterday I dined at the Island, which, as I certainly shall not have another invitation these six months, may perhaps (and how possibly!) be the last time I shall ever dine out. And the wind is blowing; on the fells it is snowing; and the torrents are flowing; and the women are sewing; and the general is going; and the oats are still growing, (they have got them so slow-in); and my nose wants blowing;—so farewell, Mr. Bedford.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 17. 1817.

My dear G.,

Your letter falls in, even as I should wish it to do, with my own inclinations. Public events, as you well know, are things upon which, *ex proprio motu*, I should never write a single verse, having a proper dislike to such subjects. You have now the exercise-verses for the "Mus. Doc.": and so, till the next year's pepper-corn rent becomes due, if I live so long, that score is discharged.

The more I consider the matter about emancipating myself from any engagement which subjects me to the control of an editor, the more I perceive and feel the fitness of so doing; and, regarding it as I ought to do, without any feeling of anger, I shall consult my own perfect convenience in the matter, and leave the Mur-

raymagne to discover that I find other modes of composition more agreeable, if not more profitable. *Tant mieux*, for certain works which have been too long shoved aside, by his egregious "Journal." I have done a little of late to the "Tale of Paraguay," and will complete it forthwith for publication in the course of the season; and when this is done, the time which would have been otherwise allotted to Reviews, will suffice, in the course of twelve months, to carry me through "Oliver Newman." I can calculate upon myself for these things. Certain, indeed, it is, that reviewing costs me full thrice the time that any other species of composition does.

As for political affairs, I have nothing to do with them now. The battle has been won. That indeed was a cause for which, had it been needful, I would have spent something more precious than ink. At home there is an appearance of security for some time to come, and, when I touch upon political topics, it will be with a wider range and a larger view than belongs to any temporary topics. I have abundant materials marked out for "Espriella's Second Travels;" and this, I have no doubt, will pay me to the full as well in money as the "Review" of Albemarle Street could do, and far better in reputation. This is the only vehicle in which I could write with perfect freedom: such is the advantage afforded by speaking sometimes in an assumed character, sometimes through it, and leaving it to the reader's sagacity to discover the one if he can.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 6. 1818.

MY DEAR G.,

I have two things to say to you, which would be reason enough for beginning a letter, even if I were not rather disposed at this time to pen-gossip with your worship, than to go on working.

First, then, an accident (which, though it would not require much time to tell it, would yet take up rather too much to be told just now) induces me to resume my "Inscriptions." You, I believe, did not much like what you saw of them; but I am persuaded that, as pieces of composition, they will more completely exhibit my skill as an *artist*, than any other of my poems. Charles Taylor, whom I remember at Westminster, was killed at Vimeiro. I knew nothing of him, and never exchanged a word with him; but he is the only Westminster man who comes in my way, and for that reason has a sort of double claim to a place in the series. He was a Reading man,—you have friends at Reading,—can you by their means learn what his services had been? The sepulchral inscriptions are, of course, epitaphs; and the epitaph should be a brief notice of all in a man's life which is worth noticing on his monument. My intention is not to be in any hurry with these poems, but to correct them at leisure, as severely as possible, and print them after the "History" is published, as an accompaniment, in the same form.

Secondly, I learn from Westall, that his brother has a great desire to make drawings from my operas,—more especially from my "Thalaba." However much I might like this, my liking can be of no avail, and the matter, of course, must rest between him and the *Longi Homines*, who, I suspect, will be like deaf adders. They

will object that the poems are not new, and have no great sale; and, perhaps, the size in which they are printed would be a serious objection to the artist. What the *Longi Homines* should do, if they listened to him, should be to print an edition of my poetical works collectively in octavo, with the prints, *ad libitum;* and to have, in future, the separate edition of each in a smaller size, and without notes, so as to get into circulation among cheap books which are found in every country shop,—a four-shilling "Roderick," for instance. This would never interfere with the sale of the costlier form, and would get into circulation when even the current editions cannot. But the *Longi Homines* do not understand their own trade: the Grand Murray does. Nevertheless, I like the long man better than the great man.

Yet, between ourselves, I cannot help suspecting something very like a trick about the sale of Moore's poem; and the suspicion is not a comfortable one. A sixth edition of "Lalla Rookh" is advertised in the course of eight months. "Roderick," in three years, is only in the fourth. Now, I am perfectly certain it is no feeling of vanity (and you know how I feel upon such subjects well enough to believe me) which makes me think there cannot, possibly, have been this difference in the sale. How, then, do I explain the fact? By an apprehension that there is a *ruse de guerre* in it, — a stratagem of that war which one bookseller carries on against another: that if I were to ask as large a sum for a poem as Moore has obtained, they might reply to me, "There is not the same sale to be expected." And this they would support by title-pages, putting, probably, the name of a new edition to every 500, or possibly a smaller number (for "Lalla Rookh" cannot by possibility have had such a sale as is pretended), while the first edition of "Roderick" was 500

only at a time; but the second, 1500; the third, 2000; and the fourth, 2000.

You will do me a service if you will get from the review-gelder as many more of my old manuscripts as you can, and in future secure from him a set of proof-sheets in their first state; because the paper is always printed before he sets about the work of emasculating it. It is very easy for him to have an additional proof struck off in that state; and then what I have taken the trouble to write, and he is obliging enough to strike out afterwards, will be preserved for use hereafter. I make as large allowances as can be required for the management to which editor and publisher may feel or fancy themselves bound, but the striking out a sentence, or a paragraph, because Mr. Gifford does not like it, and the putting in one of his words or phrases when he happens not to like one of mine, has the effect of putting my forbearance to the proof. Once or twice I have written to him pretty strongly in remonstrance; then he flatters and promises, and next time goes to work again like a butcherly review-gelder, as he is.

If you happen to see Murray, I wish you would say to him he sent me in his last parcel, "*Le Genie de la Revolution, considerée dans l'Education,*" in two volumes. It promises a third, which was to include all that related to Bonaparte's reign, and was to be published in November last. This third volume is precisely the thing I want for filling up the picture of France in the introductory chapter of the Peninsular War, and the sooner I can have it for that purpose the better, for I really long to be in the press. You can tell him this when you chance to see him, which will be better than my writing just now, when I am not in good humour with him — feeling myself scurvily treated about the last number, in more respects than one. But I do not mean to give the slightest intimation of this displeasure,

either to him or the gelder; for however much they may look upon me as *their* tool, I shall make use of them as *mine*.

God bless you. I am in excellent condition for work.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

March 27. 1818.

My dear Rickman,

I have said something upon rogues and roguery in a paper which is now in Gifford's hands,—upon the fitness of mending the nets of the law, so that they may not escape through the meshes as they now do; and the general question I have left for further discussion, being fully aware of the whole combination against existing institutions.

The next paper which I write will be upon the state of the middle class,—the excess in the educated classes rendering emigration as necessary as bleeding when the habit indicates apoplexy; the condition of women; and lastly and mainly, the abuse of the press, arising in a great measure from this overflow of educated or rather half educated men.

Brougham is speechifying through the villages of Westmoreland!!

Westall sees a great deal of talent in the sketches from "Thalaba." Wynn has taken them to Murray, and he, I understand, likes them so well that he has written to the artist concerning them.

I have a rich arrival of my books from Milan, and am in a happy confusion with them.

The Capitaneus has a book of mine concerning the Isles of Chiloe. Beg him to send it to Murray for me.

Is there no existing law by which these Palace Yard meetings can be prevented. Why are not the orators brought to trial for sedition? or rather, why is not Fox's absurd bill repealed, and the law of libel placed upon its proper grounds? Oh, for more courage where it is most wanting!

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, May 9. 1818.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Thank you for your note upon the Ava* leprosy. *Kava* this liquor is also called, and it is not a little remarkable that the same preparation with the same name should be found in Chili and in Brazil also,—though not, I believe, made from the same root. What, therefore, (the thought this instant occurs to me) if the *saliva* should be the cause of the disease? the secretion of one human body taken into the system of another? as the transfusion of healthy blood, and the transplanting of a sound tooth, have been known to prove fatal. There is indeed in the Kava case a fermentation which must be taken into the account.

I have heard to-day of a custom remembered in Kes-

* "The name of Ava is given to the root of the intoxicating long pepper (*Macropiper methysticum*) which is chewed either in the fresh or in the dried state, as the Indian chews his maize."—*Johnson's Chemistry of Common Life*, vol. i. p. 310. See *History of Brazil*, vol. iii. p. 890. *notes*.

wick, and still practised in Borrodale. A married couple, who have had no children, after a certain number of years, are *compelled* by their neighbours to give what we call a Fumbler's Feast, and entertain them with sweet butter, caudle, and other such regalements as are produced at lying-in visits, after the fashion of the country. This they do sorely against the grain, the company entertaining themselves at their expense in every sense of the phrase.

Such a feast was exacted from (or inflicted upon) the couple who live opposite Miss Barker's house last week.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, June 7. 1818.

My dear Wynn,

I thank you for Dr. O'Connor's letter, and am very glad he can derive any pleasure from the expression of the high value which I set upon his labours,—such labours having very little to remunerate them, except the gratification which the employment itself affords. Thank you also for the reports of the Copyright Committee. The part of this business which most concerns me is, the term of years which the booksellers seem willing to give up. Now in my case a prolongation of the term is of much more consequence than the eleven copies, for my books make their way slowly; they have a steady sale, and there will be a greater demand for them in the first three or four years after my death than there ever has been, or will be, in the same length of time during my life. But the greater number of them will then have become common property; and the only

means I can perceive of securing any advantage from them to my children, is, by never publishing a single improvement in any of them as long as I live, but reserving all corrections, alterations, and additions for a posthumous edition.

I read Lamb's death in the newspaper, and thought more of him, poor fellow, in consequence, than I had done for the last four-and-twenty years. Do you remember Bean, who was in the remove with me? He had a good strong head, and an excellent heart. Two or three years ago I called at his brother's to inquire for him, and learnt that he was soon expected home from India, to settle in England upon the money which he had saved as an army surgeon, and the half pay to which from length of service he was entitled. Just about that time he was murdered by some Malay boatmen, for the regimental money which he was carrying to one of the East Indian islands.* 'Tis a melancholy thing when we have got more than half way over Mirza's bridge to look about us, and see how many of those who set out with us on the passage have fallen short by the way. I should have had real pleasure in meeting again with Bean; all that was good in him was of the permanent kind. He had travelled widely, and would have come home with an extensive knowledge of men and things. Poor Lamb, on the contrary, had become a mere idle heir of fortune, and not having his estates to manage while his father lived, had not even that occupation to keep him from frivolities. He was an old man at thirty, and that too being of a family in which it is degeneracy to die at an age short of fourscore. Scarcely a week passes in which I do not dream of Westminster, so strong a hold have those years upon the mind.

You franked me a letter some time ago from General

* See Autobiography in "Life and Correspondence," vol. i. p. 156.

Crauford, which has led to a correspondence with him. He has sent me some observations upon the Spanish war, and among my "Inscriptions" which I have finished was an epitaph for his brother, which I was glad to communicate to him. I have written no poetry for many months, nor shall I have leisure for any this year, unless a much stronger inclination should arise for it than I ever expect to feel. Before I set out for London in November I must bring forth the last volume of "Brazil," and the "Life of Wesley." Of the former about a third is printed, of Wesley the sixth sheet (in octavo) is lying on my table.

I may tell you that the office of librarian to the Advocate Library, at Edinburgh, was offered me the other day, —400*l.* a year, with the prospect of an increase, and the labour of forming a catalogue. Few persons would dislike such labour less, but I am better employed; I do not love great cities; I will not remove farther from my friends (being already too far from them), and having, God be thanked, no pecuniary anxieties, I am contented where I am, and as I am; wanting nothing, and wishing nothing. God bless you, my dear Wynn.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

June 19. 1818.

MY DEAR G.,

Thank you for having delivered the Saints out of Purgatory. I now look daily to hear from the Grand Dormouse that he has seen the beatified contents of these ponderous cases, after which they will soon be on their way to Keswick.

The offer respecting the Advocates' Library did not require much consideration, coupled as it was with the condition of making a catalogue,—an immense labour for such a library, if it were performed as it ought to be. If it had come without any such condition, it would have unsettled me, as the emolument would have emancipated me from all task-work for the rest of my life. I have half a mind to enclose you my last letter from the greatest of Bibliopoles, that you may form by it some estimation of his conceit, which is as unmeasurable as the heighth and depth of Seeva, in the Hindoo fable. If you were to see the manner in which he exhorts me "*to put my whole soul*" into an article for his six shilling "Review," you would breathe out a pious malediction upon his head, and cast his letter behind the fire. Whosoever may compile from my papers, when the booksellers have the pickings of my bones, will find rare morsels in the correspondence of this great man!

My cold is in its seventh or eighth week, and makes it painful to read aloud,—a great discomfort, for it is my custom regularly to read a proof-sheet in this manner *twice;* and this last polish is of material consequence, and can be given in no other way. The eye can do little without the ear.

Mrs. Peachey has sent me a new fashioned lamp for my study, with a ground-glass hemisphere—a handsome affair, but I suspect less convenient than my solitary mould candle, which can be carried about, is at hand to seal letters, and, moreover, supplies a lip-salve, as useful and much less offensive than any which comes from the shop. I cannot, however, try this present till we have darkness again. Our daylight here is considerably longer than yours in London at this season.

Elmsley, I hear, means to go abroad again; and, on his return, to take a house at Oxford.

In the reviewal of "Evelyn's Memoirs" (part of

which goes to the grand castrator with this letter), I have given Sir Richard Phillips a wipe which will amuse you, if it be suffered to stand.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, July, 1818.

My dear Rickman,

I have been chewing the cud upon your letter. The variety of my employments is such that it enables me, at any time, to throw aside any train of uncomfortable thoughts arising from the τὰ οὐκ ἐφ' ἡμῖν. And in the case of the Appleby orator, I should not have thought of noticing him, had it not appeared a fair opportunity of doing local good by mauling him heartily. I dare say you may, long ere this, have perceived in me a promptness to act with decision, which sometimes amounts to temerity, and often to imprudence; and, on the other hand, a good portion of docility in submitting to the advice of those whom I esteem and love. I may probably send up another portion of the intended letter, but very likely it will not go beyond your hands and Bedford's.

On the other hand, if I thought that any real good were to be done by a full representation of the state of things, I would gird up my loins to the task. How may this best be done? In an anonymous volume, the secret of which shall rest between you and me, to the exclusion of all other persons, or in the character of "Espriella"? which has a greater advantage even than that of concealment, because no one can draw the line

between what is said *in* the personated character, and what is said *through* it.

At present, *totis ornibus*, I will work on through the *opus majus*. I send now a portion of very curious matter,—some of it collected from the papers which I obtained from Coxe.

My great consignment of the Saints, &c., is arrived, and I am delightfully busy in arranging the shelves.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Sept. 1. 1818.

MY DEAR R.,

I have just read through "Clarendon's History of the Rebellion," and the result has been rather to strengthen my hope in the conservative principles of society. If anything could induce me to wish the Whigs in power, it would be their certain interference with the press, and the probability of their undoing the mischief which Fox did by making the jury in cases of libel judges of the law, as well as of the fact. Yet there has been as much fault in the manner of enforcing the law, as in the law itself. So much time has been suffered to elapse between the commission of the offence and the trial (as in Hone's case) that the culprit has had full leisure to get up a theatrical defence, and the public feeling of indignation has been worn out, and subsided into indifference.

Thank you for your note about the Jerboa. I had made the same guess, but suppressed it because of the difficulty of explaining how the Jerboa should get

there; being neither known in Europe nor in America, nor in those parts of Africa from whence any ship at any time had ever touched upon the Island. However, as your first thought coincided with mine, I have mentioned the likelihood and the difficulty. You see, I am getting on well, and with matter which will be almost as new to the Portuguese themselves as to the English. This chapter will be a very curious one; and the following one relates to the equestrian tribes. It is a great pleasure to perceive the end of so long a work fairly in view.

Can you send me the third Police, the Prison, and the Endowed School Reports. I am about to write upon the copyright question in the next "Quarterly;" and also (taking the new churches for a text), to put together my collectanea concerning the disposal of the dead. God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. My brother Tom is coming at Lady-day to reside within an hour's walk of me, in the Vale of Newlands, a very sweet place, where he has taken thirty acres of land. This removal is in all respects desirable for him and for me, and will at least double the quantum of my yearly exercise.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Sept. 7. 1818.

MY DEAR R.,

I send the enclosed packet unsealed, that if you have any curiosity for such things, you may see some of John Wesley's epistles. They are perfectly worthless,

except the last, and this is of some value, because it touches upon a point of doctrine which he preached very rashly during many years of his life, and this letter was written only a few weeks before his death, when his hand shook so that he could scarcely write intelligibly. The others are not the less characteristic for being so entirely empty. By such missives and such *brothering* and *sistering* he kept up his influence among his people. My Life of this extraordinary man will be a very curious book.

We have entirely escaped the drought which you seem to be suffering from in the South. Our fields are beautifully green, and the gardens were never more productive.

To-day you have had your Palace Yard meeting: bad as juries are, I cannot think there could be any difficulty in convicting Hunt of sedition, because the jury in all likelihood would be Burdettites, and therefore disposed to do him justice.

Wilberforce is in this country, and will soon be at Keswick. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Sept. 18. 1818.

I HAVE just turned over the leaves of the "Acta Sanctorum:" the five or six first volumes I obtained many years ago from a public library, and made good use of them. All the rest are new to me. The worthy editors seem, a little like myself, never to have been content with the enormous work which they had undertaken to perform, but upon every possible opportunity to have

enlarged it by some gratuitous labour. Among these supererogatory works is a very curious code of Majorca laws, with a series of as curious engravings, from the MS., exhibiting the whole household of the King of Majorca in their costume and employments. It is indeed a singularly valuable body of historical and antiquarian research, certainly the most laborious work that has ever yet been produced by any body of men. My copy is a very fine one. The bookseller at Brussels said it was the finest he had ever obtained. It belonged to the Franciscan Recollets at Ghent. I shall make great use of it in due time.

"Kehama" and "Roderick" are both at this time in the press. The latter has done great things for me,—that is to say, it has set me on the right side of Longman's books. Upon the whole, it has brought me not less than 700*l*. It will take probably a full year's sale before the new edition clears its expenses, but my "Life of Wesley" will be out for the spring sale, and I hope that will supply the deficiency; and whenever I can finish my tale of "Paraguay," I may calculate upon immediately selling an edition of 2000. But in truth I would willingly have done with poetry, and confine myself to those subjects for which I possess advantages that are not likely soon to meet in any one person.

Wilberforce is expected in Keswick to-day, with his wife and his sons and his daughters, and his sons' friends, and his daughters' friends, and his men servants, and his maid servants. Sir George and Lady Beaumont are here. *He* knew the country before I was born, and passed a summer in it soon after his marriage, three-and-forty years ago: and both he and Lady Beaumont enjoy it as much now as ever they did. I expect a guest next week, whom perhaps you may have heard the Doctor mention; his name is Chauncey Townsend, a youth with every imaginable advantage that nature and fortune can

bestow. Old Townsend, the traveller, was his great uncle; from him he has acquired a taste for mineralogy, and that taste will take me some tough walks among the mountains.

We have had no drought in the North; nothing could, indeed, be more favourable than our weather, or finer than our harvest. But I fear you will suffer dreadfully in the spring. What is become of Blackstone, that he has not yet made his appearance? General Peachey is looking out for him also, so that he will have a bed if he should arrive at the same time with Chauncey Townsend.

Lord Lowther drank tea with us last week, bringing over Wordsworth to introduce him, for I had never seen him before. The only other great person whom I have seen was the Grand Murray himself, on his way to Edinburgh. He, I believe, is the very grandest personage among mankind, now that there is no longer a Grand Mogul. There ought to be an article of mine upon Evelyn's "Journal" in his next number, and another upon the means of improving the people. I am about to write upon the Copyright Bill, and upon the new churches. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

October 5. 1818.

My dear R.,

Wilberforce has been with me this morning, to the utter astonishment of all in the house who have yet seen him; such a *straggling* visitor,—he was longer a *going, going, going*, than a bad bale of goods at an auc-

tion; and even when he began to go, he brought to at the bookcase on the staircase, and again in the parlour, to the utter despair of his wife, who resigns herself with comical composure to all his comicalities. He will be here during the week, and I shall do my best to strengthen in him certain wholesome apprehensions which he feels concerning the state of the press.

Dauncey, the counsel, is here also. I was very intimate with his wife (who has been dead many years); indeed I was almost bred up with her. He is a thoroughly right-minded man.

I have at this time for a guest the only son of Hare Townsend, who was, as you may remember, a great ally of Burdett. I am glad to hear that this person is evidently much changed of late, and begins to see that under such mob leaders as Hone, Hunt, and Co., estates would be as much in danger as thrones and churches.

I have two papers in the "Quarterly Review,"—"Evelyn's Memoirs," and the other which you recognised, and which is the worse for not having been planned. I wrote the greater part thinking that your communications might be inserted, and hence there is a want of method about it, probably rather more than what there always is in my meditations for Albemarle Street. But I must dress to go dine at the Island.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Oct. 10. 1818.

My dear R.,

I have been doing my best to impress upon Wilberforce's mind a sense of the real dangers of the country;

and I think if any feasible plan could be struck out, it is very likely that he might be induced to act a very useful part. What I propose is, that Fox's law of libel should be repealed. He talked of the difficulty of doing this; and I told him that if some such measure were not taken, and the *licentiousness* of the press effectually curbed,— unless he and I made haste to our graves, we should both be sent to the scaffold. He will not forget this, and I shall take care to deepen the impression.

Dauncey, the counsel, has been here. I had much talk with him upon these things, and found that he entirely coincided with us, both as to the evil, and the means of remedy; and sure I am, that if a proper law of libel were brought forward, and a proper punishment for treason in its first stages, they would be carried in spite of all clamour. Wynn would be an excellent man to come forward on such an occasion; but though he knows the danger, I fear he would shrink from the remedy — not from any obloquy to which such a measure would expose him.

If there were wisdom and courage enough to take up this matter properly, I would undertake to prepare the public by a full and forcible exposition of the danger.

Wilberforce is very well disposed as to forming an association for the preservation, &c. Is it worth while to instigate him to this? I shall write to him after he has left this country, and have great reason to suppose that I can in some degree influence him. You see, I am very far from despairing; and, indeed, the worse things grow, the more reason is there for exerting ourselves to mend them. And you see I am not idle. The smaller packet had better go straight to Pople's, without paying a visit to Streatham; it is an interpolation made just in time. God bless you.

R. S.

26173

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 26. 1818.

My dear Grosvenor,

I certainly shall not quarrel with just Nemesis and the other awful Powers of Vengeance, for any punishment which they may have inflicted upon two persons who thought proper to go to Oswestry and the country of the Welsh barbarians, when they might have come to Keswick, where they would have had fine weather and rare society to boot. I daresay you still smell like Jacob when he personated his brother Esau; unless, indeed, there be a filthy odour of leeks to overpower the hircine savour which you must have brought away with you. Faugh! You miserable men, to give up Derwentwater, and Skiddaw, and Saddleback (over which noble mountain I have walked this very day), and Wastwater, (whither I would have gone with you, ye wretches!) and Crummock, and Borrodale, and Ulswater, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c., for rain, and lumbago, and an Oswestry parsonage! You might have laid in a stock of health for seven years upon these blessed mountains, where there would have been nothing between you and heaven. But you must go to Wales, forsooth! or to the Welsh border, which is worse, as if you had been a couple of sheep-stealers! and so would keep company with Taffy; or, like rats, were unable to resist a bait of toasted cheese!

So much, by way of condolence!

Now for myself. You will conclude that I am in tolerable health when you hear that I was on foot from half-past ten this morning till six this evening, without resting (more than a few minutes occasionally on a stone), or any other food than a single apple. The General was my foot companion, and Chauncey Townsend was with

us on horseback; for he, poor fellow, has not strength for such undertakings. He has been with me nearly a month, and enjoys himself just as could be wished. I have been out a good deal with him, though less than if he had been a good pedestrian, and probably I may be the better for it.

You will have seen my two papers in the last "Q. R." The Megistos thought proper, when he sent me 150*l.* for them, to remind me that such prices could not be afforded unless the articles produced a *decided impression*, to observe that the *latter part* of Evelyn had been approved, and to offer some hints respecting the arrangement of such reviewals in future. I daresay my answer would astonish him. It was written in thorough good humour, and without expressing the slightest resentment at such impertinence: in truth, I understand his *humour* too well to feel anything except amusement at it. But I told him that though his prices were very liberal, it was nevertheless very plain that I was employing myself less profitably (of which I gave him convincing proofs), and less worthily (which he will not very easily comprehend), in writing for them than in pursuing my own greater avocations; and that, therefore, he must admit it to be a matter of prudence on my part, when I should have executed the paper in hand, to become only an occasional contributor to the "Q. R.," instead of a regular assistant, and that at long intervals. He is chewing the cud upon this, and I shall adhere to my purpose.

Therefore, when I have finished what I have in hand for him for this next number, instead of supplying anything for the following one, I shall complete my tale of "Paraguay," which, with the help of some drawings from Nash, will bring me about 300*l.*, by an edition of 2000. Then I shall go to my long-planned tale of "Oliver Newman," and for this I will demand a price of the

Longmen. By the time that I reach the age of fifty, if I should live so long, it is fit and proper that I should have realised enough to emancipate myself from all the drudgery of literature; that is to say, from all such writing as is performed merely for the sake of bread.

Herewith, I send you Ballantyne's promissory note, — a lucky recovery of money which I had given up for lost, though I am still a loser to the amount of as much more. But this is the purchase-money of my share in that "Register," for which I did such good yeoman-service. Do you put it into proper hands to negotiate it; and when you have the proceeds, add to them from my next payment as much as may suffice to buy in 300*l.* in the 3*l.* per cents. I have 100*l.* already there, and shall then be worth 12*l.* per annum. My incomings this year are considerably less than the last. "Kehama" and "Roderick" are reprinting, and will hardly pay their expenses next year; but I may look to "Wesley" for something, though it will be little in proportion to the time and labour bestowed upon the work.

These cares do not sit heavily upon me; except, indeed, that my death (a much more likely event than his own) would leave Tom to bear the whole penalty of his rash marriage. A circumstance of a very different nature affects me much more in my heart of hearts. After an interval of more than six years, I am likely to become again a father; and you may well imagine what feelings this must occasion, after the grievous loss which we have sustained in those years, — a loss which I shall never wholly overcome. This prospect, indeed, only makes me feel more deeply how irreparable it is; for, setting aside the myriad or million chances against my having such another son as that incomparable boy, it is but too certain that I should neither have life nor heart ever again to perform my duty by another in the same manner.

This will prevent me from leaving home till February or March. Edith's spirits are, as you may suppose, very much affected, and she suffers very much in her bodily health. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Nov. 1818.

MY DEAR R.,

There is a mulatto now living in Pernambuco, who was born in the service of Joam Fernandez Vieira, and was six or seven years old at the time of his death; he cannot, therefore, be less than 145 years old. His limbs are withered, his skin shrivelled, he has lost almost all his teeth, and wanders in his discourse; but he is erect, his eye bright, and his voice full and clear. Koster has seen and conversed with him. He spoke of something as having happened "just now;" which phrase, when he was further questioned, he explained to mean about fifty years ago.

Thank the Capitaneus for his "Memoir." I suspect that some marine volcanoes have been the cause of this dislocation of the ice; and my ground for the suspicion is that the fish have deserted the coast of Kamtschatka, thereby occasioning, from want of other food, a *bellum civile* among the bears, and a *bellum plusquam civile* of the bears against the Russians and Kamtschatchans.

Barrow seems to have succeeded to Dalrymple as a theorist at the Admiralty. I wonder the Congo expedition has not made him especially cautious of exposing valuable lives to imminent danger.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 1. 1819.

MY DEAR G.,

Your pencils are on my chimney-piece, and the next question is how to transport them to yours, for they are of an unfrankable shape and texture; and at this season of the year no opportunity of sending them by a private hand is likely to occur; and, unluckily, it so happens that I never stood more in need of such an opportunity.

I am very much obliged to Shields for his desire of setting my verses to music, very much flattered, &c. &c.; and very much obliged to you for your solicitude about them, and entirely of your opinion as to the said verses, as far as regards their merit. You know I told you that simple fiddling was not fit for them, — they ought to be bum-fiddled! But as for their giving offence, God help the silly person who should be offended at them! They have no other fault than that of being altogether good for nothing; and no other merit than that of being entirely suitable to the subject; that is to say, quite as common-place. I thought the subject was no matter of choice, — the Queen's death coming so close upon the end of the year. Otherwise it is most likely I should have taken a general topic, and given a lyrical sketch of the state of Europe, which might have been a companion to that ode of mine, written four years ago, wherewith I am well pleased. There is no reason why I should not write such an ode still (except that I am much better employed); but you, yourself, say it cannot be in time, and so, in Cumberland phrase, "I need not *fash* myself." I have done my exercise; a very bad one it is, I know; but I do not think it will be *looked over;* and if it should, and they

were to sconce me a quarter's salary for it, I can tell them this, that I could get 25*l.* in less time than it would take me to make a better. Nevertheless, if anything comes into a head, which is at present far too much occupied to have room in it for stray fancies, I will give the "Minerva" birth; and, peradventure, it may do as well for next year as for this, if all parties concerned should see another new year, and if Europe continues for so long at peace. Shields is a goodnatured man; and, really, I will in future let him have my exercise in full time. He shall have it by the end of November. At present I think we are completely out of the scrape.

My dear Grosvenor, why do you speak in such terms of Haydon? who is, even by the acknowledgment of those who dislike him most, a man of first-rate power in his art. He may have done some foolish things, and acted indiscreetly in others; but to speak of him with contempt, and call him a coxcomb, is out of all reason. He has long since broken off all connection with Leigh Hunt on account of his mischievous opinions; but I have nothing to do with his friendships or his enmities. I know him only as one of those painters who, if opportunity were given them, would place this country as much above all others in that art, as we are in arms and in poetry, and in the real enjoyments of life.

Nor do you speak in consonance with my feelings concerning your friend Mr. Fielding, and James Fontaine. If the former is thinking more of the world to come than of this, it is not a mental dram-drinking to which he has taken, but the only proper diet. Fontaine is not a dreamer, but a sober and rational inquirer into a subject of no trifling importance, inasmuch as it involves the most reasonable objection to our established creed. He has not written well, and, therefore, will produce little or no effect. The book is far too

long, and wants method as well as condensation. But he is right, and when I come to town I should like to see him.

My house is dismally silent. Tantemagne * (a coinage this moment from the mint) went yesterday with Sara and Shedaw to Rydal, where they will stay about a fortnight. Talking of Tantemagne, I threaten her sometimes that I will import an *aunt*-eater from Brazil.

I wrote lately to Wynn, urging him to stand in Romilly's place, and put himself at the head of that reform on the criminal laws which must be made, and which he will conduct with more judgment and upon better principles than Sir Samuel. I do not want him to be more in opposition than he is; indeed, I would far rather see him with the Government, and this he knows. But I would have him more in the eyes of the country, and here the way for him is open.

I suppose Murray will have to send me Mr. Butler's book. We have an interchange of this kind, and are upon the best terms with each other; — though he is the most zealous defender of the Catholics (his own persuasion), and I the most zealous opposer of that abominable corruption of Christianity, and of the impudent cry of Catholic Emancipation.

God bless you, and give you many a happy new year.

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 3. 1819.

My dear Landor,

I procrastinated my intended letter too long, till, upon the belief you would have left Como, I knew

* Mrs. Coleridge.

not where to direct, and Senhouse, whom I desired to obtain your address from your brother Robert, has not written to me; therefore I was doubly glad to receive yours from Pisa. It came in eighteen days. My house was purchased by a silversmith in Cockspur Street, a native of Borrodale here. An injunction against the sale was obtained in favour of the widow of a former owner: the matter is in Chancery: the actual landlord is in Carlisle jail, and I am paying rent to a mortgagee. Disturbed in possession of the house I cannot be for twelve years to come; and as long as there is any litigation, I am in no danger of being annoyed by cutting up the grounds. Unless some such annoyance should drive me away, in all likelihood I shall be settled here for life. This is the sixteenth year of my residence: and though there are some local objections, and some inconvenience in the distance from London, I know not where I could pitch my tent more to my satisfaction. A better climate is not to be had without going out of England; and that cannot be done because of my pursuits, my books, and my family.

I was quite certain that you would appreciate Wordsworth justly. Nations, you say, are not proud of living genius. They are proud of it only as far as they understand it; and the majority, being incapable of understanding it, can never admire it, till they take it upon trust: so that two or three generations must pass before the public affect to admire such poets as Milton and Wordsworth. Of such men the world scarcely produces one in a millennium; — has it, indeed, ever produced more than two? for Shakspeare is of a different class. But of all inferior degrees of poets no age and no country was ever so prolific as our own: every season produces some half dozen poems, not one of which obtains the slightest attention, and any one of which would

have the author celebrated above all contemporaries five-and-twenty years ago.

Let me know your movements, and how I may direct a parcel to you in May, by which time the concluding volume of "Brazil" will be finished, and the "Life of Wesley;" and I will put in something else to make them the better worth their freight. The former contains much curious matter, containing stages of society which have hitherto obtained little notice, but are important links in our knowledge of the history of man and of society. The "Life of Wesley" is full of extraordinary facts, and will carry you into another world as little like the one with which you are conversant as if it were another planet.

Since I returned from the Continent, I have never been farther from home than Rydal. I have been working on at these works, with my usual summer and autumnal interruptions, and the usual expenditure of time for the "Quarterly Review." The verses which I have written are so few that they do not deserve to be mentioned. As soon as these works are through the press, I go to London, and put to press the "History of the Peninsular War," of which good part is ready. I suppose, we shall hear of a Cabinet revolution from that poor country! *Anything* I do not expect, nor do I know what to wish for, where any change will too probably be but a change of evils. Some arrangement like that at Lisbon, when Affonso VI. was set aside for incapacity, is the most likely catastrophe, and the one which would produce least mischief. Look where we will through the civilised world, the materials for explosion seem ready; and there is no exhilarating consideration for one who has lived long enough to know that order is the first thing needful in society. Here in England a fair harvest and a flourishing trade give us a surface of tranquillity. But all our institutions, civil

and religious, nay and whatever is sacred in public and in private life, are continually attacked by the press in every shape: by sapping, and mining, and by battering in breach. On the other hand, there are powerful counteracting causes at work, and in the struggle between good and evil, the destructive and conservative principles, which this literally is, my faith and my constitution are alike on the hopeful side.

When you have seen enough of Italy, I think you will be more disposed to tarry awhile in Switzerland than in any other part of the Continent; if you can forgive them for speaking French, an Englishman feels more at home among the Swiss than with any other people: the religion and their domestic character are more like what he has been accustomed to; and he feels that he is breathing free air, which is a blessed thing. I should hesitate between Bern and Lausanne. Perhaps I may see you before you leave Italy. I dream of seeing Rome before I die; and should I live to carry the "Peninsular War" through the press (the work of two years from this time), I should endeavour to lay my plans so as to enter Italy by the south of France late in the autumn, and leave it in the spring by way of the Tyrol. It is but a dream; but one of those dreams which bring about their own accomplishment.

God bless you with many and happy years.

R. S.

To J. Neville White, Esq.

Keswick, January 9. 1819.

My dear Neville,

Writing to you I find when I am in want of anything, is like putting on Fortunatus's wishing-cap.

I cannot tell you how much I was surprised and gratified yesterday by the contents of your parcel. The book arrived in the best time possible, to assist me with materials in that part precisely where they are most scanty and I was most deficient, and completely to confirm the view which I had taken of the conduct of the Jesuits in the most important part of the volume, and indeed of the work. Dean Funes has a strong Spanish antipathy for the Portuguese: except where this feeling predominates, I find his opinions, both of men and measures, to coincide with my own in every important point, and this coincidence is so remarkable as to be not a little gratifying to me.

I am truly rejoiced at what you say of yourself, your prospects, and your intentions. You have a right to look forward with hope, because you can look back with satisfaction; and where a man is thus situated with respect to the past and the future, he may justly think himself happy, and be thankful that he was born into the world.

Conder's first volume is buried on my table under a tremendous accumulation of Spanish, Portuguese, Manuscripts, and Methodism. I am ashamed of not having yet read it, and written to him. I have gone some way through the first volume. The book does him very great credit, though I believe him to be radically wrong; *bating that*, as the woman said, he may defy criticism. You have exactly hit the blot. Here lies the truth: what is vital and spiritual in religion, is compatible with various forms, with many imperfections and errors of belief, and with much alloy of superstition; and as it is independent of all rational distinctions, it acts when those distinctions are forgotten. The question is in what manner can Governments best provide for the religious instruction of the people, and how can they best maintain those outward and visible forms, without

which (supposing them to be totally abandoned) the inward and spiritual grace could no more exist, than our life could exist on earth without the body in which it resides. Now I affirm that it is just as much the duty of a Government to establish a National Church, endow it largely, and support it liberally, as it is for the father of a family to train up his children in the way he would have them go.

I am most exceedingly obliged to your friend Mr. John M'Neile, and I beg you will tell him so when you have an opportunity. I should not have known that such a book was in existence, had it not been for the Yankee Report, and nothing could have been more opportune for me than its arrival. You know with what solicitude I seek for documents upon every subject on which I am employed, but you can hardly estimate the great delight there is in obtaining them, when they are not easily obtainable, and especially when they are unexpected.

Mrs. Southey desires to be most kindly remembered. Edith and Sara are with Mrs. Coleridge, at Wordsworth's, as happy as playfellows, jackasses, and fiddles, can make them. These are the joys of their dancing days!

God bless you, my dear Neville.

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Jan. 25. 1819.

My dear R.,

Thank you for a succession of proof sheets, every one of which operates upon me like the crack of a whip in the air upon a willing horse. I have been lucky enough, by means of Neville White, to get a history of Buenos Ayres, Tucuman, and Paraguay, lately printed at Buenos Ayres, which I first saw mentioned in the "Report" of the Yankee Commissioners. Nothing could arrive more opportunely; it gives me information where I most wanted it, and in the most satisfactory manner confirms the view I had taken of those points that are most disputed. In this work of Funes' is the only account which has ever appeared of the tremendous insurrection of the Peruvians under one of the Inca blood in 1782-3. In two instances they demolished the fortifications of a Spanish town by bringing a *river* to bear upon them. It is very evident to me, that if the Indians were as active and as powerful now as they were forty years ago, the end of these civil wars would be, that they would destroy the surviving Spaniards, and lay the country waste; but I suspect that since the expulsion of the Jesuits, spirits have been introduced among them freely, and that this has contributed to destroy them, almost as much as their own cursed practices of abortion and infanticide. The Buenos Ayres historian, however, speaks of them as still formidable.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Jan. 26. 1819.

YOUR "Aristotle" is here; shall it be sent to you? There will be an opportunity ere long of enclosing it in a parcel to Longman's.

Nothing could have answered more opportunely than your letter this afternoon, for there came with it its very best proof sheet, in which your story, if I had remembered it, would have had its place. So it is inserted just where it ought to be. By a great piece of good fortune, Neville White has procured for me the "History of Paraguay, Tucuman, and Buenos Ayres, by Dr. Gregorio Funes, Dean of Cordova, in Tucuman." Here I have a full Spanish account of all the transactions of the respective Colonies, Rio Grande, South Catalina, and the Uruagay provinces, which, with what I find in the "Corografia Brazilica," will enable me to bring down the series of public transactions without any apparent chasm to the close of the history. I am going on, tooth and nail, with this one subject. If Dr. Bell will let me, I shall send off more copy this night, and to-morrow I expect to finish the chapter. Of all these lives of Pombal, the one in manuscript is the best; but the "Anedotti" contains most particulars respecting the Jesuits. A certain George Moore, Esq. has set forth a "Life," upon the strength of materials supplied by his friend, the Marquis of Sligo; but in what the materials have consisted, it would be difficult to discover—*Ex nihilo, &c.* The gentleman knows nothing of Portugal, and as little as possible of Pombal. I perceive, that when I come to this part of the home history, I shall not be able to proceed to my satisfaction, unless I can obtain a complete collection of the

Alvaras*, &c. during his administration. But this is looking far forward.

Your old acquaintance Ratton† will be of some use in the next chapter. The work eventually grows under my hands, and it may, possibly, still extend to four chapters more; but after so much has been done, this is nothing, and fifty pages in the volume more or less are not to be regarded.

It is very gratifying to perceive that Turner, who has had access to archives and manuscript histories, confirms the view which I have taken of all transactions belonging to my subject as well as his, except where the Portuguese are concerned. The only Spanish feeling which he has retained seems to be a hearty hatred of his neighbours; but in every other point I could not have desired a more entire conformity. The most curious part of his book is a history of the insurrection of the Indians under one of the Inca blood during our American war. No details had ever before been published. It is a dreadful story: the Peruvians displayed a degree of talent very superior to my poor friends the Guaranics. Twice when they were besieging Spanish towns, they dammed up a river, and brought its waters to bear upon the walls.

Gifford has postponed both my papers, which he was very welcome to do. I shall do no more than I can afford for the "Quarterly Review" in future; and I am very much disposed to think that if I get through the subjects which have long been promised, my labours will conclude with them. The index means nothing more than that it will answer Murray's purpose to publish it. The "E. R." sold the same at the end of twenty volumes.

I have long expected that Scott would be baronetted;

* See History of Brazil, vol. iii. p. 45., note.
† Ibid, vol. iii. p. 553., note.

his means are probably ample for a Scotch baronet, (you remember the old stave, "A Gentleman of Wales, a Knight of Cales," &c.); and if he be the author of the "Novels" (as I am sure he is), no other man has ever contributed so long and so largely to the amusement of his contemporaries. You would like him much if you knew him. He is a good-hearted man, frank, friendly, generous, without a spark of envy in his nature, and not in the slightest degree inflated by his extraordinary success. As for myself, I know that I am in my vocation, and all things considered, I believe that I am in my place. Old George Wither's motto might almost serve for mine,—"*Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo.*" "I look for nothing in this world, I want for nothing, I wish for nothing." I am too old to change my way of life, even if I had ever been fit for any other; and with regard to the Court, if I had not been obliged to kiss hands upon the appointment, the Prince would never have seen his poet — *Quid Romæ faciam*, &c.

Adamson the Newcastle lawyer, whom I usually call A-dam-son of the Muses, is publishing a "Life of Camoens" in two volumes. A pretty life it will be! He seems to be a very worthy and very simple sort of man, with no more talents for literature than I have for dancing, and yet an uncontrollable inclination for it. I have an opportunity of sending for books to Madrid, through Kinder, who has a mercantile concern there; and by that channel I shall endeavour to obtain Lozano, Montoya, Xarque, and such other books as are wanting to complete the Paraguay collection. If that country were but safe, I have a strong desire to visit it once more. There will be a good deal to add in the "Brazilian History" whenever it may be reprinted; and though it is very possible that this may not take place in my lifetime, I shall make the improvement as leisure may offer and materials occur.

Love to my aunt. It may be yet a month before I have any domestic intelligence to communicate.

God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Jan. 27. 1819.

MY DEAR WYNN,

The cause of my wishing to ascertain whether I was disqualified for voting at an election, either by my pension or office, was simply this: Brougham has placed these counties in a state of permanent warfare, upon a scheme originally devised by Lord Stanhope for the benefit of the county of Kent. Both parties are buying up freeholds; and being asked to give my assistance in this way, I promised so to do, when I might have 100*l.* which I could vest in Westmoreland land; but the opportunity occurred too soon; and as I could not be ready with the money, I did not choose to accept a loan, for two valid reasons: the one an apprehension that the money for which I should have stood indebted to one with whom I am intimate enough to allow of such a transaction, might have in reality been advanced from a different quarter, and therefore, in case an election had occurred before it was repaid, have exposed me to an unpleasant feeling in tendering my vote; the other, a determination never to enter into an engagement which it may be difficult or inconvenient for me to fulfil, if I can possibly help it. For the greater part of my yearly expenses must still be supplied by the year's labour, and is therefore wholly contingent upon the continuance of health, eye-sight, and the use

of my faculties, either of which may fail me at any moment.

It appears to me that you undervalue your own weight in Parliament, and do not perhaps see the state of the board so well as a looker-on. The great pieces are cleared off, and you may come in, like a castle, toward the end of the game. It appears to me that the question of the criminal law cannot long be evaded; that Ministers will not take it into their own hands as they ought to do, because they never have courage enough, or foresight enough, to anticipate the public feeling, and thereby to direct it; but that they would be glad to see it in your hands, rather than in those of a thick and thin Oppositionist, to whom it would give popularity at their expense, and by whom it certainly will be taken up, if no better person steps forward. Among the things to be desired, one, I think, is that transportation should always be for life, and the gradation of punishment be measured by the term for which the convict was to be employed in public works. I wish, too, seeing the constant increase of crime, that from among the numbers of soldiers whom we have discharged, a strong patrole had been formed, who might have retained as much of their discipline as would have been convenient, and been subjected to the civil power. They would have been better employed in preventing robberies and murders than in committing them, which in too many instances will be the alternative.

I know not what has possessed Gifford and Murray to postpone or set aside my paper upon the copyright question; the bill of fare indicates three or four subjects which had certainly no very imperative claims for preference, and one would have supposed Murray might have had some regard to his own interest in the question.

There is nothing of mine in the number, and will be very little hereafter, if I can by any means avoid it.

I need not say how much it gratified me to see the manner in which you were spoken of by Canning the other day; and this is an indication, at least, of more weight and character than you gave yourself credit for. That the criminal laws will undergo some alteration, and the prison discipline a thorough reform, is, I think, certain. (It is odd enough that, in the "Edinburgh Register," I should have wished to have our prisons placed under the superintendence of the Quakers.) But there remains a much more Herculean task, which is to clear away the rubbish of law; for in truth the pedantry and chicanery, and the insufferable delays, vexations, and expense of law, are among the first evils of existing society — I had almost said the greatest. One of the projects to which I look forward in the summer is, that of taking up my old friend "Espriella," and putting together the facts and materials which have occurred to me during the last ten years. That character gives me the same license as a mask would do.

Did I send you the opening of "Oliver Newman," in a small square size, so as to lie within the compass of a common frank, or in half quatrain form? In whichever shape it was, you shall have the whole in sequence as it proceeds. I am only in the third book. The desire of finishing my "Brazil" is so strong upon me, that I scarcely dream of anything else, now that the end is in sight.

Has anything been done about looking for the Welsh Indians? I must confess that the more I know of the country, the less likely does the chance of discovering them appear. If a savage has at any time been met with who spoke Welsh, I should be inclined to suspect that he was a Welshman who had turned savage. There are always deserters from civilisation: among them

French, English, and Yankee; and why not now and then a stray Welshman?

The Spaniards have begun to publish a history of their late war by a committee of officers at Madrid. I have a French translation of the first volume, and it appears to be exceedingly poor. Two odd circumstances relating to myself lead me to mention it now. They boast of their materials, and give a list of them, in which list my history appears before it is written. In the body of the work they adopt an observation from the "Edinburgh Annual Register," and speak of the author as — "*Un journaliste Anglais, aussi connu par l'élégance de son style, que par la justesse de ses aperçus, et l'independance de ses idées.*" And the note upon the passage refers to "Edingbourg *Review*, premier volume, premier partie." I suspect that the reference is right in the original, and that the French translator has boldly made a conjectural emendation. But putting *l'elegance* out of the question, the praise is worth having. This work will be of great advantage to me. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Friday, Feb. 10. 1819.

My dear G.,

Deliver the "Ode," if you please, to Shields, and desire him to accommodate with music as little or as much of it as he pleases. He will, probably, choose the second and last stanza; any but the first, which is in its place in the poem, but could not be so at Court.

With regard to your proposal, you seem not to have considered the situation in which I should appear were such a thing to take wind (as the phrase is), which most assuredly it would, concerning the manner of the ode in question. I cannot say that I think the thing worth the additional waste of time which would be required to defend it; but for the fitness of expressing political opinions which are perfectly in unison with those of the Prince and his Ministers, as pronounced by him in his speech, and by them in the measures which they are now adopting, I can have no doubt. My opinion is, that a New Year's ode should always relate to public circumstances; and a Birth Day one to the person or family of the Prince to whom it is addressed. When the latter comes upon me, I shall lower the tone to the subject. As long as I can help it, I will never suffer any of these compositions to get abroad. This is, as far as I can, lessening the folly of the custom, and preparing the way for its abolition; for you may be sure, it is generally supposed that I am not called upon to write, as my predecessors were. If I give the composer more trouble than poor Pye did, I am sorry for it; but I can no more write like Mr. Pye, than Mr. Pye could write like me. The Pye crust and mine were not made of the same materials. But I suppose there can be no more difficulty in fitting my rhythm to the fiddle, than there is setting an anthem.

I am not so much out of the world as you imagine; but know more of political intentions and opinions in high places, without seeking it, than you would suspect, and this from sundry quarters. And this reminds me to tell you, that Brooksbank is acting very indiscreetly in endeavouring to propagate his religious opinions by very objectionable and offensive means: means, indeed, so offensive, that I must notice them in the "Q. R." when I enlarge the paper upon "New Churches," as I

am preparing to do. Of course, I shall not hint at him, nor shall there be the slightest allusion which might imply a knowledge of the offender; but it is a strong case, and should any measure be brought forward to prevent the religion of the country from being insulted, it is very likely to be mentioned from the Bench.

At present I am reviewing "Marlborough," and shall send off the first portion to Gifford in a few days: and I am going on with "Wesley" in good spirits, as I draw within sight of the end. What you said about the King set my thoughts at work; I planned something which, in the style of fiction, will more resemble Dante than any other writer: of the manner I shall say nothing till there is a good specimen ready, which may astonish and silence you; at the same time I have begun, and am in high good humour with the design and the fashion of the workmanship.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Feb. 27. 1819.

MY DEAR G.,

I intend to call my boy Cuthbert. If any one asks why, it is reason enough that I like genuine English names, and such as are peculiar, without being fantastic. But you may, for your own satisfaction, find the secret feeling that leads me to choose it in a legend which Wordsworth has versified, as an inscription for St. Herbert's Island. So, if you do not like the name (which yet, for its own sake, deserves to be liked), do not object to it.

I have seen Wilson's German account of me in the newspapers. Can we wonder at the blunders and exaggerations with which biography is filled? Much personal opportunity of knowing me he has not had, for I could not tolerate his manner of life enough to accept the advances which he made towards an intimacy; but he must have heard enough of me from those who knew me and my habits well; and yet in all that he says about my allotment of time, there is no other foundation of truth, than that when I could not afford to write poetry at any other time, I wrote it before breakfast, and counted it as so much gained from sleep. You will easily suppose that neither flattery nor obloquy have much effect upon one who has been so much accustomed to both. I am only sorry that he has spoken in such absurd terms of my library, which is only extraordinarily good in relation to the circumstances of its possessor. The letter is Germanish enough, in all conscience; but he forgets his assumed character when he represents me as making puns to a foreigner, which would be throwing pearls before swine.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, March 22. 1819.

I HAVE had a New Englander here lately from Lisbon. He tells me that the Academy have published two more volumes of the "Chronicas Ineditas," — the most Irish title, surely, that ever was affixed to a book! Your opposite neighbour, Ant. Robeiro dos Santos,

died last year. Muller, also, is dead. Muller, it seems, has translated that paper of mine upon Portuguese Literature in the second number of the "Q. R.," added some notes to it, and printed it at Hamburgh for private distribution in Portugal; in his official capacity he must have prohibited it. If I could have foreseen this, the sketch should not have been so imperfect. Some of the Portuguese, I hear, spoke of my "Brazil" with great interest,—wondering how the materials could possibly have been collected, and expressing a great desire that it should be finished. They will wonder much more when they see the last volume. My visitor saw a good deal of John Bell, but little of the other English. Verdier is living in a garret at Paris, without his family, — poor, and broken-hearted.

This is the third New Englander who has visited me within twelve months (I had met one, indeed, at Paris), and two of them are by far the most accomplished and intelligent travellers whom I have ever fallen in with. This one is now returning home, after a four years' absence, during which time he has been living in the best society that France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, and England, could boast. Another of them is gone to Greece, meaning to visit Jerusalem and Egypt, and probably to return by way of Constantinople and Moscow. They have been buying books largely. One of them has sent home 1000 volumes from Spain — among them a good Catalan collection. Madrid, it seems, is now the only place where books are to be found. There are none at Seville, nor at Cadiz, nor at Saragossa, nor at Barcelona; and Lisbon, which was so good a place in our days, has been drained by English purchasers. The famous archives of Simancas* have

* It was here that Philip II. ordered the archives of the kingdom to be kept.

at last been put in order, and all the American papers regularly arranged, from Columbus's first commission. Among these, a very interesting document has come to light;—a petition from Cervantes for a place in America, with a detailed account of *sus servicios*, at great length. Montserrat, he tells me, is in no respect comparable to Cintra for beauty or singularity. I was glad to hear this. A masterly edition of the "Fuero Juzgo"* has been published. I know a channel by which I can send for this; and by the same means I shall endeavour to get a list of their new publications. The south of Spain is dreadfully unsafe; in many parts, there is no travelling without an escort.

When I come to you at Worting, if you could get your church supplied for one Sunday, I should very much like to go round the Isle of Wight with you; starting from thence, it would be an easy excursion.

You have extracts from some Rio almanacks. Where were those almanacks printed? It is said in the "Correio Brazilierse," that there was no printing-press in Brazil, till one was sent from England in 1808. I rather think there would be one for printing almanacks and edicts, though it was not used for any other purpose. My concluding chapter must be a summary view of Brazil at the time of the removal, and I shall get to it in the course of a week. What a satisfaction to be so near the end!

Your news respecting Walter Scott will be true ere long. He has received not less than fourscore thousand pounds for his writings, and 70,000*l.* more have lately fallen to his children by the death of his wife's brother. But I very much fear that poor Scott will not long live to enjoy his honour and his fortune. For the last two or three years he has been subject to cramps in the

* I suppose this to be the *Recopilacion de las Leyes de los Wisi-Godos Espoñoles, por J. A. Llorcate.* Madrid, 1792.

stomach—a disease which has proved fatal to several of his family. My Yankee friend left him under one of these seizures. They have already, in great measure, broken him down; so that he is said to have grown full ten years older within the last two, and he is become quite grey, though a light-haired man, who had not, I think, a grey hair in his head four years ago, when I saw him last. I am very sorry for this. Scott has none of the bad parts of the Scotch character. He is a warm-hearted, friendly, generous creature, and Fortune for once did well when she gave him the golden pap-spoon at his birth.

I, of the wooden spoon, am likely to become popular in New England by my next long poem. That poem is now in a fair way. I have begun the fourth book; and always the further I get on a journey, the faster I travel. I like the conception. I am not dissatisfied with the execution, as far as it has gone. Love to my aunt. God bless you.

R. S.

To Neville White, Esq., &c.

Keswick, March 26. 1819

My dear Neville,

I had long entertained the hope of one day seeing you in that situation which was so worthily filled in old times by Sir Richard Whittington, of delightful memory, and of going by your special invitation to the Lord Mayor's dinner, there to be dieted upon turtle and venison, with all the exquisite &c.'s of the city. And now I must be content with turkey and tithe-pig in the county of Norfolk! See from what a height of expectation your letter has thrown me down. Seriously, my

dear Neville, it seems to me like a dream,—and that, perhaps, because when the conduct of the lady's father is looked at in the true point of view, there is more good feeling in it, and good sense also, than are usually met with in real life. It evinces a proper disregard of money, and a right judgment of your principles and disposition. On your part I can easily understand the repugnance you would feel at giving up the fair establishment which you had formed for yourself, and in which you had the reasonable prospect of acquiring an honourable fortune. The sacrifice of pride (I use the word in a good sense) which you have thus made is, I doubt not, properly appreciated. Upon any other point you should have a cheap dispensation for your samples, if I were a Pope, and put such things to sale.

The change in the pursuits and habits of your life will be very great, but you are not too old for it. But when you enter upon your new studies, take heed that you do not pursue them too closely, nor with too much anxiety. You may, without much difficulty, acquire as much as is *necessary* for your purpose. Do not be anxious for going beyond this, lest you should injure your health. You may push your studies afterwards quietly, and at leisure; but be contented at first with acquiring merely what is needful.

I send you half a letter rather than not write by return of post. The child is going on well,—the mother not altogether as I could wish; but a little time, we trust, will set everything to rights. I am closely employed, and yet shall not be able to reach London before the beginning of May. When do you leave it? and in what part of the land of turkeys are you to be fixed? and at what college do you propose to enter?

God bless you, my dear Neville.

Your affectionate friend,

Robert Southey.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, April 30. 1819.

MY DEAR R.,

The chest of oranges occasioned a great deal of speculation in this family; there was no indication whence it came, further than that Liverpool was the place, but to whose good works it was to be set down we could not devise. I wish Mrs. R. had seen the children when it arrived. I was expecting a box of books from Milan; they called me down with news that it was come, which to them was a great joy; but their astonishment when they discovered the contents would have made no bad subject for a picture. The oranges were very good, and part of them are still existing in the form of marmalade, the first specimen of my daughter Edith's manufactory in this kind.

A table of weights and measures at the end of the book will save me the trouble of frequent calculations. I never mean to use a foreign appellation in the text, unless it has been previously explained, and has no equivalent term in English, which must very often be the case.

I am surprised at the delay of the "Review."

General Craufurd is going to send me the few papers which remain of his brother's, who was killed at Ciudad Rodrigo; for the greater part were lost with his effects after his death. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, May 5. 1819.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

I can neither stir from home, nor do anything else (except by fits of relief) till the "Brazil" is finished; and surely never did any task so grow under the workman's hands. The reason of this is, that it was utterly impossible to estimate the extent, because there existed no previous work by which I could measure my scale, and see what lay before me. It was travelling in an undiscovered country. The historical part is finished. I am half-way through the concluding chapter, which gives a view of Brazil as it was in 1808,—a tremendous chapter, both in length and labour. But I have the satisfaction of knowing, now the task is so nearly completed, that there does not exist, in this or in any other language, so full an account of any country from the earliest times, of its rise, progress, geography, the manner of its aborigines, and its actual state at the point of time when the writer concludes, as I shall have prepared of Brazil; a country of which less was known than of any other (Central Africa alone excepted) which will soon be of the greatest commercial importance to Great Britain, and is in a fair way of becoming the greatest country of the New World, having, I think, as much to hope as Yankee-land, and less to fear. There is yet a month's work more, though 706 pages are printed.

You are right concerning the monument. I ab*h*ominate allegory in stone. Chantrey is to make a bust of Wordsworth for Sir George Beaumont. I saw his two children in the exhibition, and preferred them to the work of Canova in the same room.

Dr. Bell has sent me a very handsome barometer.

This I mention because it has been vacillating a hair-breadth about *change* for the last week, and the weather all the while as fixed as Fate, whence I conclude that Dollond, the maker, has been accustomed to make weather glasses for the Opposition. I have nothing else to tell you, except that lately I had a rat roasted for supper, which was very good, though it would have been better had the rat been not so young. It was more like roasted pig than anything else. Shedaw liked it much; Sara thought it not amiss; but as for Mrs. C——, you should have seen her face when we talked of it at breakfast.

It is a good thing for me that Tom is so near; his house is a gun-shot from that delightful *beck* in Newlands wherein you and I have bathed; and there I shall bathe before this week is over, if the weather continues as warm as it is now.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Messrs. Longman & Co.

Keswick, May 7. 1819.

Dear Sir,

A lucky misapprehension respecting new and old Methodists has procured me some very interesting information from your correspondent Mr. Keene, upon a subject of which I had no knowledge before, and which is of much importance to my work. I enclose a letter which you will have the goodness to get franked to him. In it I have explained to him what further documents I require from Ireland.

I hoped to have been in London at this time; but there has been a succession of illness in my family, and the "History of Brazil" has grown under my hands far beyond all calculation, owing to the richness of my unprinted documents, and to the materials which have reached me while this volume has been in the press. However, we are printing the last chapter,—a long and very important one,—containing a full view of the present state of Brazil. It would have been worth 100*l.* if I had transferred it to the "Quarterly Review." But it is in its proper place,—the fit conclusion of a work upon which my reputation hereafter may safely rest.

"Nichols's Anecdotes" are such a huge store of materials, applicable to many works which I have in hand and in mind, that I must keep them. Please to send me the "Illustrations" which he has published as a sequel, and that number of the "Pamphleteer," containing Koster on the Slave Trade, which I must refer to in my "View of Brazil."

I shall be getting once more on the wrong side of your books; for during the last half-year, the "Brazil" has swallowed up almost all my labour, like a sinking fund. But "Wesley" and the sale of "Paraguay" will bring me round; and my long New England poem is now in that state of forwardness that I begin to calculate upon it.

Yours truly,

R. Southey.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, May 7. 1819.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

Your "Ode" has been put in the right course: I found means of getting it delivered to the Swedish Ambassador, and he will transmit it to Sweden. This I should have told you sooner, if I had been in spirits for writing. It is now ten weeks since a son was born to me, and it is only within the last three days that I have been free from serious anxiety concerning his mother. Now I begin to breathe, and hope all will be well.

One of my brothers, a sea-captain, with a wife and six children, is come to live within four miles of me, — in Newlands, — between this place and Buttermere. This adds much to my enjoyments, and gives me, moreover, a motive to wholesome exercise which I might otherwise not be sufficiently disposed to take. He has some cows there upon poor land: and at the bottom of his fields runs a *beck*, in which there is the most delicious bathing; natural baths of all depths, and seats where you may act the river god, and let the stream flow under your arms, and over your shoulders; no luxury is like it in a hot summer's day; and such days are already beginning.

Wordsworth has just published a little poem, to the tune of his "Idiot Boy," and of the same pitch, with fine things in it, and a prologue which you will be much pleased with. I told him what you said of his poem, and he desires to send you this when an opportunity offers. It shall travel with my books, when they are ready, but you must tell me how to direct them. I am printing the last chapter of "Brazil," containing a view of the state of the country at the

time when the history concludes; that is, when the Court removed thither. Of the new states which are rising in the world, I think Brazil is likely to be the greatest. It is less likely to fall asunder than Yankeeland; and though the Brazilians are woefully behind the Yankees in everything else, they have a sense of honour generally prevailing among them, which the Anglo-Americans seem to have renounced. Besides, the tendency of Brazil at this time is towards improvement in everything; the tendency in America is to level down everything to the dead flat of vulgar ignorance: they wish to have no other Master of Arts than he who has the "Ready Reckoner" at his finger's-end.

I have seen lately three young American travellers, all singularly accomplished men, from New England; two of them, indeed, among the most accomplished men in fine literature whom it was ever my fortune to meet. But such men, who would do honour to Old England (and for that reason regard the mother country with admiration and reverence), are as rare in America as men of old Roman virtues are in the country wherein you are sojourning. Everything tends to make the Americans merely ephemeral in their thoughts and feelings. They have no classical learning, no ancestry, no antiquities. Our French neighbours are fond of comparing us to the Carthaginians; the parallel would suit the Americans better, for their commercial, military, and naval skill, their boundless ambition, and their want of literature. New England is infinitely the best part of America; there the people are becoming more English in their feelings; and it is not a little singular, that in that country the first attempt should be made for introducing religious establishments.

I have made some progress in my New England poem, and like what I have done. The swarm of imitative poets in this age is really surprising, and the

success with which they imitate their models would be surprising also, if it did not prove that there can be no great difficulty in producing what may be imitated so well. Morbid feelings, atrocious principles, exaggerated characters, and instances of monstrous and disgusting horror, make up the fashionable compound; the more un-English, un-Christian, and immoral, the better, provided it be slavered over with a froth of philosophy. I have fewer imitators than any other poet of any notoriety; the reason is, that I am less fashionable; and, perhaps also, that I am less a mannerist. To make up for this, I am favoured with more abuse than all the rest collectively. Wordsworth comes in for a very large share, and very often we go together. If my name be found in such company hereafter, it will be enough.

You are mentioned in a newspaper essay this week (the "Westmoreland Gazette"), as the English poet who most resembles Goethe, but as infinitely his superior. I do not know enough of Goethe to judge how far this assertion may be right; but a writer who estimated you so justly must have been capable of estimating him. Oh, that you had been as incapable of writing Latin verse as I am! God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, May 24. 1819.

MY DEAR R.,

From three to four portions after this consignment will bring me to the end of my long labour. And then I set my face southward *instanter*. You see that in this chapter I mix up general matter with statistic

detail for a double purpose: what is true of the province whereof I am treating, may not be equally true of every other, and it relieves the heavier matter. The country altogether is in a curious state, but it is making marvellous progress, and no other part of the world requires so few or easy alterations in its institutions.

So the ghost of Bullion is risen, and playing the devil with the commerce of the country. We must build walls again to run our heads against them. This is a question upon which I go with Mr. Cropper and Lord Stanhope,—bad company both, but better than Hunt, Wooler, the Bullionists, and the Gregrees,—all acting odd coalition against common sense and the practical men. Whenever a question of political economy is mixed up with abstractions and metaphysics, it is a plain proof that he who makes the hodge-podge knows nothing about the matter. I look to much immediate embarrassment in trade, produced by this measure, and to be felt sorely in next year's revenue, by which time things will be getting right again, and accommodate themselves to the circumstances of the money market; and I suppose, that when the experiment shall have cost the bank 200,000*l.* or 300,000*l.* to enrich those who trade in gold, the people will be satisfied that whatever is said of a standard of value is sheer nonsense; and, as Lord Stanhope maintained, that for a people in our step of civilisation, gold is altogether unnecessary. One thing, however, may be taken into the account, which is not generally known. The Brazilian mines as yet have only been *scratched.* They are now taking means for working them, and in all likelihood they will very soon be more productive than ever. With the general question this has nothing to do, but it may materially concern the Bank.

Remember me to Mrs. R. We are going on better.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, July 31. 1819.

MY DEAR G.,

When you go to Longman's, I wish you would use your judgment in choosing a binding for the original MSS. of the "History of Brazil," which is on its way to town, in a parcel directed to Osiris. There are three volumes of the "History," and two of collections for it, in the *quartain* size. The collections contain a good deal of matter which has not been incorporated, and will therefore be of use hereafter. Whether there will be any one to value this MSS. as an heir-loom, God knows. There will, however, be those who would prize it as a bequest; so I would have it dressed like something which is likely to be preserved. You know the value which I attach to this, the greatest of my labours. I shall win by it certainly a wider and perhaps a more lasting reputation, than by "Roderick" or "Kehama."

Wynn has told me of Lord Byron's dedication to me. I have no intention at present of noticing it, if it sees the light; but if it should sufficiently provoke me, you may be assured that I will treat him with due severity, as he deserves to be treated, and lay him open, in a live dissection.

Poor Lloyd will send you a packet of papers to be submitted to Gifford for admission or rejection, as he may see fit. They are, I believe, reviews of some recent poetical works. He may, very likely, be deficient in a certain manner and method which is only acquired by practice in what may be called public writing; but in tact and acuteness of observation, he excels most men, and there is a fervour and fluency in his prose which is not often found in an English writer,

— reminding one indeed of Rousseau and of Madame de Stael. If Gifford should be struck by his specimens, well; if not, they will add but little to the litter of his room, and no harm is done.

I expect a summons from Rickman about the 10th of August,—from thence for six or eight days. Before that time I shall have sent off the remainder of my paper upon the "Monastic Orders," part of which will tickle your fancy. How I long to take up that subject upon a fair scale: I am quite certain it would make one of the most curious books that ever was written.

Espriella goes with me to the Highlands, and having that Journal to start with, I shall look to my old friend for the ways and means of next year, for I have much to say upon momentous subjects which could not be brought forward in any other shape.

When you give directions about binding the MSS. desire them also to bind a set of the "Brazil" for my own library, and do you choose for it such a binding as it befits the historiographer of the Tupinambas to have for his own work: it ought, I think, to be as magnificent as the dress* of Manoel Felix, which you will find faithfully described from his own manuscript, pp. 320. and 327. of the last volume. God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. I hear that "Don Juan" is published without the dedication. I should like to know who has suppressed it, and why it has been suppressed.

* "It consisted of a full dress shirt, red silk stockings, breeches of fine green cloth, a miner's jacket of crimson damask lined with silk and laced with ribands, morocco shoes, a wig, and a gold-laced beaver hat, which had been worn at the espousals of D. José, then Prince of Brazil." P. 320.

To John King, Esq., Clifton, Bristol.

Keswick, June 30. 1819.

MY DEAR KING,

You are the only friend I have in the world, who never sends me a line to tell me of his goings on; and it so happens that I never by any accident happen to hear of you through a third person. That you are very busy I know, and so am I; of my occupations indeed you will very shortly receive a substantial proof; but before I speak of that, let me tell what provocation induces me to address you at this time.

A lady, for whom I am a good deal interested, is at this time, and will be for three or four weeks more, resident within a few doors of you. I have given her reason to expect that you will call upon her as a friend of mine; and the reason why I have done so is this:—she is an invalid, to what degree I know not, but I know the value of your advice; and to your attention to a like request of mine, Alstone acknowledges that he is indebted for his life. America will one day bear witness how well *that* life was worth saving; and perhaps this may be little less so, for this lady is unquestionably a woman of genius. My acquaintance with her as yet has only been through the medium of pen, ink, and paper; so you may gratify my curiosity by telling me what kind of personage she appears; and I have only to tell you that her name is Miss Bowles*, and that she is at present at No. 19. in the Mall on a visit to some relation.

And now a few words concerning myself: I have a son, three months old, by name Charles Cuthbert, to all appearance a strong and thriving infant. He had

* Miss Caroline Bowles, — the second Mrs. Southey.

very nearly cost his mother her life, and she has had ever since the birth a succession of complaints, from which she is not yet recovered, though I trust now convalescent. The four girls are well; Edith as tall as her mother. I am hard upon the close of my forty-fifth year, and perceive in myself certain infirmities connected with decay. My father reached only to forty-eight; my mother only to fifty. What the length of my lease may be, God knows, and I have no other solicitude about it than to make the best use of it while it lasts. Six years would enable me to complete all that I have begun.

One great work is drawing fast towards its completion. The last chapter of my "History of Brazil" is far advanced in the press, and in the course of a month you will receive the concluding volume; a work of prodigious labour it has been, this volume especially, being drawn in great part from manuscript materials. As soon as the last sheet is printed, I set off for London, where I shall remain from four to six weeks. Would that there were any likelihood of meeting you there! As soon as I return, the "History of the Peninsular War" goes to press. Indeed, the main reason for which I leave home is, to see some papers relating to it.

My brother Tom removed into my neighbourhood this spring, and is now settled in Newlands, four miles off: a most beautiful spot. He has six children! Hartley Coleridge has lately obtained a fellowship at Oriel.

The "Life of Wesley" stands still during my absence. It will be a very curious book. I have two poems in hand: one a full length narrative, the scene in New England; the other will form a single small volume, the scene in Paraguay; the first in irregular rhyme, passing into the dramatic form occasionally; the second in Spenser's stanza. I am tolerably satisfied with both as far as they are advanced.

Write to me, and tell me of yourself and your family. I hear about once a year from poor Cottle; otherwise I should have as little present connection with Bristol as with the deserts of Arabia.

Remember me to Mrs. King,

And believe me always

Your affectionate friend,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Aug. 13. 1819.

I HAVE written a paper for the "Quarterly Review" in the course of the last month, and got on some way with the second volume of "Wesley," upon which I shall set, tooth and nail, as soon as I return. If this book should sell as it ought to do, which I am very far from expecting, I may be tempted to add a third volume upon the progress of Methodism from Wesley's death till the present time. Soon after his death a schism took place among his followers in England, because the minority insisted upon having the sacrament administered by their own unordained preachers, and admitting the people to a full share in their chapel-government—church-government I will not call it. It was not long before the whole body in England chose to take the first step. But recently a second schism has occurred in Ireland, upon the opposite ground: the old Methodists insist upon adhering to the Church of England in pursuance of Wesley's design, and they are likely by law to eject the other from the meeting-houses. An opportunity this which might be made good use of, if the

Bishops had courage to think of embodying an irregular force in their own defence.

What a difference between this Bishop of London and his predecessor! This appears to be one of the kindest natured men in the world. He desires to introduce me to Herbert Marsh when I come to London; if Marsh were as pugnacious in conversation as he is in his writings, he would be the very last person I should wish to meet.

Have you heard that "Don Juan" came over with a dedication to me, in which Lord Castlereagh and I (being hand and glove intimates!) were coupled together for abuse as "the two Roberts." A fear of persecution from the *one* Robert is supposed to be the reason why it has been suppressed. Lord Byron might have done well to remember that the other can write dedications also; and make his own cause good if it were needful, in prose or rhyme, against a villain, as well as against a slanderer.

Love to my aunt and the Orsini.

God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Oct. 13. 1819.

My dear Wynn,

My absence from home was longer than I had expected: it reached into the seventh week. I went as far north as Fleet Mound, and saw the wildest part of the Highlands in crossing from Dingwall to Jeantown. If these roads, bridges, and piers had been constructed in France instead of Scotland, or if the canal had been

one of Bonaparte's works, our newspapers would have been full of their praises. I verily believe that no Government in modern times ever did half so much for the improvement of its dominions as has been done in Scotland within the last fifteen years.

If Parliament should be convoked before Christmas, I shall not see you till we meet in town. But I doubt whether Ministers have courage to convoke it. Their miserable imbecility, as you well know, is such that they will make any concession, and endure any evil to obtain a respite from the baiting which they undergo in the House of Commons. Never was there a time when we stood more in need of an efficient Minister, and never was there a more irresolute head, nor a more disjointed Administration; none of the members having any confidence in each other, nor in themselves, nor in the Regent. And as for the Opposition, it is plain that they would make common cause with the devil, for the sake of annoying the Prince, and embarrassing the Government. I know not which is most wonderful, the blindness or the baseness of this besotted and suicidal party; but this I know, that should I ever be under the knife of the Radical Reformers, it would be some satisfaction to think how soon these abettors of all mischief would be in the same situation.

Whatever the process may be, I do not doubt that we shall lose part of our liberties in the upshot. The abuse of liberty has always been punished by its loss. This is the natural and just consequence. I would willingly submit at once to such restrictions of the press as the times require, and give such power to the executors as might enable it to meet and quell the danger. The laws, as they are at present interpreted, seem only to protect those whom they ought to punish, and to intimidate those whom they ought to protect.

When I was at Lisbon in the year 1800, there was

every human reason for expecting that the yellow fever would be communicated to that city from Cadiz, so violent was the contagion, and so absurdly inefficient all means that were taken for cutting it off. The people, however, ate, drank, and were merry, and I among others went on quietly with my usual pursuits, though I never laid down at night, without thinking it likely that I should hear the plague had appeared among us in the morning. The present state of things reminds me of what my feelings were then. This danger also may pass away, and, in spite of all appearances, I cannot think it can be in the order of Providence that a country like this should be brought to ruin; but it is upon this persuasion that I rely, not upon the strength of the laws, the measures of the Government, or the good sense of the people.

My third volume has been provokingly delayed, owing to the loss of a proof sheet. I knew nothing of this during my absence. I shall be able to improve the book materially for a future edition; though, very possibly, it may not be reprinted during my life. Be that as it may, I shall carefully correct it, and insert as much additional information as may come to my hands. I have just received one manuscript from Brazil, and another, which is said to be of considerable value, is on the way to me.

I am not surprised at the difficulty you find in forming a Welsh committee in London. The only qualified person whom I can call to mind is Rees, the bookseller's brother, who is a Unitarian minister. Sharon Turner is either too much an invalid, or too much a hypochondriac, to be capable of attendance. The difficulty about the publicans* is comical enough, and not

* My lamented friend, Copley Fielding, one of the highest principled men lately departed, once told me that the great brewers,

easily to be got over. In Portugal two of the first members of the Royal Academy were a barber, and a man who kept a universal shop, more like a *huckster's* than anything else; and these men associated at the Academy with nobles and princes of the blood. But in Portugal a nobleman takes snuff with his servant, and plays at cards with him. You must make your bishops and judges patrons and presidents, and get the work done without any more personal intercourse than they are liable to in the ordinary course of business.

I shall now be getting on with "Oliver Newman." Some parts of this poem will have the same kind of interest for a New Englander that the first part of "Madoc" has for a Welshman, who is conversant with the history of this country. The fourth book in particular is of this kind. I allude in it to Roger Williams, who, take him for all in all, appears to me one of the greatest worthies in Wales; perhaps the greatest. And who, by fair desert, is really entitled to that high place in public opinion which William Penn has obtained rather by accident than by right.*

Your godson is a fine creature,—large enough and strong enough for one of the race of the giants. The younger ones remember your roaring well. Their elder sister is shot up till she is as tall as her mother.

Mr. Clive did not make his appearance. He probably heard at the inn that I was absent. I know not what is become of Bedford. There is a paper of mine

and *men of that class*, were some of the artist's best friends. And this calls to my mind that the morning after I had purchased the MSS. of the Curse of Kehama, at the sale of Southey's library, a cheque was tendered to me for fifty guineas if I would part with it. I naturally asked "Who offered such a sum?" The answer was, "I have no authority to mention the name, but it is one of the GREAT BREWERS!"

* See Vol. II. p. 390. of these Letters.

about the Catacombs in the last "Quarterly," and I have corrected for the next, the proofs of one upon the Monastic Orders, written for the purpose of bringing forward Braybrook House at the end. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, October 18. 1819.

In nomine Diaboli,

What is become of you?

I have a great mind to advertise you in the "Hue and Cry" as lost, stolen, or strayed, with a description of your person, taken from Nash's portrait down stairs, and aided by Mrs. Coleridge's recollections.

Dumb beast is an expression of pity; but dumb dog is an appellation of reproach, of vituperation, and of wrath; and therefore do I dumb dog thee!

I will abuse thee through the whole Chris-cross row.

Abominable Base Bedford; Careless Correspondent; Detestable Dapple; Evil Epistolist; False Fellow; Grievous Grosvenor; Hateful, Idle Jackanapes; Kill-crop; Lazy Monster; Nasty, Obstinate, Pitiful, Queer Rascally Scarecrow! Terrible Ugly Villain; Wicked Xecrable Y'sacre and Zany!

I could find in my heart to send for Mrs. Coleridge, and ask her to help me to abuse you.

What! is the manufactory of paper at a stand? are there no rags among the radicals to supply the mills? Has the dry season parched up all the ink in the South? Or, have the geese and ganders entered into a resolution to grow no more quills, as the reformers have done to drink no more gin?

Well, thought I at Glasgow, as there is no letter from Bedford here, I shall find one when I reach home. And I have been at home more than a fortnight, — and whether Bedford is above ground or below, in England or in France, or half seas over, I know no more than the man in the moon.

It happens oddly enough that I am as much in the dark about everybody else in London, and all my own concerns there, as about you, — not having received a single letter from thence since my return. I found a parcel from Gifford, which was a month old. The date gave me a good plea for declining to write a paper on the state of affairs, as he wished me to do. Of what use is it to prescribe drastics when a parcel of old women are afraid to administer them? And as for alteratives, they may be given with better effect than another medicine in the "Q. R." However, I have not been idle. Lord Lonsdale has been with me about an Address, and I have endeavoured to impress upon him the necessity of two measures, — the repeal of Mr. Fox's law of libel, and making transportation the punishment of sedition and blasphemy. I told him also that there would be no more difficulty in carrying whole measures than half ones; the opposition will be just as violent against one as against the other. The Address originated here with Calvert and myself; but this is between ourselves.

Monday, Oct. 18.—I see by this day's paper that Lord Somerville is dead. His life might have been thought a better one than mine. Some years ago he sold the property which is entailed upon me; and I believe it is not worth the trouble of litigation, to say nothing of the expense. However, I must inquire into it.

In justice to my daughter, Bertha, I must tell you that when she heard my abecedarian interpretation of

your abominableness, she said it was a shame, and that it was not right to send it. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 27. 1819.

My dear G.,

I am really glad to see your handwriting once more, after so long an interval, for I was beginning to fear some mishap.

The history of the "Address" (no doubt the one which you have seen in the "M. Chronicle") is somewhat curious, and would furnish no bad topic for that amiable newspaper, if it knew all. The story is briefly this:—James Brougham wrote to Calvert to join in the requisition for a meeting to censure the *massacre* at Manchester, &c. Calvert not only refused to act with his old party on this occasion, but came to me, expressed his desire that some counter-declaration might be set on foot, and, in short, asked me to draw up an "Address;" I did so, and sent it to Lord Lonsdale. Lord Lonsdale rode over the next day, called on Calvert, brought him on to me, and suggested some alterations, which were of course made. He then had the "Address" printed and circulated. This was at the end of the week. On Tuesday he called on me again, on his way to Whitehaven, and asked me to spend a day or two with him there, as he had been disappointed of seeing me at Lowther when Prince Leopold was there. So I promised to go the next day, for I had never been to Whitehaven, and was glad of the opportunity of seeing it, while discharging a visit which

had long been due. On the Wednesday morning came a letter from Lord Lonsdale, enclosing one from Wallace; a wordy epistle, objecting to the "Address," as too strong. Lord Lonsdale said he could not act in opposition to the opinion of the only gentleman of the county who was connected with the administration, and had therefore withdrawn mine; but he should see me in the course of the day. I went over accordingly, and found that Wallace had produced an "Address" himself, which was substituted for mine. You know me well enough to know that this was a matter of perfect indifference to me; so the thing was done, I cared not who did it; Lord Lonsdale, however, had the disagreeable task of calling together more than fifty persons, who had already signed the first paper, and making a speech to them about the propriety of exchanging it for another, in more guarded language. Lord Lonsdale is a very sensible man, and one of the most obliging men. Wallace is a pompous fellow, always swelling, like the frog in the fable, and affecting to give himself an appearance of consequence by means which are quite farcical. It is certain that some few persons, besides himself, objected to the wording of my Address (observe, no one knew it to be mine except Lord Lonsdale), but it would have passed, had it not been for him; his vanity was wounded; and he did not stop to recollect, that even if the first paper had been in some points objectionable, it was better to retain it, than give the enemy an advantage by withdrawing what had been once put forth. But the truth is, that I had stated nothing more than what is borne out by notorious facts published in all the newspapers. And so far is the manner of stating it from being objectionable, that while I was at Whitehaven, there came a letter from Becket, saying that it had been shown to the Privy Council, and highly approved of. On my return, I

found a letter from Lord William Gordon (to whom I had sent a copy for his signature), dated at the Pavilion, and saying he had good reason to think it would be most graciously received by the Prince; and, lastly, Lord Lonsdale has sent me a second note from Becket, saying that this unlucky "Address" is thought to be the best which has yet appeared. The end of all this will be, that the mob journals in this country will harp upon the subject till Parliament, or an insurrection in the meantime, afford them a fresher topic. That I shall get plentifully bespattered with abuse, if my part in the business transpires (as I dare say it will); that Wallace will undergo some quizzing, in London, from Lord Lonsdale's friends, for having set aside a paper which had at least the merit of attracting notice, to substitute a lathery composition of his own; and that all this signifies nothing, hurts nobody, and will presently be forgotten. I should tell you, that while I was at Whitehaven, a hand-bill, in abuse of the first Address, was circulated, and that by Lord Lonsdale's desire I took advantage of this hand-bill to vindicate it. What I wrote was to appear in the "Cumberland Packet" of yesterday, under the signature of "A. B.:" if I had the paper, I would send it you, for it has some good things.

Government will carry all its measures without difficulty. My fear is, that they will, with their usual irresolution, content themselves with half measures, when they might carry whole ones just as well. And it will not surprise me, should there be something like an explosion before the new laws can be passed. For myself, I am in good heart: the danger is now so close, that I think I can see beyond it.

A circular letter about poor Page's family has reached me by this day's post. Pay five pounds for me to the subscription; and, as you know Edmund Goodenough,

perhaps you will let him know that I have received the letter; and, in phrase as courteous as you please, that I suppose no other answer is necessary. I am glad the subscription has been opened, and you can bear witness that the largest contribution upon the list is not likely to be larger in proportion to the means of the giver than mine.

When you have any money for me, I shall be glad of it.

Henry ought to lie by. I know, that at Yarmouth cod-liver oil is thought specific in cases of lumbago; but it is an infernal medicine in the mouth. I believe I should follow the Indian fashion, and have myself stewed in a vapour-bath.

You have got off well from your robbery. When one has anything to do with ugly fellows in these days, it is lucky to come off with one's life.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Oct. 29. 1819.

My dear R.,

Thank you for the Parliamentary Proceedings.

I send you up a second Cumberland Address for Lord William Gordon's signature. The first (which was from my mint, and which you may have seen in the papers as given with Mr. Brougham's comment at the Kendal meeting) has been withdrawn, that Mr. Wallace might substitute a lathery composition of his own; meantime, comically enough, the first had been (*inter nos*) shown both to the Prince and to the Cabinet, and

pronounced to be the best which had yet been sent forth. It had however been weakened at the conclusion, which, as it originally stood, ran thus: "Trusting that if the existing laws be insufficient to curb the audacious spirit of blasphemy and treason, new ones will be adopted, consistent with the tenor of the constitution, and adapted to the exigencies of these distempered times."

Lord Somerville's death will give me some trouble, whether it will give me anything else Heaven knows. Part of the property which he derived from his mother was entailed upon my father and his heirs. Lord Somerville sold this some years ago, and I have now to recover it if I can. The elder line of the Southeys is extinct in him, the name had been so for three generations. The whole property which he inherited from his mother was about a thousand a year; but how much of this I can claim is to be gathered from the meaning of a will, which has been pronounced to be one of the most unintelligible that ever came into a court of law.

By this time I trust you have received the completion of my Opus Magnum. God bless you.

R. S.

To The Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Oct. 30. 1819.

I HAD a great disappointment yesterday in Mr. Burns's parcel: instead of containing a manuscript history of Para, its contents proved to be the "Corografica Brazilica of Cayal," a copy of which you had previously procured. The same package brought my third volume, —a welcome sight as you may well suppose.

Lord Somerville's death will give me some trouble, and may very probably lead me into a lawsuit, which of all things in the world I abhor the most. My poor Aunt Mary is all alive with hope. I have a letter from her by this post. She talks of different farms, worth in all about a thousand a year; but I have reason to believe, from some inquiries which I made after John Southey's death, that the only part of the property which was entailed upon my father was some land about the house at Fitzhead, and that held only for a lease of 99 years, about half of which term must be expired. Unluckily my extract from the will, with an opinion annexed to it, which Turner got for me from Mr. Bell, is mislaid among my multifarious papers. I have written to know if the Doctor has one; — if he has not, he must apply to Doctors' Commons. Lord Somerville sold the property some years ago, but, with respect to this part of it, the purport of the will is explicit, and my remedy would be an action against the tenant, whoever he may be. Were I a single man I believe I should rather leave him in quiet possession, than disturb myself with the trouble and care which litigation must bring with it, to say nothing of expenses which I can very ill afford.

My Aunt Mary has found out that her grandmother was a relation of Locke, and bore the same name. She seems pleased with this, as supposing that it will gratify me to find so great a man in the family. But as I happen to agree with Stillingfleet concerning Mr. Locke's metaphysics, and with Dean Tucker concerning his politics, all the respect I have for him is for his personal character. However it is pleasant to hear of somebody between oneself and Adam who has left a name.

I have been passing a few days with Lord Lonsdale at Whitehaven. He is a remarkably obliging man, and I feel quite at ease in his family. There is a comical

story about the Cumberland Address. It originated here, with my neighbour Calvert and myself. I sent it to Lord Lonsdale, and he came over to me immediately, suggested some trifling alterations, and then circulated it. I am so little known in this country, that no suspicion was entertained of the hand from which it came, and Mr. Wallace, who is very pompous and farcically important, being hurt that such a thing should come from anybody except himself, objected to the form of the Address, and produced one of his own in its stead, which —he being a Privy Councillor—was of course adopted, and the former one withdrawn. Meantime the first had gone to London, had been shown, *I believe*, to the Prince, and I *know* to the Privy Council, and had there been pronounced to be the best which had yet appeared. A more lathery composition than that which had been substituted you never read. At Lord Lonsdale's desire I wrote a newspaper vindication of the first, and I am now, through the same channel, and under the same signature of A. B., going to give B. a dressing such as he deserves, for the manner in which he has misrepresented it.

We are all in tolerable health. Love to my aunt and the children. God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Nov. 1. 1819.

My dear Harry,

I have a long letter from good Aunt Mary, who expects that Lord Somerville's death has opened the way for me to a comfortable inheritance, longs to show

me the different farms, and hopes that I shall have occasion to summon her to London, as the person best acquainted with the circumstances of Canon Southey's will.

My own persuasion is, that what I am entitled to is so little as hardly to be worth contending for. The whole property she estimates at about 1000*l.* a year. I believe the remainder of one estate, held for 99 years, is all that was entailed upon my father. It was the most perplexed will that ever came before the lawyers. However, I wish you would go to Doctors' Commons, see the will, and obtain a copy of the whole, if necessary, or of such parts of it as concern the property devised to Lord Somerville, and entailed, in default of his issue, upon the Southeys. Perhaps you had better call upon Turner on the way, and consult with him, as, if there are to be any law proceedings, I shall commit myself with perfect confidence to his directions. Lord Somerville, I know, sold the whole of his Somersetshire property—some of it certainly with a bad title. But I will enclose my aunt's letter, that you may see what she says, and then you will know almost as much of the matter as I do.

If my aunt sends the deed of trust for her money, for our signatures, do you give it to Bedford, and desire him, if he cannot obtain an official frank for it, to ask Rickman so to do.

Philpotts has just sent me his "Letter to the Freeholders." It is very well written. Lambton seems to be doing all he can to earn for himself the character of the most intemperate man in the House of Commons. As the Opposition used to wish for just so much national misfortune and disgrace as would bring them into office, so I could find in my heart to wish for just as much radical reform as would reach the roots of his property, if the mischief could affect none but him, and

such as him. Concerning the immediate danger, I have as few fears as any man. Government will have the active support of the Grenvilles and the acquiescence of those Whigs who are not beyond the reach of hellebore. If there be an insurrection, which is likely enough, it will, I think, be presently quelled. What measures are intended by Ministers I do not know. I dare say they will be strong enough to raise a great uproar, and not strong enough to be of any permanent advantage; for if they suffer the press to be employed against all our institutions, as it has been for some years, no government, no institutions, can possibly stand against it. Without some efficient restrictions upon this engine of all evil, all other measures must be nugatory. The evil will seem to be suspected just as long as the Habeas Corpus, and no longer. Humanly speaking, the prognosis is as unfavourable as it well can be, though there is no immediate danger of political dissolution; but I have a comfortable reliance upon the order of Providence, and, notwithstanding all appearances, believe that we shall be saved in spite of ourselves.

You will see that Aunt Mary claims kin with Locke for us. I wish it had been somebody for whom I had more respect.

I have got my third volume, and the well-bound MSS. What a satisfaction to see that work completed! A proof of "Wesley" is on the table. Love to Louisa and Mrs. Gonne. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, 6. Nov. 1819.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

The relationship between myself and Lord Somerville was so remote, that I really do not know in what degree of cousinship we stood to each other; but his mother was of Southey extraction, and on that side I was his nearest kinsman. A certain Canon Southey, of Fitzhead, in Somersetshire, bequeathed his estates to him, in his childhood, as his nearest relation, and entailed a part of them, in case of his dying without issue, upon my father and his two brothers, and their issue male. The whole estates are about a thousand a year; whether the part which is entailed be worth contending for is very doubtful. Lord Somerville sold the whole. With this part he could not possibly convey a good title, unless he had had a son of age to join with him in cutting off the entail. My action would be against the present tenant—his against Lord Somerville's representatives. I know just enough of the business not to be disappointed if I am advised to let it rest. It was a most miserable will, never out of Chancery while my two uncles were living. Lord Erskine had it brought before him, and exclaimed at the name, for he remembered it when he was young at the bar. I have desired Osiris to consult with Turner, and as Turner may advise, so I shall do.

In the year 1790 or 1791, when my father was a ruined man, a person called upon him, and offered to treat with him for the purchase of his remainder. My father was too angry at the proposal to inquire who sent him. He always believed that his children had this chance in the lottery of life, and I believe

common opinion in Somersetshire has always magnified that chance much beyond its real value, if it be now of any value.

To myself it is of very little consequence. My habits of labour are so fixed, that whether I wrote for a subsistence or not, I should be just as deeply engaged in the press; and the only difference would be that I should give up reviewing, and become perfectly indifferent to the sale of my books as a matter of profit. I am older in constitution than in years, and older in heart than in constitution; and I believe that if it were not for my children, I should not bestow even the thought that a mere inquiry occasions concerning any worldly inheritance. Six feet by three on the NW. side of Crosthwaite Churchyard, will be a sufficient estate for me.

Do not, however, imagine that I am out of spirits. I may live to do good service; and ten years more of health and tranquillity would enable me, I dare aver to you, to do more as an historian than has ever been done by any man before me; for I have great plans and great preparations. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Nov. 15. 1819.

My dear R.,

I have hit upon the original meaning of Tag, Rag, and Bobtail.

In Derricke's "Image of Ireland," written in Elizabeth's reign, are these lines:—

"Eche knave will playe the cooke
To stande his Lorde in steede,
But Tagge and Ragge will equal be
When chiefest rebell feede."

And upon this passage there is a happy* marginal note which says, "Master and man all one at eating of meat." TAG therefore is the master, as wearing tagged points; RAG the man; and BOBTAIL *sans* doubt is the dog.

Mrs. R. will please to give my GIGANTIC remembrances to Willey the charioteer and Francofurte. I *ex*pose I shall soon be required to *en*close a note of thanks from Edith to Miss Emma.

I have had a pressing application from Murray le Magne, to write *de temporibus* pro "Quarterly Review," the said greatest of all journals being in danger of appearing without anything upon the subject to the great distress of the said greatest of all great men! My reply was that it was utterly impossible to undertake it for want of time; and I followed the decisive reply by a protest against the castrating system which, in spite of all promises to the contrary, the editor continues to pursue: in nine instances out of ten without any conceivable reason.

Who would have thought that G—— would have so played the fool! On the other hand, the Whigs in this country are a good deal weakened; some of the best names which they used to boast, are affixed to Mr. Wallace's Address. The opportunity is good, if there were a Minister who knew how to use it.

Two ugly things in natural history have turned up: if the account should be confirmed, — a fly in the province of the Natchez (Louisiana), whose bite is deadly

* "A marginal note is seldom worth so much." — MS. Tour in 1817, p. 11., where reference is made to the same proverb.

to horses; and a bug in Persia, whose bite is deadly to men. The latter is upon the authority of young Kotzebue, and he quotes the English at Tauris for it. But it has the suspicious addition that it is deadly to strangers only, and does not hurt the natives of the places where it is found. I confess myself very unwilling to believe these stories: such insects would seem to disturb the order of creation as much as flying dragons, or creatures which should possess wings with the propensity and the strength of the lion or tiger. The balance would be destroyed by the introduction of such new powers into the system.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Nov. 1819.

My dear R.,

John Murray has told Henry Taylor that the King wished to have my Catholic paper in the "Quarterly Review" printed for separate circulation, and that he (King John) replied to this intimated desire, No! If the paper was to be circulated, let the number be bought. What truth there may be in this, the two kings best know; but, I dare say, that if the one sovereign had any such wish, his Ministers had not.

The Papists are playing the safe game: nunneries they want, for the purpose of shutting up a daughter whom they cannot otherwise dispose of; convents for men, they do not (that is the laity), because sons take care of themselves. Convents, however, would be less mischievous to us than nunneries, because superstition is more contagious among women than men; and the

objection which holds good against monks ought to hold good against nuns as well, if what is sauce for the gander should be sauce for the goose.

The other regulation which makes the titular prelates drop their Irish titles, is very fit, and for that reason very irritating; but this irritation seems to be completely dissembled. Once in, and we very soon see those ulterior measures proposed in this behalf which Mr. —— has hinted at, and those other inroads upon the Church which the incomparable —— has announced.

God bless you,

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Dec. 3. 1819.

MY DEAR R.,

Thank you for the Parliamentary Proceedings and the pamphlet. Badly as I thought of the Whigs, they have on this occasion shown themselves at once greater knaves and greater blockheads than I had expected. The measures of Government are much as I looked for — more efficient ones might have been carried without exciting more opposition; but Ministers are safe from the strongest grounds that could be taken against them. Why was not all this done three years ago, when there was the same reason for it? The eruption will be cured, but the body will remain diseased. Of this I am convinced, that all governments must be considered as imperfect which do not keep in their own hands the direction of public instruction, and the control of the press. This has always been required in Utopian romance.

I have been doing my task for the Court Fiddlers, which goes inclosed; and there is some danger that I may lose my labour, by having done it too soon. Whenever the king dies, I must do something more than task verses which are fit only to be fiddled; and this present claim has made me think about it in earnest, that I may not be wholly unprepared. This will be an inconvenient interruption; but I have planned something which, *ni fallor*, is capable of some effect; which will be a good deal out of the common, and in which I shall have an opportunity of speaking what in Dahomey would be called *strong words*.

I have some inscriptions in hand, which I shall send you as soon as I can satisfy myself with them, and through you to the Pontifex Maximus.

Gifford's illness, I suspect, was nothing more than his constitutional want of health,—some temporary exacerbation of an habitual disease. I find Government have set on foot a weekly paper; they would do better to frame such laws as would put a stop to many of these already in existence. An Act against Sunday newspapers would have had much of this effect.

God bless you. Remember me to Mrs. R., Ann, Franco, and the young giant.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Keswick, Dec. 11. 1819.

You are a happy man who can enjoy the business as well as the leisure of life, and carry with you temper and talents as well suited to the House of Commons as to the retirement of Llangedwin. To one at a

distance from the political cockpit, the times and the measures of Government are more interesting than the debates. The days are past when the speeches of opposition might be read with pleasure and advantage by those who differed from the speakers in opinion, and disapproved their conduct. Nothing is now left but the gall and bitterness of faction: instead of logic and eloquence, you have personalities and calumny, and the place of argument is supplied by the hardihood which advances again and again the same shameless misrepresentations. We shall not appear a very wise people in the eyes of posterity. For what absurdity can be greater than that of sacrificing the very end and purpose of law to the formalities of law! The case of Sherwin is a pregnant instance: here is a fellow publishing the most direct excitations to assassination and rebellion, openly, week after week, and with his name to every paper: and yet we are told it is impossible to bring the crime home to him! There are fifty instances of the same kind, wherein the guilt of the offender is notorious, and is not even attempted to be denied; and yet he entrenches himself in quibbles, and technicalities, and bids defiance to justice. If this be not *propter legem, legis perdere causas*, I know not what it is.

I am satisfied with the measures of Government as far as they go, and think the ministry right in not suspending the Habeas Corpus;—that would only have put off a crisis, which will be more dangerous the longer it is delayed. The restrictions upon the press indeed are not worth much; but we may judge, from the opposition which is made to them, what a clamour would have been raised against more efficient acts.

I have a good deal to say upon the prospects of society. Whether the present ferment may subside without an explosion, or not, there are great and increasing difficulties before us, to the extent and magni-

tude of which I cannot shut my eyes. A strong Government, a wise Administration, and a flourishing trade might enable us to overcome them, to attain a state of prosperity, and place things in such a train as might promise to render that prosperity durable; but we have neither of these, nor any hope, nor any chance of obtaining them. These are uncomfortable thoughts. Enough of them, therefore, for the present.

I have not heard immediately from Turner, concerning my contingencies upon Lord Somerville's death, but from other quarters I gather that his Lordship did all he could to defeat them, and as, of course, he had good legal advice for what he was doing, it is most likely that he has been successful. If it should prove so, the chance has never entered enough into my thoughts for me to feel it as a disappointment: nor, indeed, would I, as far as I myself am concerned, consent to purchase the whole property at the cost of anxiety which a Chancery suit would induce.

At this time of year I am left altogether without any interruption from without. There is no chance of seeing even a stray visitor, and I am as busy and as comfortable as a silkworm who is working upon his cone and has just shut himself in from the external world. I am reviewing Coxe's "Marlborough," with much interest in the subject, so much indeed that I should be very well pleased to take it up upon a larger scale, and expand it into a regular Life, which might be a companion to that of Nelson. My evenings are given to "Wesley," with which I am proceeding faster than the printer, and somewhat the more rapidly because I am within sight of the end. As soon as this is done, the "Peninsular War" will become my main object, and I shall pursue it steadily, and not take my hand off till it is carried fairly through the press. As soon as "Wesley" and "Marlborough" are done, and another paper for the

"Quarterly Review," of which the "New Churches" are the themes, I shall start for the South, and be about two months in and near London. And then I must accept Bunbury's invitation for the purpose of seeing his papers. I may perhaps defer my departure a few weeks for the sake of a more favourable season, and leave home at the end of February, or the beginning of March, with the intention of returning in May; for I shall have a great deal to do with official papers in London.

Not a line of poetry have I written since your last packet. Your godson goes on well, thank God.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Dec. 24. 1819.

My dear Wynn,

You, no doubt, can tell me, what I have no means of ascertaining here, whether "the noble and elect Lady Huntingdon" was sister to the earl of Ferrers who was hanged? She was daughter of Washington, Earl of Ferrers, and born in 1707. A taint of insanity in the blood may, I think, fairly be presumed. I am as yet no nearer the mark concerning my chance of a Chancery suit. But this seems clear, that if I am heir at law, my claim will be to the whole property, if it was not in Lord Somerville's power to cut off that claim. It appears by the will that he was christened John Southey, which latter name he always thought proper to drop, though he derived from it his best expectations at the time of his birth.

In reference to the opposition to the scheme of banishment or transportation, which is made on behalf of the booksellers, an observation of some consequence might be made relative to that trade. There are rogues in all trades, but I do not know any other trade in which a certain number of its members are rogues and blackguards by profession, continually on the watch to cheat the honourable booksellers by all the tricks of piracy, to deceive the ignorant public by sending out books under false names (Lord Byron's, Miss Edgeworth's and T. Moore's have all been used thus), and, as at this time, living by the sale of obscenity, blasphemy, and treason. Now it is not more reasonable for Longman and Murray to object to an ignominious punishment being enacted against such fellows as these than it would be for the Lord Chancellor or the Chief Justice to complain of the laws which set a knavish attorney in the pillory. As for the danger which they conceive to themselves, no bookseller ought to publish anything of which he doubts, whether it be libellous or not; for if there be a doubt, it is plain that the thing ought not to be published. There is no chance, or possibility, I might say, of the law affecting them in any other way than by making them cautious.

The signal for a general insurrection was to be understood by the radicals at Carlisle, if the Manchester mail did not arrive as usual on a certain day. This was borrowed from the Irish in their rebellion. The magistrates were informed of this, and acted accordingly. Fellows enough were on the look-out for the mail to evince the truth of the information which had been given. In such a case as this a stronger Government would have stopped the mail. Were you not amused at Brougham's complaining of misrepresentation. It reminds me of the Devil, in an old dialogue of mine between that personage and St. Anthony, complaining

how grievously he was calumniated and how ill he was used by a scandalous world.

A merry Christmas to you, and God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, Dec. 31. 1819.

DR. WORDSWORTH'S story has not the slightest foundation; nor can I guess how it should have arisen, unless it be that a paper of mine upon the "New Churches," which was printed a year ago, has been sent back to me with a wish that I would enlarge it; but there is not a word about the Catholic question there. In truth I should most gladly have entered into that question in all its bearings long ago, if I had not known how impossible it was to obtain admission for opinions such as mine upon the subject in the "Quarterly Review." I am as little pleased as you can be with the manner in which Gifford mutilates whatever is sent him, upon no imaginable principle, as far as I can discover; — in most cases, for no other reason than that of indulging a habit which he cannot help. *He has repeatedly promised me that he would not do it, and yet every one of my papers comes forth castrated from under his hands.* It would be a great satisfaction to me if I could do without this Review, and at present there seems to be some probability that my connection with it may be broken off, however great the immediate inconveniences. Murray has thought proper to send me a less sum for my last paper than I choose to accept for it. I therefore sent the draft back to Gifford, from whom it came, treated the matter as a mistake (as indeed at first I really sup-

posed it to be), and told him I expected 100*l.* Six posts have elapsed, and I have received no reply. I shall wait patiently, and let him chew the cud as long as he pleases. But if the answer, when it comes, is not what it ought to be, the "Q. R." shall never receive another communication from me. This will leave me very much abroad for my ways and means at first. However this is of no great consequence. I shall make my way somehow or other, and probably more to my own contentment at the end.

It is not unlikely that one of the first things which I may undertake will be a little volume in the form of dialogue, and in remote imitation of Boethius; the object you may perceive from the motto,—*Respice, aspice, prospice;* and the interlocutors would be the author and Sir Thomas More. Did you ever hear it remarked that the print from Holbein's portrait of this personage might have passed for your likeness? I am not the only person who has perceived it. I have a good deal to say upon the dangers and prospects of society, and have thought a good deal upon the parallel circumstances of this age and of Henry VIII's. And probably my frame of mind and way of thinking very much resemble what Sir Thomas More's were in his day.* The fiction would have the double advantage of relieving the subject and allowing me to bring forward views and opinions which it might not be advisable directly to avow.

I will set about reading your "Oraisons Funebres" forthwith, which I have never yet done; and by the time I have got through them, the subject which you propose will probably shape itself in my mind. I, too, have been turning the same probable event in my

* I may venture to say that it is well worth any student of history's while to consider well the "Life of Sir Thomas More," and to dwell soberly upon his "Utopia."

mind as the theme for a Threnodia, and, indeed, have gone so far as to plan something more in the manner of Dante than of any other poet. One of my plans, which I have for some years looked forward to as a work worthy of great pains, and likely to recompense the labour bestowed upon it, is a view of the life of George III.; a work in which, avoiding all detail, because of the almost immensity of the subject, I should seize the prominent features and general results, trace things to their causes, and look forward to their consequences. Three, or perhaps four, octavo volumes would comprise it; this is a book for which a permanent demand might be fairly expected.

At present I am finishing "Wesley's Life." I thought to have completed this and two papers for the "Q. R." (the "Life of Marlborough" and the "New Churches") by the end of February. This would have provided my ways and means for the next half-year, and then I should have started for London, *viâ* Ludlow, at a season of the year when there would be no danger of losing one's nose by the frost, or being lost in a snow drift. "Wesley" will be finished in the course of January; there is not much more to write, and of that only one short part which will require much time. If Murray and I part company upon this occasion, as I rather expect we shall, I shall give February to my tale of "Paraguay:" a couple of months will carry that to its close. It has gone on very slowly, one great reason of which is that I cast it in the Spenserian stanza, which stanza is exceedingly difficult for a man who is not satisfied unless what he writes will bear the test of a strict examination. Thirty years ago I could write it as rapidly as any other measure; and at that time I planned and made some progress in a continuation of the "Faerie Queen." The stanza, however, is perfectly adapted to the slow movement and thoughtful

character of the story, and I am entirely contented with what is done.

The Duke of B. may thank you that I have not taken advantage of Lord J.'s book to play the Iconoclast, and demolish one of the Whig idols.

Yesterday I received a curious paper from H. Koster, containing details of the revenue and expenditure at Para for a few years preceding the removal. The deficit was very considerable, and Koster tells me that, from what he can learn, it appears to have been so in most of the Captaincies. Pernambuco is in a miserable state; such a system of vexation and oppression has followed the insurrection, that any change would be for the better, and it seems as if the court were besotted to their own sure destruction. Koster is transcribing for me an account of the insurrection in 1711, written by one of the revolutionary party. No doubt it will enable me to make some curious additions to that part of the history.

I have lost in John Bull one of the few readers who would have taken almost as much interest in reading the book as I did in composing it. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Kenyon, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 15. 1820.

My dear Kenyon,

Supposing that you will by this time be in London, I was intending to write and thank you for your company and your laver, when the loitering intention was quickened into effect by some intelligence which this day's post has brought. You will not have forgotten the two remarkable letters from the anonymous writer who wished to entrust his papers to my

care after his death. I now learn that the unhappy writer put an end to his life on New Year's Day, and that on the day preceding he deposited the papers at a house in town to await my directions. He proves to have been Mr. E——, a person well known to my brother, and whom I once met at dinner, some years ago, at Dr. Gooch's, and well remember as a mild, melancholy, *introspective* man. Henry Robinson (a friend of Wordsworth's and of mine) informs me of this, and gives me a very singular and interesting account of the deceased, with whom he had long been intimate. He describes him as thoroughly virtuous, good, and gentle-hearted; but intense feeling, intense vanity, self-centring thoughts, miserable metaphysics, and a morbid temperament, combined to produce in him that sort of insanity which is incurable by any human means. I anticipate a melancholy task with his papers, but it may possibly be an useful one. Cases of this kind are seldom laid before the world either faithfully or charitably. The same elements which made E—— an utter disbeliever in everything which it is desirable to believe and a suicide at last, would have made him a saint in the middle ages of Monachism, or a martyr in the age of the Reformation. And what should I have been in those days? A pilgrim to Jerusalem, a chronicler (if I had learnt to write), and a maker of verses.

If your brother is still at Vienna, will you ask him if he can obtain any account — such, for instance, as a German necrology or biographical dictionary may supply — of my old friend Dobrizhoffer; he was living in 1784.* I have about three weeks' work to finish "Wesley." The printer will be longer about his part;

* My copy of Dobrizhoffer is the German translation by Kreil. The two first volumes were printed in 1783, the third in 1784, and his death is not mentioned.

but if he makes no unusual and unexpected delay a copy will be left for you in Portland Place before you see me in town.

The friends of order are singing Te Deum too soon for their victory over the Radicals. The disease is still in the system, and stronger measures with regard to the press must be adopted before it can be removed. The necessary consequence of general education must be a licensed press, that is, a press under the control of government, so that nothing inflammatory, nothing hostile to the existing institutions be suffered to appear; and the alternative is, whether you will submit to this to prevent revolution, or come to it through revolution, and the military government in which revolution inevitably ends. The ladies below desire to be kindly remembered. Write to me sometimes when you have an idle hour, and believe me

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Messrs. Longman & Co.

Keswick, Jan. 28. 1820.

DEAR SIR,

My tale of "Paraguay" will not be ready yet

. . . . .

With regard to the illustrations of my larger poems, I am glad you think of them, because such things are now become so customary that the poet who goes without them might seem to hold but a low place in public opinion; a point which I care for only as it may affect the sale of my works. Would it not be worth while, as an experiment, to print one of my poems with or without the notes, in a small cheap form, like those little editions of Walker's, Suttaby's, &c.,

which are found at every country bookseller's, however small his stock? I do not think it would lessen the sale of the current editions, but that sufficient purchasers would be found to give 3*s.* 6*d.* or 4*s.* who would never give 14*s.* I should like to try this experiment with "Thalaba," that being of all my poems the most likely to become popular, if it were in a popular form. It would thus be placed within reach of a whole class of customers, who never buy books till they are lowered in price to their means; but this class is numerous, and always on the increase, and is plainly worth printing for, because so many books are printed for it.*

I should expect that the third volume of "Brazil" will get up with the second as soon as it is reviewed, and thereby brought to the notice of persons who may not see or not regard the advertisements. But as to the first volume, many copies must, by the death of the first possessors or other chances, have fallen into the possession of persons who care nothing about books, or have got into the hands of booksellers as odd volumes, — a necessary evil arising from the lapse of time between the first and last publication. I must not, however, regret that so long a time elapsed, because some of the most important materials for the last volume did not come to light till that volume was half through the press; so that, had the work appeared earlier, it must have been much more imperfect. Please to lay a set by for me while one is to be had, and I will choose a binding for it when I see you in March. The only copy which I have is the one in which I am making corrections and additions from such documents as have come to my hands too late. It is a great satis-

* Here, as usual, Southey was ahead of the day. The cheap publications he advocated in 1820, we are enjoying in 1856.

faction to me to find, from these later documents, that in no one instance, where I have obtained subsequent information, have I found myself erroneous in the views which I had taken or the opinion which I had formed.

When the "History of Portugal" comes to be printed, I will take care that the volumes shall follow each other without delay. And for this reason I will not put it to press (though more than half the work is written in its first state) till the "History of the Peninsular War" is published.

Yours truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Jan. 30. 1820.

MY DEAR R.,

Thank you for the various bills. They will do something, and afford good foundation for something more efficient when it is wanted, or rather when more effective hands shall be at the helm.

I am sorry for the fire at New Lanark, and not pleased at the ground which was taken for scouting the poor projector in Parliament. It looked too much like seeking for an excuse to get rid of the motion, instead of rejecting it upon broader grounds; for if the want of religion were all, that might surely be supplied by the parties who direct the experiment to be made. Not that the question is fit for Parliament; but I should like well to see a wealthy parish form such an establishment for its paupers.

It is a good thing to see that the necessity for colonisation seems now to be admitted as undeniable. I

remember when Lord Liverpool protested against any such policy, and held up America as a warning. This too is a step gained. I shall take the first opportunity of recommending Irish Catholic emigrants to go to Brazil. We might afford the King of Portugal as many cargoes of that live stock as he would choose to send for: and it would be a delightful place for them, the government being so lanient, as an Irish gentleman once said of the Papal Government, that "you may kill a man in the streets, and nobody takes the *laist* notice of it." A sort of Paradise this for a wild Irishman, especially too as it is the native land of the potatoe, and there is no law against distillation.

Remember me to Mrs. R. and the children.

God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Feb. 6. 1820.

My dear Wynn,

As I have not the least wish to wait again upon the leisure of a gentleman usher, I will hope that my office may come under the benefit of Mr. Ponsonby's bill. The mill, as you suppose, is at work: the event did not take me altogether unprepared; I had thought of it with reference to my task, and was ready with as much of a plan as usually serves me for beginning with. A beginning I have now made. The matter will bear more resemblance to Dante's cast of imagination than to that of any other writer. But, for the mould in which it is cast, I am half afraid to tell you that

I am writing in hexameters, because you will lift up both hands against such an experiment. But you will instantly perceive that it is the form, and length, and proportion of the metre, which must be taken from the ancients, and not the laws of it. More than twenty years ago I tried it, and produced about a hundred lines: as soon as my ear became accustomed to it, I found it not more difficult to compose than blank verse. Without doing any violence to the language by inversions, or requiring from the reader any knowledge of what an hexameter is, to enable him to give it its proper accentuation, but leaving that to follow (as in any other kind of verse) from the natural and proper pronunciation of the words, I find it a full and sonorous measure, capable of great strength, great sweetness, and great variety of movements. This you may rely upon, that if the thoughts will support the measure, the measure will support the thoughts. I hope it will not much exceed three hundred lines; but even this will delay my movements two or three weeks longer than I had intended.

My anticipations are of the same complexion as yours, and yet I shall be one of the last to despair. The tendency of the age is plainly towards revolution, and that not in government alone, but in religion and in the institutions of property. There are many preservative principles at work; and if the press were curbed, I believe that we should weather the storm. We are so duped by words and phrases in this country, that no statesman ventures to speak out upon the evils of the press, whatever he may think of them. Nothing, however, can be more certain than that the press will subvert everything, if more efficacious measures than the late bills are not taken for restraining it. You see Hone is at this time enriching himself by such things as the "House that Jack built." That publication

ought to have been prosecuted immediately on its appearance; and if the existing laws were found incapable of reaching a publication so thoroughly mischievous as that, they would have been brought to the *reductio ad absurdum*, and the necessity for a new one would have been demonstrated. I have begun a series of "Dialogues upon the Prospects of Society," in which my aim is to collect as much light as I can from the past. This age, like that of the Reformation, seems to be one of the great climacterics of the world. I make the comparison between them, and draw from it what inferences appear legitimate.

I have no recollection of the letter which you speak of; but I remember writing a paper upon the same subject which was designed for the "Flagellant," and can call to mind part of it that was singularly ignorant, and part which had a condensed and pithy manner, that carried with it as much promise as any of those verses which I used to send you by the foolscapsheetful to Eton about the same time. I entirely agree with you that details of suicide and murder tend to excite imitation. I have said something to this effect in the "Q. R.," and was well pleased to hear that opinion confirmed while the paper was in the printer's hands by poor Dauncey, whose judgment on such a subject was of great value. This, too, is one evil of our press. But in the case of E's. papers, he was so decidedly insane, and his whole unhappiness so clearly the consequence of his opinions, that I am much inclined to think the exposure may have a good effect. If upon examining the papers I should come to an opposite conclusion, you may be well assured that no considerations should induce me to be instrumental in publishing them.

If the time served, I should like to come upon your election, and see you chaired. What a worthless book has this Oliver Cromwell made; without one paper or

an anecdote of any importance that was not known before. I am much disappointed, having sent for it for the pleasure of writing a life of Old Nol.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, Feb. 10. 1820.

DEAR SENHORA,

I received your note yesterday in a frank from Longman, which covered a proof sheet. For a very long while I had been intending and intending to write to you. You know some old divine has said that Hell is paved with good intentions. But you know also, that the longer I live the more I have to do.

Wesley is not finished yet. My part will be completed in the course of this month, and the printer will not be long behind me. There is time, therefore, for you to tell me how it may be sent from London, and I will give directions for sending it with the last volume of "Brazil." Perhaps the readiest way would be to entrust it to the Paris diligence from London, and direct it to your uncle. But you will let me know.

I meant to have left home early in March. The King's death will delay my departure two or three weeks, for I must of course produce something on this subject, and if I begin my journey before the poem is finished, the funeral verses will come out just in time for the coronation. You know how little inclination I have to task my poor brains upon such hackneyed subjects as this, especially too when every man, woman, and child, who can grind a verse, is likely to be at

work upon it. However, if any person sets his verses to the same tune as mine, I think I may very safely say that I would consent to be hanged.

You probably know that Lord Somerville is dead, and I believe you know that I was related to him. He was my third cousin, and distant as this connection is, it may possibly give me a right to a suit in Chancery to recover property bequeathed to him and his issue by his mother's uncle — a certain John Cannon Southey, whose heir-at-law I am, in consequence of Lord Somerville's demise. The old Cannon was but an old blunderbuss, and made a most confused will. Lord S. has done all he could to cut off my rights, and though I believe the *equity* of the case is as clear as noonday, the *law* may be very doubtful. The estates in question amount to about a thousand a year. The matter is in Turner's hands, and of course the best opinions will be taken on the subject. You know as much about it now as I do.

Now let me make you angry. A rascally bookseller in London is at this time publishing, in sixpenny numbers, a Life of the King, by Robert Sout*hy*, Esq.; printed for the Author. "Observe, to order Southy's Life of the King, to avoid imposition." The rascal expects that by mispelling the name, he can evade the law. Whether he can or not is one question, and whether it be worth my while to be at the expense of any proceedings against him is another of equal importance, which I shall leave Longman and Turner to decide. But do not you think that a cart's tail might be worthily employed upon this occasion? With a little trouble, I could work myself into a passion about this.

Miss Hutchinson is with us. The winter has tried Mrs. Wilson sorely, and she will not stand such another trial. It has been very severe, but the frost was never accompanied with wind; and though the glass was never

lower since we have been in this country, I have often felt it much colder in the house. We are now enjoying a genial February.

The children, thank God, are well. I have made a surprising progress in spoiling Cuthbert. He has long since found out the attractions of the study, and would look at pictures by the hour, if anybody would continue to exhibit. But I bear the bell as an exhibitor, because on such occasions I speak the language of all the birds in the air, and all the beasts in the field. He has often had bilious attacks, and one very severe one. At present he seems strong and healthy, just as sweet a creature as can be, and as tyrannical as you would wish to see him,— very forward with his tongue, and backward with his feet. My brother Tom has another child on the stocks!

We were much shocked, as you may suppose, at hearing of Mr. Brewer's death. I heard at the same time of Mr. Lewis's. But he was a man in years. Edward is here to day (Saturday the 12th), in excellent health. All here desire their love. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Feb. 18. 1820.

THE King's death will of necessity delay my departure from home till I can spin verses enough for the occasion; and the hearty dislike I have for more than twenty years felt for writing verses upon occasional topics makes this no easy task, especially since I have learnt in perfection the art of writing with difficulty.

However, I had begun to think upon the subject when the alarm was given in December, and had even just made a beginning, for the sake of pitching the tune. How the plan may turn out remains to be seen: it is somewhat in the manner of Dante's invention; not of his style. The measure will be a nine days' wonder, for I am writing in hexameters; written, of course, by accent not by quantity; and (I think) so written that they cannot in a single instance be possibly misread, if read according to the natural pronunciation of the words. I have composed about a hundred lines, which may be, perhaps, a third of the whole. It is not more difficult than blank verse, or if more difficult in some respects, it affords greater facility in others; and it is a full, sonorous, stately measure, capable of great variety, great sweetness, and great strength. The pleasure of making the experiment takes off the tedium of the task; and its success or failure will be so much a matter of indifference, that when it is once sent into the world I shall scarcely ever think of it again.

Another cause of delay has arisen since I began this letter. Longman tells me he means to reprint the first volume of the "Brazil," in order to make up the sets; there being about 170 copies of the second and third which would otherwise serve only for waste paper. I had made a good many improvements in the first volume, chiefly from "Jaboatam," and the "Valeroso Lucideno;" but there are others to make: in the first place, Cazal has printed a letter to Emanuel from Pedro Vaz de Caminha (who was in Cabral's fleet), containing a minute account of the discovery. The original is stated to be in the Torre do Tombo. At first I suspected its authenticity, because it contains the words *sertoens*, and *inhame*. The former I had supposed to have been coined in Brazil, the latter to have been of Tupi growth; but I have since recollected that

sertoens is also used in Portuguese Africa, and that *inhame* is as likely to be Angolan as Tupi, and has indeed more of an Angolan physiognomy. It will take me a few days to insert the substance of the letter, which is of considerable length. This comes of course in the first chapter, and must not be delayed. I have other additions to make, but they will not be wanted so soon. Lescarbot in his "Histoire de Nouvelle France" (1606), has an account of Villegagnon's expedition. The substance of the "Relacoens Annuaes," of which we have only three volumes, is contained in a "*Histoire des choses plus memorables advenues tant ez Indes Orientales, que autres pais de la descouverte des Portugais, en l'establissement & progrez de la foy Chrestienne*," by the Jesuit Pierre du Jarric. Bordeaux, 1610—14; a book in three small quartos of solid contents, which I long had had scent of before I found it at Brussels. It was of sufficient reputation to be translated into Latin. And, lastly, there is the "History of the West India Company," by Johannes de Laet, out of which I am just Dutchman enough to pick the meaning. But I may make room in my trunk for De Laet and the Dictionary, and settle my affairs with him at Streatham.

Most probably I shall not leave home before the latter end of March; and if Parliament is dissolved soon I shall call at Wynnstay on my way, and halt a few days with Wynn either there or at Llangedwin. I reckon upon passing April and May in town; taking out ten days or a fortnight for work in Suffolk, upon Sir H. Bunbury's papers, and some which have been offered by Major Moore.

Do you know that a rascally London bookseller is publishing Memoirs of the late King, in sixpenny numbers, by Robert Southy, Esq.; "printed for the Author." "Observe to order Southy's Life of the King,

to avoid imposition." And as the practice of our laws is, as far as possible to protect all rogues and criminals, the fellow may do this with impunity, because he misspells my name, and lies to the ear, not to the eye,—or to the eye of the ignorant only.

Love to my aunt. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Kenyon, Esq.

Keswick, Feb. 21. 1820.

My dear Kenyon,

Immediately on the receipt of your letter the order for the char was given and accepted, so that I thought myself sure of executing the commission. But I now learn that the fish would not be caught, and that it was not thought advisable to catch them; the fish, the fishermen, and the fish potters being unanimously of opinion that this is not the season. The proper months are October and November. Give me any directions for that time and they shall be punctually observed.

What a world of events since the date of your letter, though it is scarcely a month old! A new King, — an ugly question about the new Queen, — the preparations for a new Parliament, which bring on a relapse of the election fever before this part of England has recovered from the ill blood which the last left behind it,—and this assassination in France! You will be compelled sooner or later to agree with me concerning the press, and you cannot be more unwilling to come to that opinion than I have been. There will be no security for governments to society till the

constituted authorities all over Europe have the control of the press. The question is, whether this shall be conceded to an equitable government, which consults the public good, and regards public opinion as the means of preventing revolution; or whether it will be taken by the military Autocrat, who will put an end to the series of massacres, proscriptions, and civil wars, which this miserable country must inevitably undergo unless the press be curbed. We have no statesman courageous enough to venture upon the remedy, though I cannot believe any of our statesmen can be so blind as not to understand the danger. What then is to save us? Perhaps a premature rebellion before the army is corrupted. This is not so likely as it was three months ago, when a day for the attempt was fixed, and when any government but ours would have caught the ringleaders in a trap. Perhaps some frightful tragedy like this of the Duc de Berri; — and I will own to you that such a thing would surprise me less in this country than it has done in France: — it has already been twice attempted; once on the late King — once on the Regent; and on both times because the murderer missed his aim, the newspapers made a jest of it! Infatuated as we are, I believe that the shot which should take effect would be fatal to our newspaper press. I can imagine another means. It is among my uncomfortable speculations, that a country which has been so long without any visitation of pestilence as England has been, has some right to expect it; so long a time never having elapsed without one before; and it being certain that we are not preserved from it by any improvement in the healing art, nor by any precautions, nor by any change in our climate. It is a frightful thought, but it has occurred to me, who believe in the moral government of the world (and it has made an impression upon me), that Provi-

dence may send pestilence among us, at once to punish us and to preserve us from the only evil that would be greater.

Do you know that John Hunter was of opinion that our manufactories would engender for us some new plague? Specific diseases many of them produce; but as yet the only plague which they have generated is a moral and political one. My departure for the south is delayed for about a month; chiefly because of the King's death, I must produce some *ex officio* verses. When you see them you will perceive that you have influenced them in a very material point. All here desire their kindest remembrances.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, March 11. 1820.

My dear Harry,

We have lost poor Wilsey, and I have this day seen her laid in the grave. She had for some time been sinking gradually under the weight of seventy-seven years. Her memory with regard to recent occurrences was quite gone; though, as usual in such cases, it retained clearly all its early impressions. On Monday, the 28th last, she walked as far as the church with the children, and went down with them into the vault of the Stephenson family, which the representative of that family chooses to have opened whenever he comes to Keswick, for the purpose, I suppose, of airing his ancestors. So long a walk she had not taken for

many many weeks, but she came back in her usual good spirits, and declared that she was not tired. The next day she was as well as she had been during the winter. On the Wednesday morning she fell in getting out of bed, and grazed her forehead. She was found when Mrs. C. and Edith went down to her much shaken and in a tremulous state. However, she made a good breakfast and walked about. But there was a manifest change in her countenance, which one of the maids had perceived before she fell out of bed; and I have no doubt that the fall was occasioned by a slight stroke in the head. The head was inclined all that day a little on one side, and she was, what they call in the country, *maffled;* that is, confused in her intellect. Edmundson saw her, and said that if she had been younger or stronger he would have bled her, but in her case bleeding might have produced death. She kept up during the day, and was left when we went to bed sleeping apparently well, and breathing naturally. One of the maids, however, slept in the room with her, as, indeed, she had always slept within call in case of necessity during the winter. At one o'clock she awoke, insisted that it was time to get up, and could not be persuaded to the contrary, — dressed herself, and made a good breakfast. Between six and seven we were called; she was very ill, and had had one or two fits, and was then violently convulsed. When the convulsion left her, her sight, hearing, and speech were gone. Edmundson did not suppose she could have lasted six hours, but she lived till the eighth day. The convulsions returned more than once; and while they lasted she moaned like one in pain. But on the whole there was little apparent suffering, and, I believe, no return of intellect, certainly not of any of the senses which she has lost. The extraordinary thing is, that so feeble and exhausted a body should have continued

to struggle with death so long, with no other sustenance than now and then a teaspoonful of tea or coffee, indeed little more than merely wetting the lips.

For some time she had been among our cares rather than our comforts; but her death makes a blank, and both young and old will feel her loss; for there never lived a better creature: I never saw any one with a more generous spirit, or a more affectionate heart.

She has left 20*l.* to Hartley; 20*l.* to Mr. Christian, of the Strand, who was her foster brother; and 5*l.* to each of the children, Derwent and Sara Coleridge, and Robert Lovell; the rest of her money in legacies to friends and distant cousins here of 5*l.* and 10*l.*

It was gratifying to see how much interest her illness excited among the respectable people of the place; those who had been taught to respect her by their parents, and those who remembered her when she was the handsomest young woman in Keswick, and more "looked upon" than any of her contemporaries; her good conduct through life having been as remarkable as her person was in her youth.

She had been beyond this circle of mountains, but was never out of sight of them. Carlisle was the farthest point of her travels, and there she had been but once. The chance which brought me here contributed very materially to the comfort of her age. We have been here nearly seventeen years, Mrs. Coleridge twenty, and in all that time I never knew her do an unkind thing or say an unkind word.

Love to Louisa. I shall be glad to see the children: the youngest will be old enough to be handled by male hands. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, March 27. 1820.

MY DEAR R.,

I am very sorry for the news which your letter communicates. The improved state, as it is called, of medical knowledge, is little more than a discovery of our ignorance. And I suspect that we lose more by want of faith in the patient, than we gain by any increase of skill in the physician. Yet, I have a hope that we shall one day discover the real nature of fever, and by ascertaining the cause and seat of the disease, understand how to remedy it.

Turner has sent me an unfavourable opinion upon my claims. Twice in my life has the caprice of a testator cut me off from what the law would have given me, if it had taken its course; and now the law interferes and cuts me off from what would have been given me by a testator. It is, however, a clear gain to escape a suit in Chancery, and the vexation which that would have brought with it.

Brougham's advantage was through the creation of new freeholds, chiefly enfranchisements made by Lord Thanet. The Lowthers will beat him at this game next time. Their popularity has much risen since the former election.

You will have Wesley in a few days, and you will see in it strange cases of the mind upon the body, and again of the body upon the mind. Some I can understand, but there are others which I cannot, and yet believe them I must, or give up all trust in human testimony. I do not know whether I have employed my time in the best way in composing this book, (for it has been a work of considerable labour, so scattered were the materials,) but it will show you the ways and

feelings and notions of a set of people of whom most readers will previously have known as little as they did of the Tupinambas. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, April 12. 1820.

MY DEAR G.,

My "Vision of Judgement" is not finished. I have made a fair transcript of it as far as it is written (260 lines), and may probably add something to it before my departure. But I think it will not do for publication at this time; because such an event as the King's death, while it is recent, is too affecting and too solemn a reality (in the present case) to be made the subject of a fiction. This, you will say, I ought to have considered before I began to write. Very true, but then I should not have written upon the subject. For certain as it was that everybody would be putting their wits in requisition, I should not have chosen to send anything into the world upon such an occasion unless it were altogether different from all other compositions that were to be expected.

If, however, my labour should be lost for the present (and if the objection to its publication strikes any person to whom I shall show it, as it does myself, I shall certainly lay it aside), it will not be thrown away. The metrical experiment which I have long been desirous of making, has here been fairly made, and with complete success. I have proved that hexameters may as well be written in English as in German; that they are in no respect dissuited to the genius of our language; and

that the measure is full, stately, and sonorous, capable of great variety, great sweetness, and great strength, I shall certainly finish the poem, that it may be ready for publication after such lapse of time as may remove the objection to its appearance.

I am now filling up the paper upon the Churches, which I expect to dispatch by the next post; this being the ways and means upon which I have to count in London. And I take work of the same kind to occupy me at Streatham, that I may not be run short in the summer. Wesley's life must sell better than I expect it to do, if it balances my account with Longman, for I am sadly on the wrong side of his ledger. I know not whether you will attribute the perversity to me, or my fortune, but a perversity in one or the other, or both, there is. Twenty years ago when I would gladly have written poems as fast as the printer could carry them through the press, I must have starved if I had done so, and during seven long years I wrote reviews at seven pounds per sheet royal, because "Thalaba" and "Madoc" were lying in the publisher's warehouse. Now poetry would pay me better than anything else, but the inclination for it is gone; and if it were not with a view to profit, I do not believe that I should ever finish either of the poems which I have begun, and am quite certain that I should never have courage to undertake another. That motive, however, is likely to operate with increasing force as long as I live; and as I am likely, according to all human probability, to die in the harness, I have only to hope that my strength may not fail me till the last. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White, &c.

Keswick, April 15. 1820.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

My movements toward Norfolk must depend in some degree upon the time when Sir H. Bunbury and Major Moore can receive me. I shall write to them from London, and propose to be with him in the last week of May, or the first of June, which will allow me either to come from his house to Cambridge at your time, or to visit Cambridge first, and then proceed to him. At all events, I will be with you at Norwich, though it can only be for a couple of days; and it is my full intention, if possible, to see you at Cambridge also. I leave home on Monday, and shall be ten days on the road to town. You shall hear from thence as soon as my movements can be fixed.

Remember me to Tillbrook and Chauncey Townsend. Tell the latter that at present I have no time to write to him; but that I hope to see him in the last week of May, and that if he is in London before that time, he will find me in Q. Ann Street.

One word of advice before I conclude. I was always apprehensive that you would injure your health by too much and too anxious an attention to your studies. Take heed, or rather take warning, for the future. The immediate object is effected. You have obtained your ordination; and now remember, that to become a critical scholar requires the labour of half a life. Do not aim, therefore, at what is impossible. Your object is to be a useful clergyman, not a learned one; to undertake the cure of souls, not to engage in polemical service, or nice disquisitions in philology. There is a body of Divinity in our own language, such as I verily believe is not to be paralleled in any other. Study

there and drink of the Scriptures, and be content with as small a quantity of Greek and Latin as will suffice to carry you through the academical forms. Your first duty is to take care of your health, and you need not be told that anxiety is a slow, sure poison.

God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

To Miss Catherine Southey.

Streatham, Thursday, May 4. 1820.

MY DEAR KATE,

Since I have been in London I have very often wished that you, and Isabel, and Bertha were with me for a little while, to see what a number of strange things there are to be seen in this great overgrown town. London is so large a place that if the whole lake of Keswick, and the whole vale from the end of the Lake to Bassenthwaite, and from Skiddaw and Latrigg on one side to the foot of the mountains on the other were covered with houses, altogether would not make so great a city as London by one half. Think then what a huge place it must be; and all full of streets, with no gardens or fields; nothing to be seen but buildings on every side, and stone pavements under your feet, and such a smoky air overhead that you can hardly see what a blue sky is. And then such a number of carts and carriages, going all day long through the streets, and almost all night too; and such thou-

sands and ten thousands of people; from morning till night the great streets are as full as Keswick is upon fair-day.

I arrived in London on May Day, which is a holiday for the chimney sweepers. All the chimney sweepers, little and great, on that day are dressed as fine as they can make themselves, with ribbons of all colours, and a great deal of gilding about them, and feathers in their caps; and they go about the streets with a wooden thing in one hand (such as the churchwardens carry about in the church to collect money for a brief), and their brush in the other; and with these they make a clatter, and beg money from those who stop to look at them. They have generally a green man in company who is also called "Jack in the Bush," because he is in the middle of a green bush, which covers him all over, head and all, so that you can see nothing but his feet, and he goes dancing with the rest. This bush is ornamented with ribbons, and I have seen them in former times half covered with bright pewter pots and dishes, which it must have been a great fatigue to carry about and dance under their weight, especially in a hot day, and being so shut up from the air. This Jack in the Bush is a comical sight, but I am sorry to say that it does harm by frightening horses: a poor curate in the adjoining parish of Tooting, the other day was thrown in consequence under the wheels of a stage coach, and it is not yet known whether he will recover from the dreadful hurts which he received.

But how you would like to see these chimney sweepers that are so very fine! I have seen you and Bell and Bertha look somewhat like them when you had dressed yourselves up; but you were never half so fine, because you had no gilt finery about your clothes. Moreover the sweeps beautify their faces in a re-

markable manner. I will tell you how to do it if you wish to be as fine as they are. You know their faces are very smutty: they let the smut stay that they may be known for chimney sweepers: therefore to be like them you must first rub some soot upon your faces. Next, you must rub some whiting upon your cheeks and forehead, that there may be great white patches in the middle of the smut; and then upon the white you must rub a little rose pink, and upon that again here and there you must stick some beaten gold, so that the face may be black and white, and purple, and gilt: if you do this, you will then be as fine as so many chimney sweepers on the first of May. I must not forget to observe that the chimney sweepers make a feast with the money which is given them; and they are so fond of their holiday that they make the first of May last the whole of the week; so you may tell Edith that her birthday is not yet over in London.

If I were to describe the extraordinary things which I have seen in the shops only while walking along the streets, a whole letter would not afford sufficient room. I will only tell you, that in one window I saw a great many shaddocks, fresh from the West Indies, which fruit is like an orange, but as big as Cuthbert's head; and that I saw two horns of the narwhale or sea-unicorn, one on each side of a shop door.

I came here yesterday, and return to town to-morrow, when I am to breakfast with Miss Wordsworth on the way. There is no room here to tell you about your little Welsh uncles, Alfred and Southey, nor about your little Welsh aunt, Georgiana. It is Isabel's turn to have the next letter, and then I will write all about them, and about my little god-daughter, Bertha Vardon, who is your rival for the love of Mr. Nash, and calls him *mon ami*. However, don't you be too jealous; I

shall bring Mr. Nash home with me, and that will be a great advantage for you. . . . . .

God bless you my dear child.

Your affectionate father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Miss Katherine Southey.

Cambridge, Sunday, May 28. 1820.

MY DEAR KATE,

Your letter followed me to Cambridge, where I received it this morning at breakfast, and a great comfort it was. For although all the intelligence which came from home had been good, still I looked uneasily for what the next post might bring. Had it not been for this sort of anxiety, which you know nothing at all about, I dare say I should have written some queer letters to you and your sisters. But I am not so comical a papa anywhere else as at home.

You, and Bell, and Bertha are all very good girls; and have written me very nice letters, which have pleased me very much. One or two of my friends who know you all three, have seen your letters, and said what good girls you were, and how nicely you wrote. Nevertheless it will still be proper for me not to forget that receipt which we used to talk about for the pickle. You and Isabel, I dare say, remember it. Very soon I shall begin buying the other things which I am to bring home, such as the books, and the prayer books, and the pretty things for Cuthbert. You may depend upon my returning the last week in June, if it please God that I continue well.

Among the comical things which I had to tell you all, was how I went to St. Paul's Church, when a sermon was preached for the benefit of the Children of the Clergy, on which occasion there is the grandest church music ever performed in these kingdoms: and there was a fat lady before me very finely dressed in a velvet pelisse; but she sat so that I could see her stumpy grey bristles under a brown wig, and could not help seeing a dirty under petticoat through her pocket-hole. Remember therefore when you are an old maid, or an old wife, that you have your wig made long enough to cover your poll, and that you never wear dirty petticoats, either upper or under.

Yesterday I came here to dinner, and dined with Mr. White. To-day I have been twice to church, first to hear Dr. Clarke, the traveller, preach; secondly, to hear Mr. Benson, a brother of that lady with whom I travelled in the coach from Keswick. He is a very admirable preacher. Now I am going to dine with Mr. Townsend, and there I shall meet Mr. Francis, and Mr. Noel, and the Mr. Kennaway. To-morrow I dine with Mr. Tillbrook; and go back to London on Tuesday.

My Kate, do you know that I am taking it into serious deliberation whether I shall or shall not be made a Doctor; and as it is said the woman who deliberates is lost, so I begin to think that the man who deliberates is likely to be Doctored. I have been asked on the part of the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford if it would be agreeable to me to accept of this honour; and as it is to be conferred upon Lord Hill and the Duke of Wellington at the same time, and, perhaps, upon Sir Walter Scott, this sort of company certainly tempts me. I shall not make up my mind without consulting one or two friends; some expense in money, and about three days of precious time being to be

weighed against what is of no other use or value than as a mark of very high respect on the part of the University.

Your dutiful father,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Mrs. Hughes.**

July, 1820.

DEAR MADAM,

Since the arrival of your letter I have waited patiently in expectation of Mr. Hughes's book; looking confidently for it in the first parcel which I should receive from Murray. It reached me yesterday; and I have been very much amused and gratified in the perusal. How enviable a talent does your son possess of communicating what he wishes to the eye, as well as to the understanding. As I do not know where to address him, I enclose a letter of thanks under cover to our friend, Mrs. Company's lord and master.

I hope you are not in London during this delightful

* The mother — the excellent mother, now departed, — of the clever and witty John Hughes of Oriel (as he was called in my Christ Church days),—that John Hughes, the author of "An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone," the praise of which is in the Introduction to Quentin Durward, where his friend Sir Walter Scott speaks of him as a poet, a draughtsman, and a scholar. This is that same John Hughes whose "Old Tom of Oxford's Affectionate Condolence with the Ultras" is eulogized in the DOCTOR, &c., where Southey says, "I request him to accept the assurance of my high consideration and good will. I shake hands with him mentally and cordially, and entreat him to write more songs, such as gladden the hearts of true Englishmen." Vol. iv. p. 384

season, which is what summer used to be in old times. We had really an honest old English April this year, with sunshine and warm showers; and an honest old English May, such as to make the poetry of former days intelligible. You appear to hope that old English feelings may also be reviving. I wish they may; but I confess that I cannot think so. There are so many disorganising and destroying principles at work, that were it not for a reliance upon Providence, I should say neither the Church of England nor the Monarchy would last another half century.

The more however I apprehend this, the more I feel the duty of making every exertion which may lead to avert it.

Mrs. Southey desires me to present her remembrances. I wish we could hear that you thought of visiting the Lakes.

Believe me, dear madam, with great respect,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Messrs. Longman & Co.

Keswick, July 11. 1820.

DEAR SIR,

The "History of Lope de Aguirre" is not sent, because, in revising it, I want a "Spanish History of Venezuela," by Oviedo *, which is referred to by Depons and Humboldt, and which contains documents concerning Aguirre not to be found elsewhere. This

* "Oviedo y Baños." Southey states in the preface to this little volume, that after diligent inquiry he had not been able to obtain it. He did so afterwards, as may be seen from the "Spanish and Portuguese Catalogue."

writer must not be confounded with an older historian of the Indies, of the same name, whose work I possess. Perhaps you can procure the book for me. I inquired for it in vain in Mr. Gooden's collection, and in Lord Holland's. My next application would have been to Mr. Heber, if I had seen him during the latter part of my stay in town, but we missed each other respectively. I am going to send a parcel of his books directed to your care.

The life of George Fox*, and the origin and progress of Quakerism, would form as curious a book as the life of Wesley. I wish you would collect materials for it, that I may digest them, and proceed with the work as leisure and inclination may serve. The Quakers I know have cut out many things from George Fox's Journal in the later editions, because they were ashamed of them — it is essential, therefore, to procure the first edition; and of Sewell's "History of the Quakers" also, which I suspect has undergone a like expurgation. When you can meet with these, secure them; meantime the current editions may serve; one of Sewell I have: send me that of Fox; William Penn's Works; Barclay's "Apology," and Gough's "History of the Quakers." With these I can lay my foundations. I see the arrangement of the book distinctly enough, but not its extent — whether one volume or two. There are some books connected with the subject which must necessarily be very rare. I will set down their titles as I meet with them. It will be better not to announce the work till it is in forwardness. . . . . .

Yours, &c.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* The MSS. preparations for George Fox's Life are in Miss Southey's hands.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, July, 1820.

MY DEAR R.,

I have opened one of the red-books with which Mr. Phillips provided me, with notes *multorum generum* from the Acta Sanctorum. Among them is an odd passage which seems to imply that a sort of polyandrianism existed in Galloway as late as the twelfth century; perhaps, if it be so, the last remains of that system which Cæsar found among the Britons. It is very certain that the Druidical religion existed till that time, and much later, in Wales. Davies has proved this beyond all controverting, by passages from the Welsh poets, in his "Mythology of the Druids," which is much the most curious book that has ever been written upon Welsh affairs.

My intention is to begin the "Moral and Literary History of England" with the English language; that is, not to go farther back than the earliest extant composition in that language, except as far as a view of the state of things at that commencement renders a summary retrospect unavoidable. If this were not *a necessary* determination for me, as not understanding Saxon, it would be a proper one on other accounts; as the book is intended to be not for antiquarians and bibliographers, but for general readers. The collections for it are made at leisure, at loose times—odds and ends of time; more matter of amusement and dissipation than of business. I am busy in finishing the introductory chapter for the "Peninsular War."

Revolutions in Italy will do no harm in that country; but if Austria should attempt to crush the revolutionary spirit by arms, and France interfere,—which any French Government, whether Bourbon's or Bonaparte's, would

eagerly do when fair occasion invited,—then I know not what would prevent a general war, except a general explosion on the Continent, and that indeed seems more than likely. The only hope then would be that it might be so general as to preclude all possibility of our interference, so they might then cut each other's throats with fraternal hatred, and perhaps we might grow wise by looking on. God bless you.

R. S.

To Messrs. Longman & Co.

Keswick, July 26. 1820.

DEAR SIR,

This proposed work of Mr. James Henderson is the book which I mentioned to you when I was last in Paternoster Row. The author says, in his proposals, that "little authentic intelligence (concerning Brazil) has hitherto been published, and the accounts we have of its discovery, colonization, divisions, government, productions, are vague, and frequently contradictory." He therefore promises to give "a genuine and well-authenticated history from original documents." Now, if when he wrote these proposals he knew nothing of my work, it is plain that he must have known little of what has been written concerning Brazil, and lived little with persons who take any interest concerning its history. If he did know of my history, or if, knowing it as he now does, he continues to circulate the same proposals, the language which it contains is exactly that which a plagiarist would use who meant to make up his own book by pillaging mine. These remarks only affect the respectability of the author; but as for his

works interfering with mine, it can do so no more than an abridgment would do, which any man has a right to make (as the law stands), and which I have no doubt this will prove to be in the whole historical part. In fact, there is no other connected history of Brazil than mine, either printed or in manuscript, and without the assistance which he can derive from mine, and mine only, he might as well pretend to write a history of the moon.

There can be no reason why Mr. Clarkson should not be applied to for any books which he may have it in his power to lend me, being, as I am, upon familiar and friendly terms with him. I believe I told you that I have the second edition of "Sewell." The current one of G. Fox's "Journal" (I apprehend there is always one on sale) will answer my purposes to go on with, only I must compare it with the first before the work is completed, and with this and Gough I can begin. Yours, &c.,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, August 16. 1820.

MY DEAR WYNN,

It seems very strange that the Duke of Gloucester should give you information of any projects or intentions of mine. The state of the case is this: Mrs. Hastings being very desirous that a life of her husband should be written, and a selection made from his papers, consulted Sir George Dallas about it, and he proposed Sir James Mackintosh as a person of dis-

tinguished talents, high reputation, and conversant with Indian affairs, though there might be an objection to him as being possibly disposed to think with Mr. Fox on that as on other subjects. Mrs. Hastings, however, desired that inquiry might be made whether I would undertake it, because she knew what her husband's opinion of me had been, and that he would have preferred me for such a task to any other person. Sir G. Dallas spoke to Murray, and two or three days only before I left town Murray asked me the question. I saw at once the splendour of the subject, the extent and variety of matter which it included, and in what manner it might be arranged, and, having a vague knowledge of the leading facts of Hastings' life, but a great admiration of his talents, and of all that I had heard of him in his private character, and believing moreover that he had been vilely persecuted, I expressed a willingness to the business. My place in the mail was taken at this time, and all my arrangements made accordingly. On the morning of my departure, Murray went with me to Sir G. Dallas's. There I learnt that the materials were as ample as could be desired, the most important being a journal which was kept by Hastings, I believe, from the time when he first went to India. Sir George afterwards called at my brother's, and left word, written on her card, that Mrs. Hastings wished particularly to see me the next day; but this could not be, for I had engagements at Birmingham, and was to meet my Aunt Southey there on her way from Taunton. So there the matter ended; except that Murray sent me down a parcel of books for preliminary reading, and that I hold myself engaged to it as soon as the "History of the War" is completed.

I have no fear of the labour, and none of any difficulty in writing with perfect integrity. If, indeed, I had any such apprehension, I would at once

decline the task. It is a noble subject, and admits in perfection of that ornamental relief which it is always delightful to meet with, and which I delight in introducing. If it extends to two quartos (as I suppose it will), I shall have two thousand guineas. If things go on quietly, and I live and do well, there is a fair prospect of my realising five thousand pounds in the next five years.

I am as little fond of prophesying evil as you are; mine, indeed, is a cheerful nature, and I hardly know what it is to despond. With regard to the present crisis, my best grounds of hope, indeed, is not of the pleasantest kind, it being simply this: that as things must be worse before they can be better, and that the sooner the abscess breaks, the more strength will there be in the constitution to struggle through the disease. We are already under the tyranny of the Press, and as that tyranny must inevitably destroy itself, the question how much or how little evil we must go through before that good end is arrived at, is a momentous concern to the present generation. We must hope the best, and do the best we can. In the present filthy business I have only to wait the event, and I shall be glad if the storm breaks while you are far from the sphere of its action, for something as bad as Lord G. Gordon's riots may reasonably be expected. Bennet (the Wilts B.) Bill, which passed through both Houses without a single observation on either side, and perhaps was hardly known to the Ministers, certainly not thought of by them, may prove the salvation of the Government.

Your godson, thank God! thrives as we could wish, totters about with sufficient confidence and strength, articulates half words, and makes himself perfectly understood by the help of looks and gestures. He is as

fine and hopeful a boy, of his age, as your Watkin, and there is no saying more.

I saw Shadwell after leaving you. The Court of King's Bench gave Lord Somerville full possession of the estates, in direct opposition to the testator's intention. Had he died intestate, I should still have succeeded to the Southey estates, which remain unsold, as his heir-at-law, but he has willed them away. So be it. I can do without them. There would be a decent provision for my family were I to die this night —a few years would enable me to make it a good one.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, August 14. 1820.

My dear Landor,

Ere this I trust you will have received Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," his "Waggoner," and his "Sonnets on the River Dee," &c., the last volume of the "History of Brazil," and the "Life of Wesley." They were detained some time for the chance that your brother Robert might have occasion to send anything in the same package.

After having been nearly three months from home, you may suppose with what pleasure I returned to my own family, my own fire-side, and my own pursuits. During my absence, to gratify others rather than myself, I went to Oxford to receive an honorary degree. Except that I passed through it twice in stage coaches— once after the inhabitants were gone to bed, and once

after they had got up—I had not been there since I left in 1794, with the intention of bidding farewell, not to the University alone, but to England and to Europe, and trying an Utopian scheme in the back settlements of the United States. After the business of the theatre was over I went into Christ Church Walk, and there *chewed* the cud of remembrance. Except Phillimore, the Professor of Law, I did not meet with one contemporary of whom I had even the slightest knowledge. In the evening, or rather at night, I dined in Balliol Hall with the Master and Fellows,—all being so much my juniors that the master himself did not enter the college till some years after I had left it. There was no person to recognise me but the porter, a poor fellow, who, in my time, had served as hair dresser, and supplied the college with fruit. His wife had been my laundress; and the poor infirm old woman sat up till midnight, that she might see me when I was let out.

Ill as you must think of the rabble and of the Whigs, who have long since proved that it is possible to be at the same time odious and contemptible, you cannot but marvel at the effect which the modern Messalina has produced in London. Ballad singers go about the streets proclaiming the Queen's title to the throne, and, in doggerel rhymes declaring that she shall speedily be seated there, and reign by the people's free election. There is every probability of a more tremendous explosion than that which Lord George Gordon brought about in our childhood; and no reliance can be placed upon the soldiers. For they are not only duped by the devilish newspapers to believe that the Queen is an innocent and injured woman, but they are infected by the moral pestilence of the age, since the armies in Spain and Naples have chose to interfere in state affairs. Before this letter can reach you the crisis will, in all likelihood, have come on. It will be a trial

between the Government, supported by the civil power alone, and the mob, with the traitorous Whigs and the Press on their side,—the troops being worse than doubtful. Of course care is taken to send away such regiments as have given the plainest indication of their determination "to see the Queen through it," as they express themselves. My comfort is that as things must be worse before they can be better, the sooner the abscess bursts the more strength there will be in the constitution to turn off and struggle through the disease. The only chance of getting safely through the affair is, that the evidence against this woman may convince the honest person who now believes her to be innocent; but as the villanous part of her partizans outnumber the others ten times told, there is but a poor hope.

Being blessed with good spirits and cheerful opinions, I have a habit of looking on with a resolute hope, however unfavourable may be the aspects. One of my occupations at this time is a series of dialogues, upon a plan which was suggested by Boethius. The motto will explain their object: it is in three words, which I found somewhere quoted from St. Bernard, "RESPICE, ASPICE, PROSPICE." I am going to press, *quam celerrimè*, with the "History of the Peninsular War." In poetry I have done little, but must take up those poems, which have been so long in hand, in good earnest ere long and go through with them. The difficulty of Spenser's stanza has, I think, very much impeded my progress in the "Tale of Paraguay," though with what is done I am very much pleased myself.

My little boy is now a year and half old, as healthy, as intelligent, and as good-natured as one could wish.

You will scarcely know London when you return to it; that is if we have any such city left a few years hence, which is rather doubtful, as one of our Catalines have more than once intended to set it on fire in sundry

places. What with pulling down narrow streets and lanes, and building wide streets, circles, and Heaven knows what, they are making it a very fine place; and when the inhabitants are brought to consume their smoke in the fire, instead of letting it go up the chimney, we shall have as clean (though not as clear) an atmosphere as our neighbours on the Continent, which was the case before pit coal came into use.

Direct the books to the care of Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London, and they will find their way to me. The duty is no object except for voluminous works in folio. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Kenyon, Esq.

Keswick, August 19. 1820.

MY DEAR KENYON,

I have been very remiss in not having ere this thanked you in the names of Edith and Sara, and the three little girls, for the presents with which you have loaded them. I owe you thanks also, on my own account, for some of the pleasantest hours which I spent in London. You will readily suppose that I have been both very busy and very idle since my return; busy in the regular course of things, and idle by inclination, temptation, and course of season. The very sense of being at rest after eleven weeks of perpetual excitement and continual change of place and society, was in itself a pleasure of high degree; and then the comfort of breathing fresh air without either dust or smoke, of knowing that I had nowhere to go, and nothing to do

except what I chose to be doing; no trouble for to-day and no engagement for to-morrow. Christian, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," when the burthen drops off his back, is but a type of such a deliverance. I found all well on my return, and, God be thanked, all have continued so.

Cuthbert runs about the room and the garden, and the greatest noise which I hear now is of my own making, when I am exhibiting, for his edification, the cries of London, in a book bought for that special purpose, and amusing his ears as much as his eyes, or turning over the leaves of "Bewick," and making more sounds and stranger than were heard in Noah's ark every day before the beasts were fed, another of my domestic beatitudes. The other day I received a short note from Everett, with two numbers of a review, whereof he is the editor. To my great surprise the review is violently Anti-Anglican, which I think must proceed more from his coadjutors than himself. He says, "I shall not think an apology for this necessary, when I call to mind the language of certain English journals respecting America." I shall tell him, in reply, that none was needed, but that, certainly, if I had the direction of a journal, *nothing should appear in it concerning America but what was conciliating in its spirit and tendency.*

God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Barnard Barton, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 25. 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,

I must be very unreasonable were I to feel otherwise than gratified and obliged by a dedication from one in whose poems there is so much to approve and admire. I thank you for this mark of kindness, and assure you that it is taken as it is meant.

It has accidentally come to my knowledge that a brother of yours is married to the daughter of my worthy and respected friend Mr. Woodruff Smith. When you have an opportunity, it would oblige me if you would recall me to her remembrance, by assuring her that I have not forgotten the kindness which I so often experienced at her father's house.

Perhaps you may consider it an interesting piece of literary news, to be informed that among my various employments, one is that of collecting and arranging materials for the "Life of George Fox, and the Rise and Progress of the Quakers." You know enough of my writings to understand that the consideration of whom I may pléase or displease would not make me turn aside from what I believed to be the right line. I shall write fairly and freely, in the spirit of Christian charity. My personal feelings are those of respect toward the Society (such as it has been since its first effervescence was spent), and of good will because of many of its members whom I have known and esteemed. Its history I shall relate with scrupulous fidelity, and discuss its tenets with no unfavourable or unfriendly bias, neither dissembling my own opinion when it accords, nor when it differs with them. And perhaps I may expose myself to more censure from others on account of the agreement, than from them because of

the difference. But neither the one result nor the other will in the slightest degree influence me; my object being to compose with all diligence and all possible impartiality an important portion, not of ecclesiastical history alone, but of the history of human opinions.

I will only add that in this work I shall have the opportunity which I wish for, of bearing my testimony to the merit of your poems.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Nov. 6. 1820.

MY DEAR G.,

Your letters have troubled me; and I should have replied to the first of them without delay, if I had not expected to receive the half notes, which I now acknowledge and thank you for.

If it were at a better season of the year, I should press you to make for yourself as long a vacation as you could, and set off forthwith for Keswick, where I would answer for putting you in good condition. But in the month of November, when the paths are strewn with the fallen leaves, the roads ancle deep in mire, and the glass oscillating between rain and much rain, and only getting up to change, for the sake of verifying its accuracy by falling back again,—this prescription is not applicable. Make up your mind however, and your arrangements, to come with the cuckoo, or before him; and you will derive immediate benefit from such a reso-

lution. No little part of the happiness of this world consists in expectation.

My dear Grosvenor, I am no ways inclined to condemn you, as you seem to imagine; nor, like the shoemaker whom we went to see in Richter's picture, to persuade you that the shoe fits, when you feel that it pinches. Only let me say, that I should be as glad as you could be to find myself in possession of a good independent fortune: and that we poor lacklands and lackstocks who have to earn our livelihood, must endeavour to make the best of it. You are better off at this time than the King or his Prime Minister. If I were in town, I would give you as much of my time as you would accept: that is, I would take my sneezes at the Exchequer at noon, and dine with you and Miss Page and the Master of the Rolls, as often as you would let me make a fourth at your party. But as this cannot be, let us, I entreat you, converse as well as we can, at a distance; and do not imagine yourself unfit for correspondence, or suffer yourself to acquire a distaste for it.

I have often, since my return from London, been vexed, as well as disappointed, at not hearing from you as usual. Your letters made up no small part of my enjoyments. You are my only *frequent* and *constant* correspondent, — the only person, with whom correspondence has become a *habit;* with whom I can be grave or nonsensical, to whom I can say *quidlibet de quolibet*, and make my lightest thoughts legible as they rise.

I have many things to tell you of my own occupations, anticipations, and concerns, when you are willing to hear them. At present it will suffice to say, that we are all tolerably well, and especially your godson, who calls himself *Cupn*, and puts my aunt Mary in mind of what I was five-and-forty years ago. Nash, who is on

his way to town, has made an excellent portrait of him; a tolerable miniature of my poetship; and a double miniature of Sara and Edith which you will be much pleased with.

Farewell, i. e. *fare better.**

Yours as ever.

R. S.

Messrs. Longman and Co.

Keswick, Nov. 8. 1820.

DEAR SIR,

I have had a visit from Mrs. Fry upon the subject of George Fox, for my intention has made a stir among the Quakers. The first wish (I think) was to dissuade me from the undertaking; but that being in vain, every offer of assistance is made. I thought it proper to show Mrs. Fry the introduction which I had written, that she might see in what light I viewed the subject, and that I should neither dissemble the errors of the Society and its founder, nor detract from their just merits. And having made it clearly understood that I shall write with perfect freedom, as well as perfect sincerity, I shall avail myself without scruple of all the advantages and facilities which are offered me.

I have already got a number of useful books, among others the *second* edition of G. Fox's Journal, by which I perceive that the *language* bas been altered in the third, but I know that there are more important alterations from *the first.* I am now master enough of the subject to judge of the extent of the work as well as

* No doubt Southey had in his mind's eye the characters of "*Do-well*," "*Do-bet*," and "*Do-best*," of "Piers Ploughman's Vision."

its distribution, and have no doubt of its making two volumes, though they may be somewhat smaller than "Wesley." Look out for me for Gough's "History of the Quakers," (which I cannot proceed without), the Lives of "Thomas Elwood," "Richard Davis," and "Richard Claridge," Rutty's "History of Friends in Ireland," Margaret Fox's "Journal," the "Book of Extracts," and J. W. Chiting's "Catalogue of Friends' Books."

The first chapter must be a retrospective view of the history of religious opinions and parties in England. Prepared as I am for the subject, it will yet cost me a good deal of reading. You must let me have Neal's "History of the Puritans," the original work, (not the abridgement in two volumes which was published a few years ago); and a lately published volume about Non-conformity in Wales, containing a Life of Vavasor Powell.

That is a curious volume which you sent me of "Tracts against the Quakers."

I see that the last edition of "Lardner" is to be had for 6*l.* 6*s.*; please to send it me by waggon.

Yours very truly,

R. SOUTHEY.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Nov. 12. 1820.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

Your letter served as a cordial to counteract the gloomy thoughts and feelings which the newspaper has produced. Come here early in May, and I will put you in good condition, body and mind. We will

go over the whole of the Land of Lakes, making a complete tour of them; and I will have a pair of riding-breeches made for the nonce, to go on horseback with you. We will have mountain parties, and such tarn scenes as Nash will show you in his drawing. Make your arrangements accordingly, and for me, I will live upon the exercise in anticipation till you make your appearance.

It is well that one has something to exhilarate one in private life; for otherwise there is very little either at home or abroad which can be regarded with hope or with complacency. I am heartily ashamed of the English people, who have retained nothing of the old English character, except physical courage, and extreme credulity. *Physical* courage, I say, because there is very little of the moral virtue left. We are, at this time, under the tyranny of the Press; and the men who have the direction of public opinion, and thereby of public affairs, are precisely the greatest rascals in the country, the most profligate, and worst-principled adventurers of the age. Things cannot continue thus, and whatever course they may take, if you and I should reach the age of three-score years and ten, we shall, in all human probability, have outlived the English constitution, and the liberties of England. The question is not whether we shall escape from despotism, but whether the process by which it is to be brought on will be longer or shorter, more or less calamitous and frightful. In the present condition of the world, I am perfectly certain that no government can withstand the influence of a free press; the freedom of the press is incompatible with public security; and yet we know that the inevitable tendency of despotism is to degrade mankind, and that without the wholesome influence of the press, governments tend to despotism. But of what use is it to anticipate evils, against which no

exertions can avail, till we have a resolute government!

Gifford has now the whole article upon "Huntington" in his hands. I rely upon its insertion in the next number, for paying my Christmas bills. For the number after he may have a paper upon some Brazilian travels, which will serve to introduce remarks upon the state of that country, and its internal danger; and if he assures me that a paper which Bowles sent him upon that subject is not to be used, I will set about the "Life of Oliver Cromwell." I should rather that Bowles's were inserted, but think it not likely. Bowles has been ill used in the "Quarterly Review," and is now at war with it, having the right on his side.

Sad changes have taken place among our cats since you were here. I believe you remember Lord Nelson. He became so wretched that it was an act of mercy to put him in the river, and that service was rendered him by poor Mrs. Wilson. Bona Fidelia reached a good old age, and was found dead in the wood-house. There then remained Madame Bianchi, who was Bona's daughter, and Pulcheria, who was Madame's daughter. These poor creatures, who lived with Mrs. Wilson, and had possession of the chairs and the fire-side in her kitchen, forsook the house the day that she had her mortal seizure. They became almost wild. At length, however, we got them to come into the house for food; and I had persuaded them to come to my call before I left home in the spring. When I returned Madame had disappeared (and has never been seen since), and Pulcheria was in a miserable state, dying of some disease which was then prevalent among the cats, and very fatal to them. It was pitiable to see her; and yet, in the hope of her recovery, I could not order an end to be put to her lingering. But I was glad when she was found dead. A visitor from the town, by

name Virgil, who haunted these premises, being possibly driven from his own, died here also. And thus the old generation to which Bona Marietta, Sir Thomas Dido, and Madame Catalini, had belonged, was extinct. We have now only a young Othello, from Newlands: he has the defect of being of a miserably small breed, otherwise a worthy and promising cat, who has never looked into a boot, and is safe from all such operators as the editor of the "Quarterly Review." Sir, I shall be very happy to introduce you to Othello. It is a good name, not merely as expressing his complexion, but because he will undoubtedly be as jealous as beseems his Tomship. I trust he will be the founder of a new dynasty, and that in a few generations black will be the prevailing livery of the cats in Keswick.

Have you seen anything of Strachey? Remember me to him when you do. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.

Keswick, Nov. 13. 1820.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Cornelius Neale dedicated a tragedy called "Mustapha" to me, some five or six years ago. I afterwards breakfasted with him at the house of Josiah Conder, proprietor, editor, and, at that time, publisher of the "Eclectic Review." Neal's father kept the great china shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, by the gateway leading to Doctors' Commons, and he himself has married a daughter of John Mason Good. He is a little, mild, religious man, with a great deal of poetical feeling which he knows how to express; not, I think

with much power of mind, but free from all prevailing faults, either of manner or morals, in his writings.

Murray has sent me the "Sketch Book," the author of which I met in his room. It is a very pleasing clever book. What the writer says concerning the Indians is more creditable to his humanity than to his judgement. It is quite an *ex parte* view of the case. Philip of Pokanoket, with whom I shall make you better acquainted than Irving seems to be, had all the treachery of a true savage, as well as some of a savage's virtues. His Indian name was Massasoit (not Kawnacom); and the historical grounds of my poem are, as Irving supposes, to be found in the main events of what is called Philip's war.

I know not what to think of this termination of the Queen's business, except that it is plain enough the reign of terror has begun; and where it is to end, God knows! The Queen's lawyers, as well as her radical friends, have stuck at no means to serve her; and they have succeeded in deceiving some of the lords, and in intimidating others, which, with the help of the thorough-faced Opps, and a few rickety consciences, has enabled them to obtain a most disgraceful triumph; disgraceful as affecting the character of the nation. Never let us wonder again at the madness in the days of Titus Oates, or of Dr. Sacheverel. *The essential spirit of faction* is the same in Whig as in Tory, and in all times.* If Bergami was to come to England, I should not wonder if they were to present him with the freedom of the city, in a gold box. By the by, one of the Italian worthies at the Lord Mayor's entertainment has a reputation which would have entitled him to stand for the office of Lord Horse in that re-

* Horace Walpole said, "I have a maxim, that *the extinction of party is the origin of faction.*" See Letters, vol. ii. p. 213., "Southey's Common Place Book," 3rd series, p. 529.

markable city* of which no vestige now remains, and no record will be transmitted to posterity.

The matter will not end here, even if the Queen should be desirous, as probably she will be, of taking her allowance, and returning to her continental indulgences. The example of bearding the sovereign and defying the laws has been set, and the possibility of intimidating the legislature has been proved. The question of the Liturgy will be taken up; the ferment will continue, and things will go on from bad to worse, till the press has effected a thorough revolution, or till Government has subdued the press. I fear that in another century our constitution will be held up as a warning for its defects, not as an object of admiration for other nations. And I am as sure as it is possible to feel concerning future events, that in the course of fifty years (perhaps in less than half that time), there will not be a free press in Europe.

King Mob demands an illumination here to-night, according to the *tallow-chandlers*, and great disturbances are threatened. In that case, my windows may suffer. There is, however, no appearance of any stir as yet (between seven and eight o'clock), and tallow-chandlers are suspicious authorities in such matters.

There is a book advertised about New Britain, which, from the advertisement, I suppose to be an Utopian romance founded upon the story of "Madoc." Do you know anything of it?

I have nearly finished another book of "Oliver Newman," and shall take it up now in the hope of getting over one of those difficult passages in which I stick for a long time; passages in which a reader discovers no difficulty, but a writer feels the greatest.

I wish you could have given me a better account of Mrs. Wynn. We are going on tolerably well. Your

* An allusion to the long-projected "Butleriana."

godson is as fine a creature as you could desire to see, and begins to mispronounce mutilated words most delightfully. Charles Cuthbert he makes into *Cha-Cupn.*

God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, Nov. 28. 1820.

My dear Wynn,

Mrs. Hughes has sent me some squibs of her son's writing, some of which are very good in their kind; and written me a letter therewith, to which, as in duty bound, I have returned an answer. She is very indignant about the Queen.

Bedford tells me I must not be surprised if farther measures should be taken in this detestable business; and at something of this kind the "Courier" seems to hint. On the other hand, I hear that Lord Grey is heartily vexed at having given ministers an excuse for not sending the bill to the H. of Commons, where it would certainly have been thrown out on the first reading. For, reckoning upon a like proportion of Whigs and cowards in both houses, you would have the radical members to aid them, and the greater numbers of members for large towns, who, as they must either vote with the riot or lose their seats at the next election, would have found some specious excuse for obeying the will of the rabble: ministers, therefore, no doubt would gladly let the matter rest; but this will not be in their power. The Queen is in the hands of a gang (rather than a party) who will go any lengths to bring about a

revolution, and she is ready enough to go all lengths with them. So much the better if this accelerate the crisis, for the longer that crisis is delayed, the more perilous it will be.

I give you joy, however, and a two months' respite. Your evenings will be more agreeably spent in Wales than in Pandemonium. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Dec. 21. 1820.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

Poor Hyde! I am truly sorry to hear of his death. My introduction to him by you, in 1801, and the scene which followed, when he denied the existence of the coat on my back, being one of those things not to be forgotten, but now no longer to be remembered with the same kind of hilarity. By all means pay my bill to the widow; and, if the business is continued on her account, she shall have my custom,—a kind of debt this which one owes to an honest man.

Now, concerning the Vision. You may growl as much as you like. But before you begin to put on your critical cap, observe with respect to the metre, that I write upon the postulate of using in the four first feet of the verse, any foot of two or three syllables; the English hexameter in this respect bearing the same loose resemblance to the Latin, that the English heroic verse of ten syllables does to the ancient Iambic verse, after which it is sometimes called. This of course is to be explained in the preface. I have tried the verse upon

ears enough to judge of its effect. Those persons who were most inclined to disapprove were shaken in their decided prejudice against it. Wynn, instead of exclaiming against the possibility of the design, objected to the quantity of one or two syllables. Bowles protested against the attempt, and acknowledged its success when he heard the first thirty lines. Wordsworth and Barry Cornwall admit it to be a legitimate English metre, noways unsuited to the language. You can answer for its effect upon your own ears. No person has thought it forced, or uncouth, or ludicrous. Recollect I do not propose it as a better metre than blank verse, any more than I should offer venison as a better thing than turtle, but as something else, — there being room for both. Let it be abused, I care not. I have wished for more than twenty years * to make the experiment, and the experiment reconciled me to a subject which I should otherwise not willingly have taken up.

To whom shall I dedicate it? Not to Elmsley, I think, for the reason which you gave, and which I anticipated. The great Peter, I hope, will pay me a visit next summer; and one of these days I will prefix his name to something to which he will have no dislike. When you have perused the whole, you will judge whether there be anything in the matter which would make a dedication to the King improper. If there be not I should like to do it, because my blood is up, and it would gratify me at this time to wear the King's colours. Perpend this, if it is to be done. I suppose it would be decorous to ask permission; and that I can do through Lord Wm. Gordon, or Sir Wm. Knighton.

* Southey always used to say that, "one day or another some one would build up a great name on the use of the hexameter verse." I will not say that Longfellow has done this in his "Evangeline," but it is nevertheless a sweet poem.

Should there be any unfitness, as perhaps there is, I may very likely address it to Wordsworth.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Dec. 21. 1820.

My dear Madam,

I thank you for your letter and for the squibs. Mr. Hughes has plenty of gunpowder and makes good use of it. He will make himself felt as a Satirist, and satire, under the direction of such principles as his, may do good service in these times; otherwise there are pleasanter paths in literature, which, for his own sake, I should wish him to pursue. Indignation* will make good poetry, but it leaves the mind in a heated and uncomfortable state; and poetry is of most advantage, both to the writer and reader (and especially to the former) when it elevates us above the every-day concerns and unworthy humours of the world. I shall be very glad to see the productions of a different class which you promise me. Meantime, as you have left Amen Corner, let me know where I can direct to him a poem, as soon as it comes out of the press, which I have just sent to the printers.

I cannot tell you how much I was pleased with the good, honest, warm, Welsh loyalty of your letter. Our Protestant missionaries have proved, in opposition to their Romish predecessors, that the best helpmates they

* Southey alludes to the lines of Juvenal (Sat. i. v. 79.) —

"Si Natura negat, facit Indignatio versum,
Qualemcunque potest, quales ego, vel Cluvienus."

can take with them are their wives; and you have persuaded me in like manner that a woman may be of as much use in putting down evil opinions and diffusing good ones, as a justice of the peace. It is for want of zeal that we perish.

As yet I have heard nothing of the society which you mention. I perceive some objections to it, of which the weightiest is its tending to relieve Government of a responsibility and duty, from which it is too much disposed to shrink. Objections, however, must be waived, if there be a reasonable prospect of doing good. If we do not curb the press, the press will destroy us; and this is a truism of which I have been endeavouring to persuade the Government for the last ten years.

Mrs. S. desires her best regards. Present mine to Dr. Hughes, and my young brother poet, and believe me,

My dear Madam, yours obediently,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, Jan. 8. 1821.

THE death of poor Nash * has given me, and indeed my whole household, a severe shock, for he had been with us so much that he seemed almost like one of the family. It is little more than five years since I became acquainted with him, and we had spent more than twelve months of that time together, at home and abroad. And the more we knew of him, the better we loved him; he was so sensible of any kindness, so

* "Edward Nash, my dear kind-hearted friend and fellow-traveller, whose death has darkened some of the blithest and flithest recollections of my latter life."—*Progress and Prospects of Society*, vol. i. p. 228.

thoroughly amiable, and bore his cross so meekly. With regard to himself, his removal to a better state is not to be regretted; but notwithstanding this consideration, I fear it will be some time before my spirits recover from the shock they have sustained. At my time of life new friendships are rarely formed, and the man of middle age who is richest in friends, can ill afford to lose one of them.

Had it not been for this event, I should have given you a cheerful account of our going-on. The weather has been much less severe here than in the south. I went on Tuesday to bring Edith May home from Wordsworth's, and returned on Thursday; and nothing could be pleasanter than the weather, it quite reconciled one to an English January.

Bedford takes his rides on Sunday, because his shop is shut on that day, and he comes at an unlawful hour to suit his own dinner time. If you had seen him, he would have told you that the hexameters are finished, and have passed through his hands on their way to the press. I am now busy upon the preface, in which I have taken occasion incidentally to repay some of my obligations to Lord Byron by a few comments on "Don Juan." The odes which I wrote ex officio in December 1819 and December 1820, will be added, partly for the sake of adding twenty pages to a thin book, and still more because they will be well-timed, and are in their way, *me judice*, the one very respectable, the other of a higher order. I entitle them the "Warning Voice."

I received the four first proofs of the "Peninsular War" on Christmas-day, and the printer has in his hands copy enough for a dozen more.

There is nothing of mine in the "Quarterly Review," Gifford having prorogued my account of the "Sinner Saved" till the next number. The number has not reached me yet.

Landor received from me the information of Sir C. Wolseley's reference to him, and sent me his answer that I might transmit it to the "Courier." This I did not think proper to do, because, if I could have seen Landor, or written to him in time, he would have altered the temper of his letter. Parr, no doubt, sent it to the "Times." But it is worth knowing, because it is a specimen of *radical* veracity, that in his conversation concerning their neighbour, the Princess at Como, Wolseley never attempted to deny the notorious fact of her whoredom, but used to justify it! I know Robert Wolseley, his brother, who at different times spent about eighteen months here. He was a very good man, of melancholy temperament, who, having been bred to the law, and afterwards in the militia, at the age of three or four-and-forty, had a fancy for studying Hebrew, took orders, and preached himself into a consumption. The family principles were Oliverian modified in Robert into Whiggery.

Aunt Mary bears the winter well. Old age never wore a happier appearance in woman than it does in her; and everybody who sees her remarks this. It is delightful to see the enjoyment she has in amusing Cuthbert, and letting him do with her whatever he pleases. That drawing which you have seen is as excellent a likeness as ever was taken. Thank God, he continues to thrive, and is as happy and as good-humoured as he can be.

The difference of grammars at Westminster is not so great a disadvantage as you seem to apprehend. My love to the boys, not forgetting Alfred and the two younger ones. Dr. Bell was here last month, wearing wonderfully well.

God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. Longman would send the reprint of the "Car-

mina" to the Doctor for you; the postscript to the notes is an excerpt from my half-finished letter to Brougham.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Jan. 11. 1821.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I enclose a letter for Elmsley. I have some objections, which appear to me of considerable weight, against the Constitutional Association. In the first place, it is reversing the order of things — Government is endangered by a devilish press, and instead of fairly attacking an evil which it must control, or be destroyed by it, it wishes to keep aloof, and leave individuals to associate for its defence; that is, we are to protect Government instead of being protected by it.

Secondly, political associations in turbulent times are very dangerous things. Clubs may be met by clubs, anti-Jacobine by Jacobine—till we come to club law.

Were it the system of the country, I should not object to a police as severe as that of Alfred, which would leave no man loose upon society; but I do not like to embody myself as a political *Familiar*, God knows, from no fear of popular odium, nor with any wish to shrink from responsibility or notice, if that were possible. That I have shown, and by God's blessing will show; but I do not like this mode of acting, because Government can and ought to do all that is meant to be done by this association.

Tell me what you think of this subject. I have

had a severe shock in the death of my poor little friend Nash, who left us only in November, having passed four months with us. Of the last five years we had been companions, at home and abroad, more than one; and a more thoroughly amiable man I never knew. How many pleasant recollections are turned to "eysel and gall" * by the loss of an intimate friend!

God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Jan. 15. 1821.

MY DEAR HARRY,

I have been very much shocked at hearing of poor Nash's death, the news of which was communicated to me by his brother-in-law, who tells me that you were called in to him, but too late. I had spent more than one year out of the last five in company with him, at home or abroad; and here he had become so domesticated that the children almost regarded him as one of the family. His death, therefore, has cast a deep shade

"Christe by crueltie
Was nayled upon a tree:
He paid a bitter pencion
For man's redemption:
He dranke eisel[1] and gall,
To redeme us withal."

SKELTON'S *Colyn Clout.*

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[1] *Eisile* is, as is well known, the Anglo-Saxon word for *vinegar*. So in German *Essig*, in Danish, *Eddike*.

over what were the sunniest recollections of my latter years. Poor fellow! he bore his cross so meekly that it was impossible to know him well without becoming greatly attached to him; and the more he was known, the more highly he was valued.

I must write ere long to his brother-in-law about the portraits which he, poor fellow! took to London with him to have them framed. You will be able to identify them; they were Cuthbert, my aunt Mary, Tom, and one of those of Edith May, of which there were three, little differing from each other. There are nine, and I shall ask to have the others which he made of this family for himself,—as things of no interest to others, but valuable here. There is, moreover, my *back* portrait, designed as the frontispiece to Dr. Dove, an intention which must be given up now that the drawing passes through other hands. I should very much like also to have his little pocket book, full of sketches which he made in his walks here.

The "Archaica" and "Heliconia" (six quarto volumes) went up in his trunk, when he wanted ballast; he was to send them to Longman's to bind for me, and we cut off the covers, which lessened their bulk about a fourth. I must inquire if they had been delivered to Longman, and if not, must trouble you to recover them for me.

Had it not been for this heavy loss, the new year would have been opened cheerfully with me in many respects, finding me well employed and in good heart and hope. On Christmas-day I received the first proofs of the "History of the War," and I am daily expecting the first proof of the hexameters, which make a poem of substantive length (above 600 lines) divided into several sections. I shall not get much by them except abuse,—which falls upon me with as little annoyance as hailstones upon an umbrella. But they

will be talked of, and there will be parties for and against the metre; but the practicability of the metre is proved, and the credit of the attempt will be worth having hereafter. I shall probably append to it, for the sake of adding three sheets to a thin book, my odes of the two last years, under the title of the "Warning Voice;" the first is very respectable, the second, *ni fallor*, of a high order.

Westall has made six admirable drawings to be engraved for my "Colloquies." He is to choose his own engraver; and if the engraver does them justice, they will be some of the most beautiful embellishments that were ever appended to a book of octavo size. Murray has sent them to me to look at. The view of this house, with Newlands in the distance, will delight you, and so will the three others which you will recognise. I am proceeding with those "Colloquies," and with the "Book of the Church;" so that you see I shall take the field this season in great force. "Oliver Newman" also is progressive; I am now in the sixth book, and as the mornings lengthen, shall get a spell at it before breakfast.

Tell Senhouse that I have received his "Dugdale" from Netterhall. I am very glad he is returning to this country. Elmsley talks of visiting me in July.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, &c.

Jan. 20. 1821.

My dear R.,

I have devised an hieroglyphic for a great Whig landholder,—it is an elephant with a Dodo's head; that

combination, I conceive, expressing the proportion between their power and their intellect.

My hexameters look well in print, and read well. I am finishing the preface, and in three weeks you will receive the book.

"Pandemonium"* will have opened when this reaches you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Jan. 27. 1821.

MY DEAR R.,

I trouble you with my last enclosure for the printer. In the course of a fortnight you will receive the book. The hexameters have nothing uncouth in their appearance, the type being adapted to their *longitude* rather than to the size of the page; and for their effect upon the ear, it must be a stubborn prejudice that maintains its ground against them. But a good pelting shower of abuse I shall have *sans* doubt, having with some ingenuity contrived to give matter, or pretext, of offence to all parties, like a very Ishmaelite. For I have neither placed Pitt nor Fox among the worthies of the late reign; and you may easily guess how that

* Lord Clarendon says, in writing under the head of 1641,—"The short recess of parliament, though it was not much above the space of a month, was yet a great refreshment to those who had sat near a full year, mornings and afternoons, with little or no intermission; *and in that warm region, where thunder and lightning were made.*"—*History of the Rebellion*, book iv. vol. ii. p. 14. 8vo. 1826.

sin of omission will be resented. Then in the preface I have a passage, by no means weakly worded, which my worthy friends Lord Byron and Moore will take to themselves, as a set-off in part, against some obligations due to them. And I have written a dedication to the King, with some doubt whether it may be proper to print it, in point of form, because it touches upon the state of the press; and if this should be thought to look as if I were appointing myself one of the King's counsellors, I have given a discretionary power of throwing it behind the fire; but if there be no informality in it, it will set the Whig and Jacobite swarm in motion. These villains cannot hate me more than they do, and I will lose no opportunity of making them feel me. They shall find me by far the most formidable of their antagonists. There is a page about the Opps (in the "Peninsular War"), now lying in the proof before me, which you would enjoy.

Mrs. R. shall have more journals shortly, and a quicker supply of it. My daughter Edith is at this time transcribing something else for you; I think it will amuse you; but you will see that it is not intended to be shown to an Irishman, and that it comes prudently in a handwriting which no person can recognise.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq

Keswick, Feb. 2. 1821.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

You have by this time learnt how readily I acquiesced in the decision which you and Herries

passed upon the dedication. You will not regard the trouble of the discussion; neither do I regret the time employed in composing it: the spirit moved me, and I satisfied myself by writing according to my feelings. There ended all my interest in the affair, for I have lived long enough to know how little such things are thought of by any but the writers themselves, and to apply that knowledge to things of more pith and moment than a dedication. How differently did I feel on that Saturday when the first number of the "Flagellant" was published! *Though there was not a line of my own in it*, still I felt that I had taken the field, and my own "Alphonso" was not filled with higher hopes and aspirations when first he put on the armour which his father had worn in Wamba's wars. I have a most vivid recollection of that day. The MS. of the "Vision" was sent me with the proofs. You mentioned an intention of preserving it, and therefore I have not thrown the dirty and befingered leaves into the fire, as otherwise I should have done. I have introduced Hogarth and Wesley. Mr. Wilson's letter in reply to mine having led me vehemently to suspect that the document which impeached his character was an invention of his wife's, I *restored* the lines which had been struck out *pendente lite*. The type is necessarily small, but there is nothing uncouth in the appearance of the page, nor of the lines—they *look* as well as blank verse. I am looking daily for the notes and the preface, with the intent of referring in the former to Westall's views for the line of mountains, and the evening effect described in the opening of the poem.

Concerning poor dear Nash's effects I know as little as you do. Nothing has been said to me about the drawings, which his family must know to be mine, and therefore I must write about them. He told me once that he either had left or intended to leave me two

splendid drawings, by Westall, of the Cave of Elephanta, in India; but I do not know whether he had made a will. I have some reason to suspect that those who are to share his property will not regret him so deeply and so long as I shall do. God bless you.

R. S.

Messrs. Longman & Co.

Feb. 7. 1821.

DEAR SIR,

I get no proof of the notes and preface to the "Vision," and it is time to ask what is become of them.

There is an entertaining account of my "Wesley" in the last "Evangelical Magazine," in all respects worthy of that enlightened journal. They set me down for a book-maker, treat me with great contempt for my ignorance of theology and ecclesiastical history, and hint, at the close, that what I must expect for such a book is—*damnation*!

Yours very truly,

R. SOUTHEY.

Messrs. Longman & Co.

Keswick, March 7. 1821.

DEAR SIR,

Among the numerous applications which are made to me for assistance, possible or impossible, upon

all kinds of subjects, one has just arrived on behalf of a poor compositor, who believes that a recommendation from you to any of your printers may obtain him employment, and thereby save his family from beggary and ruin. His story is simply this: that, having been employed twenty years in one office, he has been discharged in consequence of the introduction of the stereotype; and because he is not known in any other office, he cannot get employment.

How far any patronage of this kind is in your power, I of course am ignorant; but I cannot do otherwise than thus state the matter to you. If you can thus assist one who is represented to me as a worthy man, I dare say you will, and in that case I will beg you to communicate your kind intention by a line to either of the two Westalls, who are both very much interested about him. His name is Christie. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, March 14. 1821.

I blame myself for not having written to King as soon as I knew you were gone to Bristol. It did not occur to me till I received your letter; and indeed I was not sure that you had not returned, hearing nothing of you either from Harry or Rickman. If poor Danvers had been living, he would have been, as he always was, useful in time of need, always ready to perform any act of service and of kindness. If King had received my letter in regular time, he might

have relieved you of some trouble during the last week of your stay. A very mournful time you must have passed. I assure you it was often in my thoughts.

If there be one spot upon this earth that I remember with more feeling than any other, it is Ashton, such as it was forty years ago, when those village lanes of which you speak were in their beauty. The first time I ever rode on horseback was when you carried me thither, before you, from Bedminster.

Edward wrote me a very good letter, which pleased me very much. Tell him that I shall be glad to hear from him again, whenever he is disposed to write.

The "Vision" arrived here yesterday. There is a provoking error in the first page, where the printer has contrived to drop the final *a* in Glaramara. And in the extract from Landor's "Essay," the word *ac* has crept in, nonsensically. Landor has sent you a copy of his volume, which has found its way to me, and must wait for an opportunity of conveyance.

The dedication was a good one; but I took an *official* opinion concerning its etiquette, and, in conformity to that opinion, struck out the part which, in the form of compliment, conveyed a well-timed warning. The metre will probably attract some notice, and possibly occasion some discussion *pro* and *con*: the subject will provoke some abuse, to which I am perfectly indifferent. I do not expect that more than 500 copies will sell, but I am glad the experiment has been made. It was my intention to have printed two odes with it; but finding that there was no want of *eking*, and knowing that short lines in a quarto page would have looked ridiculous if printed in the same type as the hexameters, I laid them aside.

"Lope de Aguirres Adventures" are gone to the printer, with considerable additions, such as were necessary to make the story complete when it appeared

as a separate publication. It will form one volume, like the "Life of Nelson," in the small size. Murray's printer, proceeds very slowly with the "History." I have corrected only thirteen sheets.

The "Correio Braziliense" is now become an interesting work. My only hope for Portugal was that Ucalegon's house might be burnt to the ground before the flames extended there. Ferdinand, I think, can hardly escape death, and Spain will be from one sea to another the seat of a *Spanish* civil war, which will be *plus quam civile* with a vengeance. What will become of Portugal I cannot conjecture; but it appears very likely that the poor king, between his two stools, will come to the ground. To-day's paper brings news of the explosion at Para. The sure effect of revolution in Brazil will be to divide that country among as many Artigases and Aguirres as have ability to keep a regiment of ruffians together. I do not see what can save the interior from this; and the great maritime cities will probably run the same course as Buenos Ayres. The end of these things I shall not live to see; but I have a good deal to say upon the prospects of society, which I shall bring forward in my "Colloquies."

Did I tell you that two translations of "Roderick" have been published at Paris, and a third is talked of. One of them has been sent me. If I wished to show any young poet what images and expressions in the poem had any peculiar propriety, it might be done by telling him to mark everything which the translator had either generalised or skipt. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, March 23. 1821.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Your confession that you dislike the "Vision of Judgment" less than you expected, is more gratifying to me than half the compliments that I shall receive; for you know I anticipated from the beginning your hearty disapproval. A great many of the persons who usually write to me on such occasions are just now waiting to see which way the wind of public opinion will set in; but, among the poets, I may call for a division, and count a majority.

I am very much amused at your account of Murray and the *literaliste*, and at their concern for my devoted head. Lord Byron had deserved more than this at my hands; but what I have written proceeded from a sense of duty, not from any personal resentment: if any personal feeling existed it was a latent apprehension that some undeserved censure might attach to me for the scandalous silence of the "Quarterly Review" concerning "Don Juan." As for Murray's anticipated contest, I have no itch for controversy, and will never be drawn into one; only, if Lord Byron provoke it, I will read him a lecture somewhat more at length, and such a one as will last quite as long as his lordship's works.

My hope for Europe was that the Spanish revolution would have reached its stage of blood soon enough to deter all other nations from entering upon the same course. My fears are now like yours, and perhaps more for Germany (especially the Prussian States) than for France and Brabant; for if Germany were sound, the spirit might once more be abated by force of arms. Great part of the evil has proceeded from

the English newspapers, from the language held in Parliament, and from the foreign journals printed in England—to these latter the movements in Portugal and Brazil may directly be ascribed. If the Portuguese ambassadors had done their duty, they should long ago have called upon this Government to send the editors of those journals out of the country, by the Alien Act, or at least have prosecuted them.

The Austrians say of themselves — "*Nous serons les derniers,*" looking upon the event as inevitable. Shall we escape? I should say, certainly *not*, if I looked merely at human causes, for here the tendency of everything is to the utter overthrow of our institutions —forgive me if I include the Catholic question among the co-operating causes of destruction. But I have a trust in Providence, and in that trust a cheering and steady hope, which, if it rested upon any other foundation, would be utterly unreasonable.

My feelings upon this subject were expressed in the last "New Year's Ode," which Bedford may perhaps have shown you. If you have not seen it, I will send it you, as it may be long before it gets to the press; and though I have no talent for lyrical composition, it was written rapidly and earnestly.

I think you need not be alarmed at Watkin's tendency to croup. There is a spurious form of the disease which frequently recurs, and which is more alarming than dangerous. I know this by experience.

I am reading, for the second time, Michaelis's "Commentaries on the Laws of Moses," in an English translation — certainly one of the most able and important books that I have ever perused. He wishes the introduction of slavery as a punishment. This is very unlike his usual sagacity, *for he seems to forget the effect which slavery produces upon the master.* God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

April 3. 1821.

MY DEAR G.,

The King has desired Sir William Knighton to let me know that "he has read the 'Vision of Judgment' twice, and that he is much gratified by the dedication, and pleased with the poem." Could you get a copy sent with the despatches to our minister at Florence for Landor, who is at Pisa? I know not in what other manner to transmit it to him, and this is one of the uses of an ambassador. I once received at one time three folios through the Spanish ambassador from Cadiz. Landor has only seen the first paragraph, which I sent him in a letter, and it has made him a convert to the metre. This is no slight conquest, for except Wynn I had looked upon him as the person among all my friends least likely to be reconciled to it. But the verdict of my peers is most decidedly in its favour.

Now to a more important subject. You were duly apprised towards the end of the year of Othello's death. Since that lamented event this house was cat-less, till on Saturday, March 24., Mrs. Calvert, knowing how grievously we were annoyed by rats, offered me what she described as a fine full-grown black cat, who was moreover a tom. She gave him an excellent character in all points but one, which was that he was a most expert pigeon-catcher; and as they had a pigeon house, this propensity rendered it necessary to pass sentence upon him either of transportation or of death. Moved by compassion (his colour and his tomship also being taken into consideration), I consented to give him an asylum, and on the evening of that day here he came in a sack.

You, Grosvenor, who are a *philogalist*, and therefore

understand more of cat nature than has been ever attained by the most profound naturalists, know how difficult it is to reconcile a cat to a new domicile. When the sack was opened, the kitchen door, which leads into the passage, was open also, and the cat disappeared; not indeed like a flash of lightning, but as fast as one,—that is to say, for all purposes of a simile. There was no chance of his making his way back to the pigeon-house. He might have done this had he been carried thrice the distance in any other direction; but in this there was either a river to cross, or a part of the town to pass, both of which were such obstacles to his travels that we were quite sure all on this side of them was to him *terra incognita*. Food, therefore, was placed where he would be likely to find it in the night; and at the unanimous desire of the children, I took upon myself the charge of providing him with a name, for it is not proper that a cat should remain without one. Taking into consideration his complexion, as well as his sex, my first thought was to call him Henrique Diaz, a name which poor Koster would have approved, had he been living to have heard it; but it presently occurred to me that the Zombi * would be an appellation equally appropriate and more dignified. The Zombi, therefore, he was named.

It was soon ascertained that the Zombi had taken possession of poor Wilsey's cellar, which being filled with pea-sticks afforded him a secure hiding-place; the kitchen also of that part of the house being forsaken, he was in perfect quiet. Food was laid for him every day, and the children waited impatiently for the time when the Zombi would become acquainted with the house, and suffer them to become acquainted with him. Once

* The title of the Chief of the Palmares negroes. See History of Brazils, vol. iii. p. 24.

or twice in the evening he was seen out of doors, and it was known that he reconnoitred the premises in the night; but in obstinate retirement he continued from Saturday till Saturday, seven days and nights, notwithstanding all kind words were used to bring him out, as if he had been determined to live and die a hermit.

But between four and five o'clock on the Sunday morning, all who had ears to hear were awakened by such screams as if the Zombi had been caught in a rat-trap, or had met with some other excruciating accident. You, Mr. Bedford, understand cats, and know very well that a cat-*solo* is a very different thing from a *duet;* and that no person versed in their tongue can mistake their expression of pain for anything else. The creature seemed to be in agonies. A light was procured, that it might be relieved if that were possible. Upon searching the house, the Zombi was seen at the top of Wilsey's stairs, from whence he disappeared, retreating to his stronghold in the cellar; nor could any traces be discovered of any hurt that could have befallen him, nor has it since appeared that he had received any, so that the cause of this nocturnal disturbance remains an impenetrable mystery.

Various have been our attempts to explain it. Some of the women who measure the power of rats by their own fears, would have it that he was bitten by a rat, or by an association of rats; but to this I indignantly replied that in that case the ground would have been strewn with their bodies, and that it would have been the rats' cry, not the Zombi's, that would have been heard. Dismissing, therefore, that impossible supposition, I submit to your consideration, in the form of queries, the various possibilities which have occurred to me, — all unsatisfactory, I confess, — requesting you to assist me in my endeavour to find out the mystery of this wonderful history, as it may truly be called. You

will be pleased to bear in mind that the Zombi was the only cat concerned in the transaction: of that I am perfectly certain.

Now then, Grosvenor,—

1. Had he seen the devil?
2. Was he making love to himself?
3. Was he engaged in single combat with himself?
4. Was he attempting to raise the devil by invocation?
5. Had he heard me sing, and was he attempting (vainly) to imitate it?

These queries, you will perceive, all proceed upon the supposition that it was the Zombi who made the noise. But I have further to ask,—

6. Was it the devil?
7. Was it Jeffery? *
8. Were either of these personages tormenting the Zombi?

I have only to add that from that time to this he continues in the same obstinate retirement, and to assure you that

I remain,
Mr. Bedford,
With the highest consideration,
Yours as ever,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P. S. One further query occurs while I am writing. Sunday having been the first of the month—

9. Was he making April fools of us?

R. S.†

* The explanation of this term is to be sought in the "Life of Wesley," where he is described as "not a malicious goblin, but one easily offended." See vol. i. p. 23., and notes, pp. 432—465, 2nd edit.

† "I admire your solution of Zombi's *Notturno*. Alas! he has gone beyond space once more, and has never returned. He is

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

April 4. 1821.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I did not omit Henry V. from any remains of prejudice, but because I wished not to lengthen a muster roll which was likely to be too long, and is indeed disproportionate to the other parts of the poem. Yet certainly I cannot agree with you in thinking that Cœur de Lion might be displaced to make room for him, for Richard must ever be one of the heroes of romance. Madame de Stael told me she meant to make him the hero of a prose epic. His taste for Saracens' heads was something like that for *Irish bacon* which prevailed in Wales about the same time, and belonged rather to the age than to the individual. But Richard's, you know, was only a display to frighten the Saracens, whereas the bacon was, no doubt, for use. Barbarous customs kept their ground longer in this island than historians seem to have observed. Did I tell you that in Galloway something like the Polyandrian system of the ancient Britons appears to have prevailed as late as the twelfth century; so at least I interpret a passage in the Acta Sanctorum.

vanished, without a hope of his re-appearance, or a vestige of him remaining. We are promised to succeed him a Black Tomling, whom I have named Prester John — that hierarch being the most remarkable black potentate whom I could call to mind. Long live Prester John! and may he be more fortunate than his predecessors, Othello and Pulcheria." — *MS. Letter from R. S. to G. C. B.*, April 29. 1821.

"We expect Prester John shortly. The Zombi has completely disappeared. We have a visitor whom I have named William Rufus (of Lord Nelson's blood I doubt not); and there is a finer one of the same complexion in the town, upon whom I have conferred the name of Danayr le Roux,—but you must read the old romance of Gyron le Courtoys to know how great a hero Red Danayr was." — *Ibid.* 11th May, 1821.

You speak of Davy in one of your letters. When you saw him at Bristol, I was in habits of the greatest intimacy with him. That intimacy has fallen off, less from remoteness of place and dissimilarity of pursuits, than because of the effect which high life and prosperity have produced upon him; an effect which has been such, that for many years I have felt more pain in his company, from remembering what he was, than any pleasure to be derived from his conversation would compensate. A great man most unquestionably he is in one line, but in that line he would be even greater than he is, if the world had less hold upon him. It has made him vain, selfish, and sensual; and weaned him from all his old friends.

Old friends are the best of all possessions, and there is nothing in this world which can supply their loss.

The King sends me word that he has read the "Vision of Judgment" twice, is much gratified with the dedication, and pleased with the poem. The dedication was a good one as it originally stood, for I had touched upon the state of the press in a way which pleased myself both as to the matter and the form. This was not struck out from any fear of the obloquy which it would provoke, but because I thought it might seem out of its place, and as it were intruded where I had no business to introduce it. Concerning the metre, I have the full and entire concurrence of the poets whom I know, and of the female readers. Nor indeed have I heard as yet of any repugnance to it, except from you, whom, as you know, I expected to *ride upon an insurmountable obstacle!* *

I am now taking up the "Tale of Paraguay," with the determination of going through with it, for the most urgent of all reasons. And I shall have to send you ere

* An old Westminster allusion, explained in Vol. II. p. 322.

long that "History of Lope de Agierre," which was inserted in the "Annual Register," reprinted in a little volume, making the thirty-fourth of my operas in that size.

Is the second volume of the "Scriptores Rerum Hibernicarum" published? Whenever it is, I will, if I possibly can, review it, in the hope of bringing it into notice, or at least of giving to the editor that commendation to which he is so fully entitled.

God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M. P.

April 6. 1821.

My dear Wynn,

The enclosed refuses an invitation to dine on the third of May with the Literary Fund Society, for the good reason that I intend to dine in Cumberland on that day; and a refusal to write verses for the said dinner, for the equally good reason that I am too busy, and have no talent for occasional poetry.

Another reason not less decisive might have been added, if I had not borne in mind that the least which is *said* is the soonest *mended!* a maxim which I impress upon my children when they hurt themselves in infancy, as a charm to stop their crying. That reason is, that if I wrote satire, there are few subjects on which I should lay on the lash with so much severity as this worshipful society, which, while it lauds itself as a joint-stock company of patronage, does in fact nothing more than relieve literary pauperism by donations of five and of ten pounds, which just serve to purchase a reprieve from the

sponging-house or the parish, and to prolong the process of starving.

I could say much upon this subject, and upon the sort of society which would really be beneficial to literature and to the community. Whatever Dr. Johnson may have said, the booksellers are *not* the best patrons of literature. They *must* consider solely what is likely to sell, not what deserves to be printed. The scheme for an academy which has been published, is ridiculous; but academies are not in themselves bad things. In other countries they have done a great deal, and there is a great deal to be done in this, which will never be done without one.

How much depends upon Austria at this moment! A liberal policy might do wonders now, but the race of statesmen is extinct. With evil on all sides, one has nothing to hope for except tranquillity, and that sort of melioration arising from the spirit of the age, which was going on every day till the French Revolution brought on an age of blood.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, April 30. 1821.

I HAVE a letter by this day's post from Knox, concerning Edward, for whose interest he seems to feel as warmly as I could wish him. He is of opinion that it will be better not for him to stand out for College next year, because it will require *cramming* (an operation which whether it be always beneficial he doubts; I, for my part, not doubting that it is always injurious),

and because of his youth and gentleness of disposition. His utmost efforts next year could not be expected to bring him in except among the four last; and then, to use Knox's words, "a gentle, delicate boy would be subjected to the severest part of a severe discipline." The year after he would probably come in very high. Knox must be the best judge of all this. With regard to the discipline of which he speaks, it is one of those evils which cry aloud for extirpation; and against which I should have cried aloud ere this, if it were not for the temper of the times, when so many persons would join in the cry for the purpose of mischief. But the economy of our public schools stands grievously in need of reform. Goodenough had an opportunity last year of breaking the tyranny which is exercised in College, when a flagrant instance came before him in the case of James Moore's case. But I believe that, like most men who are connected with old establishments, he wishes to maintain things as they are; and the worse they are, the more does he feel it a point of honour to maintain them.

One of the errors in our old school education is exemplified in Edward's own case, for he is nearly two years more forward than he would have been in the regular course of the school; boys usually entering the fourth form from the age of thirteen to fourteen. If my dear Herbert had lived to reach that age, he would have been advanced enough for the *sixth* form, and have acquired as many modern languages as I could have taught him, or learnt in teaching him. Yet his lessons never employed more than three hours in the day, and when he was with me they were as much sport as study; so easily are these things acquired by a willing and apt mind when it is led in the right way.

I should have been very anxious to hear of the

children, if the Doctor had not written. Love to my aunt. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, May 8. 1821.

MY DEAR WYNN,

During the last year or year and a half that I was at Westminster, one imposition served me: after it was given up and laid on the table, it was regularly *abstracted*, either by myself or the Ἄναξ ἀνδρων*, for whom I performed the like service. And so it lasted, till the appearance of the *quartan* might have betrayed its history to an observant eye. Something like this I have now good hope of effecting with my "Official Odes." It was notified to Shield that one would be required this year; and one having been made ready (which to him is really a serious labour, the mere transcribing the music being a week's work for an industrious copyist), he is plainly mortified. But it has not been called for. I, on the other hand, am exceedingly well pleased, meaning not to write anything else upon St. George's Day as long as this can be kept in reserve.

I am very glad to hear that you are concerned with the "Records," especially if it is likely to accelerate a work so much wanted as that of a Corpus Historicum. What I fear is, that it will be very slowly performed, which to a man who wishes to make use of it is a serious consideration. These things are best done by an efficient academy, when there are no monastic institutions, or none who maintain a character for erudition. Such

* His friend Combe.

an academy might render very great service to British literature; but the scheme which was lately talked of was absurd enough to make the very name ridiculous.

Do you know that the late * * * * *, while he was in office, transferred some very valuable papers from the public records to his own possession? So * * * * of the Record Office, assured me, with great indignation, he having a proper sense of the value of such things.

I should like to know what your "Corpus" is to comprehend; and how far you purpose to come down with it. I hope the Saxon and Welsh remains may be included, with literal Latin versions. You will want more labourers than one. Palgrave should be commander-in-chief, but he should have others under him. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, May 18. 1821.

My dear R.,

Thank you for the "Highland Road and Bridge Report," the enormous labour of which I can very well understand. The plans provoke me by the inconvenience and ugliness of their economy. If we are too poor to afford anything ornamental, they might at least have been given upon plates the size of the page, as many in each as that size would allow. The report tells me of much that I did not know, and pleasantly reminds me of what I did.

I was about to ask you a question which you are more likely than any other person to answer. When

was slavery abolished in England? or was it ever abolished by any specific act? I find that a great many villains emancipated themselves, during the wars of York and Lancaster, by taking refuge in large towns, and taking advantage of frequent changes of property, and the general insecurity; and I find that, when Holinshed compiled his "Chronicles," any bondsman setting foot in England became free, such being "the privilege of our country, by the especial grace of God and bounty of our princes." But I do not find when this became law or custom; nor can I discover any time or state of things when such an act was likely to have past.

The "Dialogues" (which I believe I have mentioned to you) lead me to this enquiry, and indeed to everything connected with the progress of society in England.

The progress of my Peninsular volumes depends now upon the printer. I have corrected twenty-one sheets, and expect that the first volume will be carried through the press in the course of the autumn: whether it will be published then, or detained till the whole is ready, is as the bookseller thinks proper.

Poor King of Portugal and Brazil! His coming to Europe is, I have no doubt, a forlorn hope that he may find an asylum in England. Were it not for Spain, the business at Lisbon might be settled as easily as at Naples.

I am glad you are satisfied with the "Vision" as a metrical experiment, concerning which different opinions reach me, — the most conclusive being that women readily catch the rhythm and like it. The King took notice of it in the best-natured way possible, by telling my brother at the birthday that I had sent him a very beautiful poem, and that he had read it with great pleasure. The truth is, if I had not written something out of the common way, I could not have written at all upon such a subject.

The modern Oliver Cromwell is a person of that name who has lately published memoirs of his great ancestor. I think old Nol himself could not have made a worse book. Your belief in the Εἰκὼν makes me the better pleased with having expressed my own.

God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. Remember me, I pray you, to Mr. Telford when you see him; I live in hopes of seeing him here one of these days.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, May 27. 1821.

THERE is an article in Lackington's Catalogue (No. 7825.) which I should like you to look at, — it is a large MS. concerning the negotiation at the Treaty of the Pyrenees, in French, price two guineas, from Dr. Laurence's collection. Portugal was so much concerned in that treaty, that I should think this MS. must be worth having; and I would have ordered it immediately, only that it is better not to buy a pig in a poke, when there is any one who can be depended upon (like little Stevens) for approving the pig.

This reminds me of my "History of Portugal," and, by that connection, that Sir Charles Stuart sent a message to me through Henry Wynn*, that he should be glad if I would return his books if I had done with them, not saying where the single book which I have of his should be sent, nor thanking me for the "History of Brazil." I have only the "Valeroso Luci-

* The present Sir Henry W. W. Wynn. See Vol. II. p. 295.

deno," which he sent by the post, and for which I paid one guinea postage, sixteen having been charged for it. This is not done with; for I am using it in improving my first volume, and have to take from it a very interesting account of the Duke of Braganza's mode of life at Villa Vicosa. When I have done this, which shall be at my first convenient leisure, the book shall be sent by some good opportunity to Harry's, for your further direction. I shall not accompany it with any letter of thanks to Sir Charles, because he did not think proper to call upon me at Paris, where I made it my first business to leave a card at his door.*

The "Correio Braziliense" is now become an interesting work. Some of my acquaintance are in the Cortes. Baeta is one of the moderate party, who are for allowing a suspensive veto, as they call it, to the crown; and the poor Coimbra Professor of Botany of Brotero, keeps out of the way upon ticklish questions, wishing, no doubt, that he were quietly at home with his plants. I look upon the King's return as a measure of personal safety, that he may be within reach of our protection, and perhaps of Austrian assistance. The same troops which have quieted Naples may easily be transported to Lisbon; and, at all events, his life will be safe at Lisbon. The proceedings of the Cortes are like those in Spain at their first meeting, — unmethodical, precipitate, metaphysical, and mischievous, good intentions being frustrated by the ignorance and inexperience of those who put themselves forward, and the task of putting such a government to rights requiring abler statesmen than could possibly grow up under it. The work of demolition is likely to be very completely done; and if the King could find a minister like

* "Friday, May 16.—My first business was to leave a card at Sir C. Stuart's."—*MS. Journal through France and Switzerland*, 1817.

Pombal, he might build up new institutions, as the new city was built, the old one having been thrown down by the earthquake. The end of these convulsions in Spain I do not expect to live to see.

Two hundred pages of my "Peninsular War" are printed. The little volume of "Aguirre's Adventures" will soon be finished, and you will have it in the course of two or three weeks. There is another episode in American history which I think of composing for the "Quarterly Review" ere long, — the last insurrections of the Indians, under one of the Inca family, during the American war. The only account which has ever been published is in the "History of Buenos Ayres," by Funes. At present I am finishing a life of Oliver Cromwell for the "Review." Murray allows me to make use hereafter of any English lives which are written for the "Review," in a series of such lives, for which he will pay me 500*l.* per volume, the intended extent of the series being six octavo volumes.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, June 15. 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The public news from Brazil has made me look daily, with much anxiety, for tidings concerning you — in what manner these revolutionary movements may have affected your interests. As they have neither been hasty nor unforeseen, I should hope there had been time to extricate your property from the precarious hands in which it was placed. But then I call to mind

how much easier it is to run into danger than to withdraw from it, and that tottering governments are too much alarmed and perplexed to pay much regard to their engagements. On the other hand, it occurs to me that the Government would endeavour to fulfil its engagements to British subjects in preference to any other, because the King's intention of returning to Portugal must have, for one chief motive, the desire of feeling himself within reach of British protection.

I think of writing a paper upon the state of Portugal and Brazil, for the "Quarterly Review." The separation of the two countries can hardly be prevented now; indeed, the wisest conduct could only have delayed it, and brought it about quickly and amicably by a division of the kingdoms, fixing one son at Lisbon, and the other branch at the Rio. But the tendency of all commercial colonies is towards republicanism: the foundations upon which monarchy rests are wanting. It is to be expected that the Brazilians will form a constitution in imitation of the American States, without any regard to the difference of their habits, character, and former institutions. Disputes and divisions between the great captaincies will be the next step; and while the great cities undergo as many revolutions as Buenos Ayres, the interior will be at the mercy of troops of banditti as bad as the worst of the old Paulistas. I can see but one motive which may, perhaps, alarm the revolutionary party, and possibly keep them within some bounds — a fear of the negroes, who, in case of civil war, may renew, in most of the great cities, the tragedy of St. Domingo.

The prospect in Portugal is not so bad. The revolution there may be prevented from going the same lengths as in Spain, by the situation of Lisbon, where England would not suffer the King to be put to death,

and whither an Austrian force might be transported from Naples, if the throne were in danger. The Portuguese reformers appear to mistake the nature of the political disease in that country, which was less in the form of their government than in its corruptions and the abuse of the laws. Had the laws been regularly administered, they would not have had occasion to try their hands at making a constitution.

I am bestowing great pains upon the first volume of "Brazil," the reprinting of which will soon be finished. A great many curious facts and details I have got at by means of books and papers which have come to my hands since its first publication, particularly from a "History of the West Indian Company," in Dutch, by Joannes de Laet. The additions which I have made amount to a tenth of the volume, as far as the printing has proceeded. Thirty sheets of the "Peninsular War" are printed. This is my main business at present, and I must work the closer at it, having suspended it lately to write a view of Oliver Cromwell's life for the "Quarterly Review." This I have just finished, and count upon its produce for my Midsummer bills. It is a fine subject, but the limits of a review will not allow room for doing it justice. One of these days I shall enlarge it for insertion in the projected series of biography.

Richmond must be at this time in full beauty; so, indeed, is Keswick. Summer is come at last, and the delight of bathing draws me out of doors when nothing else would. In this library of mine, I very often think of yours as the only room which may fairly vie with it. If we could but bring the two within a reasonable distance of each other, it would add very much to my enjoyments.

My uncle writes in good spirits, so that I hope he

has recovered from the effects of his long and miserable confinement at Bristol. I hear a very good account of his eldest son from Knox, the usher of his boarding house, who, in kindness for me, takes more interest in, and more pains with, him than money could purchase. The boy has good talents, is not wanting in diligence, and has the best possible disposition. It is a great source of satisfaction to me that my uncle's children promise so well. If it please God that he should live to the age of his elder brother, he may by that time see the three eldest so forward in the way of life, that they will only have to proceed regularly in the course before them.

You could not have fixed your son at a better college than Exeter. Perhaps it has one advantage over Oriel —that it does not hold itself quite so high. My old friend and fellow collegian, Lightfoot, has lately placed a son there, by Copplestone's advice, who could not find room for him at Oriel; that is, *more suo*, he preferred somebody of more consequence to the son of an old acquaintance in humble life. Your next care respecting John will be the choice of a profession for him. This is a very anxious subject. I shall be an old man before it comes upon me, if my poor Cuthbert should live to grow up, and if I should live to see — two contingencies, each of which has the chances very much against it. At present, thank God! he thrives, and is as happy as the day is long. The others are doing well. Your goddaughter took the field to-day with a sketch-book in proper form. Poor dear Nash was always urging her to this. Have you got your portrait? There is the beginning of a letter biographical in my desk, the date whereof makes me ashamed. Remember me most kindly to Mrs. May and your daughters, and to John also if he be at home. The two

Ediths desire me to present their remembrances. Pray let me hear from you soon. God bless you.

Yours most affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Neville White, &c.

Keswick, June 21, 1821.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

The copyright act as it now stands certainly applies to the "Remains;" the alteration in that act having been intended as a favour to authors, and partly also as a set-off against the hardship of exacting the eleven copies. The "Remains" are your property as long as you live, or either of your sisters, considering the work as your joint property.

You have now to consider what materials there are which may be published with the Illustrations. We acted imprudently in adding anything after the first edition; nothing was gained by it, and the only effect was to lessen the worth of the first edition, and expend materials which might now have been turned to account. Did I not some years ago examine the MS. volume in my possession with this view, and send you what could be gleaned from it? I seem to recollect so, but am not certain.

With regard to the portrait of your excellent mother, there will come a time when both her portrait and yours ought to accompany these "Remains." The objection which you feel in one instance applies to both, and long may it be before that objection shall cease to exist.

It is a long while since I heard of Wm. Westall; but if he moves northward this year, he is very likely to take Nottingham in his way, certainly could make it so without any inconvenience.

Your weather, it seems, has been like ours, cold and ungenial. I see by the papers that the season has been equally unfavourable in France; unless there be a speedy change, the agriculturists will not have cause to complain of a plentiful harvest this year as an aggravation of their distresses. Here we are in great want of rain. We had a few warm days last week, which I made the most of, and took a delicious bath every day up the River Greta, about a mile and a half distant.

I am now closely employed upon the "History of the Peninsular War," of which the thirty-second sheet is now before me. It is a singularly interesting occupation thus to record a series of events the progress of which I watched so earnestly and anxiously; and now, with the whole before me, to observe wherein I judged rightly at the time, and wherein the opinions which I then formed were erroneous. I do not find that I was mistaken upon any point of importance, except in expecting good from assembling the Cortes. The subject is a noble one, and remarkably complete. With the second part of the tragedy I have nothing to do, and God knows what the end will be, or who will live to see it.

Chancey Townsend wrote to me for your direction, when he published his volume of poems, meaning, I believe, to send you a copy. You will be pleased with many of them. They breathe a sweet strain of natural feeling. There is a tale in Crabbe's manner, which is very well told, but the story is of a kind which excites nothing but pain in the perusal.

You will doubtless form by degrees a clerical library. They are reprinting "Strype's Lives" at the Clarendon Press. The writings of this very useful and

laborious man * contain the fullest account of whatever concerns the Church of England from the commencement of the Reformation to the beginning of James the First's reign. We are promised also from the same press a collection of South's works — a man of incomparable powers of reasoning and strength of mind, and whom I do not like the worse for his honest acrimony against those who had stirred up these kingdoms to rebellion. Reginald Heber is publishing Jeremy Taylor's works, the most eloquent of our divines, perhaps of all our writers, — wise, and gentle, and amiable; but as liable to be led astray by the warmth of his fancy, as South was by the heat of his temper, though in a different direction. They are, however, both safe guides, and sound pillars of our Church; for Taylor errs only in accrediting too easily suspicious legends of the early Romish church, and in admitting, what is and must be mere supposition to assume, in his own mind something like the consistency of belief. You know what the late King said of the divines of that age, — "*There were giants in those days.*" God bless you,

My dear Neville,

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, July 2. 1821.

I HAVE the whole series of "Harris's Lives,"—some of the most worthless books they are that ever were

* "Good old John Strype, one of those humble and happy-minded men who, by diligent labouring in the fields of literature, find while they live an enjoyment from which time takes away nothing of its relish, and secure for themselves an honourable and lasting remembrance in the gratitude of posterity." — *Vindiciæ Eccl. Anglicanæ*, p. 360.

puffed into reputation. The author,—if author he may be called, — was a dissenting minister, and therefore praised by his brethren, the reviewers of that day; and at that time, when few persons thought of consulting an original writer, he obtained a character for research, because he strung together, in the most unmethodical and inconvenient manner possible, a heap of extracts with little or no discrimination, and in the worst spirit of his cast. My paper upon Cromwell's life is finished, and the proofs returned to Murray. It is long for its place, but too short by half for its subject.

Some anonymous person has written me a letter for the purpose of telling me, seriously and civilly, that it is my duty to—make a new version of the psalms, and lay it before the King, to be by him approved and appointed to be sung in churches!! My correspondence extraordinary would make a curious volume.

Dibdin, with whom I have no other acquaintance than that of having once dined with him at Longman's, has very civilly sent me his "Bibliographical Tour," which is more beautifully embellished than any work I ever saw. He prints one edition, and then destroys the plates—a fashion which is worse than stupid. Ten guineas is the price of the three volumes. Murray sent me "Captain Parry's Voyage;" and I have got from a catalogue Bishop Hacket's "Life of the Lord Keeper Archbishop Williams." They have begun to publish Strype's "Lives at Oxford," and I have sent for those which are advertised. I picked out lately from the books of our late vicar a "History of the Convocation," "Whiston's Memoirs of Himself," and the "Christian Directory of Father Persons"* (commonly called Parsons), which I shall put in as good a cover as this country can make for it, it being at present too ragged to be read.

* This volume was printed at Douay, 1650.

The Cortes have voted to turn the Franciscans out of Mafra, and *not* to put the Canons in. The convent libraries, or what remains of them, will, I dare say, soon be in the market; and many books will then be sold as waste paper for which I should be glad to pay largely if it were within reach!

The printer gets on well with my History. If you like to look at it in its progress, Bedford has the clean sheets, which I shall not want till the close of the volume. I wish Frere were in England; he promised me papers which he always delayed to send, but I should have had them now, and by means of questioning, I could have obtained from him much satisfactory information concerning individuals whom he knew, and affairs in which he was engaged. If he comes home this summer, he may yet be in time for me.

My annual cold is in great perfection at this time. I am now trying a course of exercise for it, have walked ten miles to-day, and mean to walk twenty to-morrow. Mrs. Keenan is with us, sister of General M'Kinnon, who was killed at Ciudad Rodrigo. A cart full of females goes to-morrow to Buttermere, and I am the footman of the party.

Love to my aunt and the children. I have some expectation of seeing Elmsley here this summer.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Bernard Barton, Esq.

Keswick, July 9. 1821.

MY DEAR SIR,

I had not leisure to reply to your former letter when it arrived: a full reply to it, indeed, would re-

quire a dissertation rather than a letter. The influence of the Holy Spirit is believed by all Christians, except the Ultra-Socinians; the more pious Socinians would admit it, though under a different name. But the question, "What is, and what is not, the effect of that influence?" is precisely asking where, in religious cases, reason ends and insanity begins. In all communities of Christians there have been, and are, persons who mistake their own imaginations for inspiration: and that this was done in some cases by the early Quakers, the present members of that society would not deny.

It is always my custom to have a work long in my thoughts before it is taken actually in hand, and to collect materials, and let the plan digest while my main occupation is upon some other subject, which has undergone the same slow but necessary process. At present I am printing the "History of the Peninsular War,"—a great work; and it is probable that this is not the only work which I shall bring out, before the "Life of George Fox" becomes my immediate business. One great advantage arising from this practice is, that much in the mean time is collected in the course of other pursuits which would not have been found by a direct search; facts and observations of great importance frequently occurring where the most diligent investigator would never think of looking for them. The habit of noting and arranging such memoranda is acquired gradually, and can hardly be learnt otherwise than by experience.

So Bonaparte is now as dead as Cæsar and Alexander! I did not read the tidings of his death without a mournful feeling, which I am sure you also must have experienced, and which I think you are likely as well as able to express in verse. It is an event which will give vent to

many poems, but I see no one so likely as yourself to touch the right strings. Farewell,

And believe me yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. I do not remember whether I told you that Thomas Wilkinson, who is a collector of autographs, showed me a specimen of George Fox's handwriting, and told me it bore a remarkable resemblance to Mirabeau's,—than whom it would not be possible to find a man more unlike him in everything else.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, August 19. 1821.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Returning yesterday from a fortnight's visit at Netherhall, I found on my chimney-piece a card with these lines:—

"Southey, for thee, whom not one Muse neglects,
A quondam critic leaves his kind respects;
Long us'd thy genius and thy worth to scan,
Who loves the Poet, fain would know the Man."

On the other side was the name of the Rev. Archdeacon Nares. That name recalls many recollections, now more than thirty years old, of which, in all human probability, not a trace will remain on earth thirty years hence,—the Bishopric, the Lord H., and that city which will be more irrecoverably lost than Atlantis or the Ten Tribes. He saw my aunt Mary, who introduced him

to my den, which he pronounced a very comfortable one, as in truth it is; so comfortable, so every way suited to my wants and wishes, that I have not a desire beyond it.

Netherhall, where I have been with Mrs. Southey and my eldest and youngest children, belongs to Senhouse, my fellow-traveller in Switzerland. The tower in which we slept was standing in Edward the Second's reign, and some of his papers go back as far as the reigns of Edward I., Henry III.,—one as far as King John. One of his family preached Charles the First's coronation sermon, upon a text which was afterwards noted as ominous. In the wars which ensued, the second of two sons served in the King's army. The eldest brother died, and the parents then wished to recall the survivor, lest their line should be extinct; but knowing, or having found, that other means would not succeed, they sent a faithful tenant of the family to persuade him to return. The event was that this tenant remained to take his chance in the same good cause. They were at Marston Moor together, and at Naseby. There Senhouse fell: his friend searched the field for his body, and found him dreadfully cut, and with a fractured skull, but still breathing. By timely care he was recovered, and lived to continue the race: the tenant had his land enfranchised, and both properties are still in the same lines. Senhouse's sword has the back notched on each side, so as to form a double-toothed saw, to be used as such I suppose, for in a sword of that shape, made to cut and not to thrust with, this could not be intended to make a worse wound. I never saw one of the kind before.

My brother Henry writes me that Alexander the Ventriloquist is looking for me with a letter of introduction from a member of the Dutch Institute, whose wife has translated "Roderick" into the language of

the Hogen Mogen. When this Laker extraordinary arrives, he ought to read me a specimen of the translation in his belly, to give it its full effect!

The Massachusetts' Historical Society have given me another tail to my name, and one of my New England acquaintances has sent me some good books of American growth, to assist in the progress of "O. Newman." That poem is expected more eagerly in America than in England. There are some very interesting and able papers in the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society," of which only one volume has been published: they relate to the Indians; and an antiquarian society has published the first volume of an "Archaologia Americana," in which is a minute account of the encampments, mounds, &c., raised (in all likelihood) by the Aztecas on their way to Mexico.

I have printed forty-two sheets of the "History of the War." Mr. Clive offered me some materials, some of which, no doubt, might be very useful to me, if I knew what they were. I have lost my correspondents in Spain and Brazil by death, and a great loss it is.

Heber has had my best word and wishes. His opponents have acted in a very unhandsome manner. My brother, when he was a candidate for the Middlesex Hospital, kept upon such courteous terms with his opponent, as to obtain his assistance for the next trial, and live with him from that time in terms of thorough intimacy.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. *August 20th.* Some *Cathedrals* of Sir T. Acland's introducing dine with me to-day. That word by a comical confusion, first between Collegian and College, and then between College and Cathedral, has been given by the people of this country to the Cam-

bridge men, whom a late fashion sends here in flights to study during the long vacation. One of them, who lodged at Clarke, the gardener's, had a bill sent in beginning, "Mr. Clarke's Cathedral to J. G." &c.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, August 31. 1821.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

* * * * * *

That ever I should be worth 625*l.* in the Three per cents! Thank you for the trouble you have taken. When you receive the dividend you may buy in another 50*l.* therewith.

While I was at Netherhall, Nares left a card here, with some complimentary verses on the back. My aunt saw him, and showed him this room, where he looked at the books and pictures, and admired my *habitat*, and the comforts which are collected about me. His London address is written upon his card, so that I am bound to a return of this civility when next I visit town.

I do not take "John Bull," and for these reasons: 1. Because Calvert and I take the "Guardian." 2. Because I-*per-se*-I (if that compound be not as mongrel in person as in language) take the "Westmoreland Gazette," as it becomes me to do. 3. Because I hate slander, and would have all newspapers that deal in slander suppressed, if that were possible.

To-day I have completed my laborious correction or, more strictly speaking, amplification of the first volume of "Brazil," on which as much work has been

bestowed as would in another shape have been worth 200*l.*, and here it will not produce me one farthing.

Health to your best-for-nothing cat! Alas! we are catless and kittenless.

Senhouse gave me on my birthday a bottle of Tokay, curious for its history. It was sent to his father about forty years ago, by Baron Corry (a relation of Isaac Corry's), from Dantzic; he had received it as a present from Stanislaus, king of Poland (whose seal was on the cork), and Stanislaus had it from the Emperor Joseph. And in this baronial, royal, and imperial Tokay the healths of the king and his poet were drunk.

There is a flavour of melancholy about all this which makes it worth remembering.

I am more than sorry that you give up the thoughts of seeing Skiddaw this year, and that Henry is out of order. The journey would do him good.

God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Sept. 1. 1821.

My dear Wynn,

Learning from you that the old Ἄναξ ἀνδρων is still in the land of the living, I have done what uncertainty upon that point has long withheld me from doing—written to him. Poor fellow, were we ever to meet again (and yet I hope we shall), the first feeling would bring tears into our eyes. An hour or two of delightful reminiscences would follow, and perhaps when

the old stock of sympathy was exhausted, we should be at a loss for other topics, and perceive how widely we have grown asunder.

I do not remember Dickins. Wintle I should have guessed to be as little susceptible of change as the Saracen's Head. But I should have thought the bridegroom D'Oyley as little to be aged,—a badger you know is always gray,—and he was an old fellow at school. Barns claimed acquaintance with me at Oxford last year; and I certainly should not have known him, though when he named himself I recognised something of his features.

Did you ever see a sword of Cromwell's age, having the back of the blade hollow, and the hilt loaded with quicksilver, so as to give weight to the blow?—I forget where I have seen an allusion to such a weapon—either in Fuller, I think, or in Jeremy Taylor; a clumsy contrivance, and more likely to make the owner of the sword wield it awkwardly than to give him any advantage. The mention of J. Taylor reminds me of some gross misprints in Reginald Heber's edition, which I wish I had marked at the time, that he might have given orders to cancel the leaves. A careful corrector of the press is hardly now to be found in any printing office. The octavo edition of Burke's works, which I possess, is made in many places utterly unintelligible by its extreme inaccuracy.

Have you seen the most laborious work that ever proceeded from Wales—Major Price's "Retrospect of Mahommedan History," from Oriental authorities, in four quarto volumes, printed at Brecknock? From the last volume I learn, what I could have forewarned him of (had I known him) before he sent the first to the press,—that there are not many persons, like myself, who will purchase such a work.

I am going to Lowther in the course of this month,

and wish you were to be there. You shall have a portion of "O. Newman" in two or three days.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Sep. 14. 1821.

DEAR STUMPARUMPER,

Don't rub your eyes at that word, Bedford, as if you were slopy. The purport of this letter, which is to be as precious as the punic scenes in Plautus, is to give you some account (though but an imperfect one) of the language spoken in this house by ———, and invented by her. I have carefully composed a vocabulary of it by the help of her daughter and mine, having my ivory tablets always ready when she is red-raggifying in full confabulumpatus. True it is that she has called us persecutōrums, and great improprietors for performing this meritorious task, and has often told me not to be such a stuposity; threatening us sometimes that she will never say anything that ends in lumpatus again; and sometimes that she will play the very dunder; and sometimes bidding us get away with our toadymidjerings. And she asks me, how I can be such a Tomnoddycum (though my name, as she knows, is Robert), and calls me detesty, a maffrum, a goffrum, a chatterpye, a sillycum, and a great mawkinfort.

But when she speaks of you it is with a kinder meaning. You are nŏt a vulgărum, nor a great ovverum govverum. The appellations which she has in store for you are either words of direct endearment, or of that

sort of objurgation which is the playfullest mood of kindness. Thus you are a stumparumper, because you are a shortycum; and you are a wattlykin, a tendrum, a detestabumpus, and a figurumpus. These are the words which come from her chapset when she speaks of you, and you need not be told what they signifump.

I dare say you have set up a whickerandus at this, and I hope you will not be dollatory in expressing the satisfaction which you derive from knowing that you are thus decidedly in her good graces. Perhaps you may attempt an answer in the same strain, and show yourself none of the little blunderums who deserve to be bangated, but an apt pupolion, which if you do, you will deserve to be called as clever as De Diggle.

Great light has been thrown upon the philosophy of language by Humboldt, the traveller, who, if we consider the variety and the extent of his attainments, may justly be considered as the most accomplished of living men. Mr. Duponceau, of New York, is treading in his steps. From their researches, and those of our countrymen in India, it appears that there are two kinds of languages essentially different from those of Europe: the monosyllabic, which prevails in China and the adjacent countries; and the polysynthetic, to which the various languages of the American tribes belong. It is much to be regretted that * * * * * * new language is not in like manner investigated by some profound philologist. * * * * * * perhaps, by the application of Kant's philosophy, might analyze and discover the principles of its construction. I, though a diligent and faithful observer, must confess that I have but little insight into it. I can indeed partly guess why donkeys are in the language called jacks, and why peck is a nose; why some part of an elephant's trunk is a griper, but not why it is a snipe; why nog is a lump, bungay a bundle, and why trottlykins should stand for children's

feet; but not why my feet and yours should be opprobriously termed hocksen and hormangorgs. So, too, when I hear needles called nowgurs, ladies laduls, whispering twistering, vinegar wiganar, and a mist fogogrum, or fogrogrum, I have some glimpse, though but a glimpse, of the principle upon which these mologisms are fabricated. I can perceive also the analogies by which the new vocabulary is to be extended. For example, pie being called pie-īe-īe, it follows that pudding should be pudding-ūdding-ūdding. And a pew being called pewdiddledo, to be consistent, we should speak of the churchdiddledurch, the clerkdiddlederk, and the parsondiddledarson,—only that this might appear disrespectful to the vicar.

But I should in vain seek to discover the *rationale* of other parts of this speech, though I were to study the subject till I were as tired as a dog's detested hinder. And when I get at the meaning by asking an explanation, still no clue to the derivation is afforded. Thus, for instance, when it was said, "Don't roakin there," and I desired to know what was intended by this prohibition, the answer was "Everybody says roakin;" and when I pressed for farther information, I was informed that roaking was digging and grumping in a work-box. So, too, on the way from Mrs. Calvert's one evening, I was desired to stop till she had gathered up her doddens, and that word was interpreted to mean a plaid, a pair of pattens, and an umbrella. If my foot happens to touch her chair, I am told that anything whidgetting the chair makes her miseraboble. If the children—the childerōapusses I should say—are bangrampating about the house, they are said to be rudderish and roughcumtatherick. Cuthbert's mouth is called sometimes a jabberumpeter, sometimes a towsalowset. When the word comfortabuttle is used, I suppose it may be designed to mean that there is comfort in a bottle. But

by what imaginable process of language and association snoutarumpeter can be, as she declares it to be, a short way of calling mother, I am altogether unable to comprehend.

On one occasion, however, I was fortunate enough to see this extraordinary language in the mint, if I may so express myself, and in the very act of its coinage. Speaking of a labourer, she said—"the thumper, the what-d'ye-callder—the undoer,—I can't hit upon it,—the cutter-up." These were the very words, received and noted as they came fresh from the life; and they meant a man who was chopping wood.

I must now bring this letter to a conclusion. The account indeed is very incomplete, but you may rely upon its fidelity; and though of necessity I have spelt the words according to their pronunciation, I hope that this has not occasioned any disvugurment, and that none of them in reading will stick in your thrapple. The subject cannot be so important to you as it is to me who live in a house where this language is spoken, and therefore have been obliged to pay attention to it. Yet it will not appear altogether incurious, connected as it is with the science of philology; and perhaps your regard for the inventor may give it a more than ordinary interest in your eyes.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. I forgot to say that apple-dumple-dogs are apple dumplings, and that Dogroggarum is a word of reproach for a dog.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Sept. 29. 1821.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Leverett is a real personage — Governor of New England at that time — and believed to have been privy to Goffe and Whalley's place of concealment, and instrumental in saving them. There is a most extraordinary book called a "History of the Three Judges," by Dr. Ezra Stiles, one of the last Presidents of Yale College. Nothing more gossiping ever appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine;" and nothing more thoroughly rancorous could have been written by Hugh Peters himself. And yet Ezra Stiles was a kind, simple-hearted creature, so that the milk of his nature, and the vinegar and gall of his prejudices, make the strangest compound in the world. The book is valuable as a curiosity, and it has given me many useful hints. "Leverett" is certainly not a name that I should have chosen, for the reason which you point out. Randolph, also, is an historical character in very ill odour with the New Englanders.

I cannot call to mind my authority for the word *accoil*, though I certainly used it in "Roderick" as an authorised word: that is to say, it occurred to me as such, and I had no suspicion that it might be otherwise. Spenser, I know, uses the verb.* Ipecacuanha was in use long before that age. The word is Brazilian; and the medical properties of the plant were known in Europe soon after the discovery of the country where it grows.

I have had a very pleasing letter from Combe, who seems to have fallen into a peaceful and happy way of life, which might be thought natural too for a younger

* "About the caudron many cookes *accoyld*
With hookes and ladles, as need did require."
The Faerie Queene, II. ix. 30.
It is evidently derived from the Italian *accogliere*.

brother, if it were not unusual in these times. Ever since he left the Temple he has lived in his brother's house; and there he is likely to continue, the main value of one of the livings which have just been given him being that it renders his residence there legal. The preferment which you saw noticed in the newspaper is from 300*l.* to 400*l.* a year; and he had two small perpetual curacies before, one of which was given him by Hanning. He is not married, and speaks of himself as leading a life of tranquil enjoyment in the house where he was born, free from fat and the gout, and not more altered than must be expected from the wear and tear of time.

Your mention of Blake reminds me of his brother, with whom I had that kind of familiarity which juxtaposition sometimes brings about, when he used to come out of the shell and sit in the Fifth, where my station was at that time. I should like to know what is become of him, and to meet him again.

Most of the shafts which are aimed at me are *sine ictu*—unseen, unfelt. I have neither seen "Don Juan," nor the "Edinburgh" nor the "Eclectic" Reviews. The latter is in able hands. The editor and proprietor I know: his name is Conder. He is of Puritanical extraction, and holds most of the opinions which were in fashion under Cromwell—a thorough Independent. He is a clever, clear-headed, good man. Foster, the essayist, is one of his supporters; and the most violent political papers in the "Review" come from him. Fine literature is either reviewed by Conder himself, or by Montgomery, who is a Moravian.

I go to Lowther to-morrow for a few days. Perhaps when I return I may take up "Oliver Newman" with more spirit, because you like its progress.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 8. 1821.

My dear G.,

Mackenzie, with his usual obligingness, has sent me the details which I requested. They are very creditable to his zeal and activity, and with what I previously knew of the matter, will make one of the most interesting pages in my history. "He shall ask you," he says, "to let him peruse the first volume immediately, because he expects, in a few weeks, to see General Foy, who has the same task in hand." Let him see the sheets if he wishes it. He may like to say to General Foy that he *has seen* them; and if he looks over them, the mere act of turning over the leaves will show him the scale and character of the work. I send my note unsealed, that you may see what I have said to him upon this subject.

Are you the better for the sea breezes? I have been passing a week at Lowther, and having lamed myself the first day by an unaccountable quarrel between my boot and one of my toes, had good excuse for working every morning afterwards among old books, of which there are there good store. It is a pleasant house of its kind to inhabit for a few days. The servants (*mirabile dictu!*) are perectly attentive to all the guests; and my acquaintance with the family is now of sufficient standing to make me quite at ease there. Lord L. has for some years supplied me literally with game and venison; and now he has done me the greater service of giving me free and full use of his library, which, at this distance from all public collections, is a great assistance.

I am sorry that my chance for a castle in Bohemia is lost. There came to me, the other day, a letter from

some Mr. Samuel Simpson, of Liverpool, requesting a few lines in my handwriting, "to fill one vacancy in his collection of autographs, without which his series must ever remain most incomplete." I answered as follows: —

Inasmuch as you, Sam, a descendant of Sim,
For collecting handwritings, have taken a whim,
And to me, Robert Southey, petition have made,
In a civil and nicely penn'd letter, post-paid,
That I to your album so gracious would be,
As to fill up a page there appointed for me,
Five couplets I send you, by aid of the Nine —
They will cost you, in postage, a penny a line.
At Keswick, October the sixth, they were done,
One thousand, eight hundred, and twenty, and one.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. The name of the newly discovered language (of which I have more to say hereafter) is the *lingo grande*.

Mackenzie merely dates from London. I know not, therefore, where to direct the enclosed note.

To The Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, Oct. 23. 1821.

In looking at "Warburton" to make a few memoranda before it should be packed up, I saw so much which will be useful to me ere long, and which I should

feel the want of if it were not at hand, that I even replaced it on the shelf for the present. I have sent off a parcel of duplicates, American and others, by waggon; they are worth the carriage; and in "Abel's Travels" is a picture of an ourang-outang, which may amuse Alfred and Georgiana, and my namesake, if it does not frighten them.

You will soon receive the revised volume of "Brazil." Pope is now in the last chapter. The additional matter adds nearly 100 pages to its bulk, and in full proportion to its value. I have bestowed upon it as much labour as would have brought me full 200*l.* had it been otherwise directed: for this I shall never receive as many pence. But it has been willingly and well bestowed, and the worth of the book will one day be known. Humboldt refers often to it in his last volume, and says that he finds its geographical statements very correct, though I think he had only seen my first volume when he wrote. He forms the same conclusion as I had done respecting the Amazons; and it is also pleasant to find that the notion which he advanced of Aguirres' having got to the sea by some other course than that of keeping the stream of the Orellana (which I thought unfounded and untenable) has been given up by him upon reconsidering the subject.

Sir Charles Stuart's book is in the parcel. I never had any other from him. I have the Villa-Vicosa part, which is very curious. Indeed the book is altogether so original and entertaining, that I should be very glad to possess it.

I was at Lowther lately for six days; and bad weather during the whole time enabled me to make good use of long mornings among old books. There is a most extensive collection there of tracts belonging to the age of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. It is a magnificent place, and I know enough of the family, and like them

well enough to be quite at ease there. The Duchess of Marlborough was there part of the time; and I was detained beyond the time predetermined for my stay to meet the Dean of Carlisle, a much less agreeable man than his predecessor.

My campaign is now fairly begun. Wordsworth and his wife will interrupt it to-morrow, for a few days, after which I see a long course of work before me. 424 pages of the "Peninsular War," are printed. I am busy upon a Portuguese chapter, on the events prior to Sir A. Wellesley's landing. It was necessary to wait for a French book by General Thiebault, which Murray's people neglected to send me in time. The first volume will not get farther than the embarkation from Corunna, that year containing more matter for detail than any other two during the struggle. Lord Frederick Bentinck (who married Lady Mary Lowther) offered me assistance from his brother, and from Lord Hill. I do not know whether Murray intends to publish the first volume as soon as it is ready, or to wait till the work is completed; most probably the former will be his plan.

Philip Hewett departed last week. He was upon as intimate a footing here as he could desire, and took his leave with regret. The unfavourable weather prevented sundry excursions which had been planned with him. Another Philip was with him, who proved to be nephew to Waterhouse's brother-in-law Protheroe, the late member for Bristol.

It is a long while since I heard either from you or Henry. Indeed I should not have known of poor Burn's departure, if John May had not mentioned it.

Senhouse and I talk of a journey to Holland in May and June next. If it be effected, I must make Brussels in the way, for the sake of Van Beest the bookseller. We talk of reaching Munster, visiting Worms and

Spires, and taking Nancy and Rheims in the way back. Though I can neither conveniently afford the time or the cost, yet an excursion of this kind has such an effect upon a constitution which stands in need of bracing from time to time, that I shall most likely determine upon it. A journey of six weeks or two months every year would be of essential benefit to me, if I could afford to take it; but the works which I have in progress will square my next year's accounts well. What a blessing it is to possess a cheerful and hopeful temper! I would not exchange it for the largest estate in all England.

Wynn is likely to be in office as soon as any station high enough for him can be opened. I hear this, not from himself, but from Lord Lonsdale. Lord Granville, refusing office for himself, has asked it for W. Fremantle and Frankland Lewis. The latter has an appointment. The only difficulty concerning Wynn is to find a place which gives him a seat in the Cabinet. This I shall be very glad of for his own sake. He has a large family, and his fortune is not equal to his rank in life The good which I can look to for myself is the bare possibility of getting something for Tom.

Love to my aunt and the children. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Nov. 5. 1821.

My dear Wynn,

Lord Frederick Bentinck, whom I met at Lowther, proffered his services in obtaining materials for me from Lord Hill and from his brother. I have a letter from him to-day. Lord William Bentinck will supply all the information and documents in his power: but Lord Hill doubts whether he should be

justified in so doing, as he acted the whole time in a subordinate capacity. I suppose this is rather an excuse * than a reason; perhaps he is afraid I might make some indiscreet use of his name.

The time will come when works of this kind will be written with the direct sanction and aid of government, as voyages of discovery are now. For myself, I am glad that time is not come yet, as, unquestionably, I can write with much more freedom. But a notion has got abroad that something like this is the case. An Italian wrote to offer me a manuscript memorial of the Prince of the Peace, in vindication of himself, as an important document for my history — modestly asking 200 guineas for it. A son of Scarlett's forwarded the proposal to me; and upon my expressing to him, in reply, my sense of its folly and extravagance, young Scarlett said that he, as well as his friend the Signor, took it for granted government would be at the whole expense of such a work. The only thing I ever wished to ask of government, if there had been a likelihood of obtaining it, was a set of their printed Records, which I cannot afford to buy, and which I shall want for use. It was to you that I applied to know if the thing were feasible, without the least suspicion that you were any way concerned. The answer is a good specimen of what government can do to assist an historian in his studies.

I have printed 424 pages of my first volume; and it will be ready early in the spring. If the booksellers publish it before the whole is ready (which I suppose they will), Lord Hill will see whether the book is of such a character as that he would wish it to be as cor-

* I rather think not. Those who knew Lord Hill and the great simplicity of his character will acquiesce in his own reason. The poor of the parish in which he lived and died had always reason to bless his name. I bear this testimony to his memory as a Shropshire man.

rect as possible in those parts wherein he is concerned. It is not of much consequence; for what was actually done, of course I know; and in reality I have documents in such abundance that any additional ones will be of more trouble than real utility. It would be a matter of duty with me to examine all; and the additional information which I could now give could not by possibility be worth a tithe of the time which it would cost. You will easily understand this. I have a dangerous love of detail, and a desire of accuracy, which is much more expensive (both in materials and time) than I ought to afford.

My mornings at Lowther were spent among the books — chiefly with tracts of Charles the First's age. There I found the "Directory," which I remember you told me once you had never seen, and which I had long looked for. It is, as the title imports, a mere directory — telling the preacher when he is to read, when to expound, when to pray, and when to preach, but setting down no form of words, leaving that to his discretion; just as old Italian comedians had the story of their drama given them, and were left to supply the dialogues themselves. I found a great deal in this great collection of pamphlets which one might look for in vain in Rushworth or Whitelock.

Murray will publish a collection of our "Historical Memoirs." You must talk to him about it. It should contain every thing which the intended "Corpus" does not; a point upon which I can give him no information.

Barrow makes a great mistake in the "Q. R.," and upon a subject with which he ought to be well acquainted. The country between our possessions in South Africa and the Portuguese, is not fertile as he represents it (except in one part); and there are accounts enough of it in the history of Portuguese ship-

wrecks, which I wonder he should not have known. The number is, I think, a bad one. There is a sermon of Stillingfleet's which might have been used with great advantage in the paper upon Hone's wicked publication. The last article is ill-designed, and clumsily executed. Hunt's "Tasso" is reviewed by one of his friends; — *ergo*, the papers upon Italian literature in that Review have all been empty and superficial.

Thus far I had written when your letter arrived. For the first time, Gifford has printed a paper of mine without mutilation, and I am responsible for it as it stands, with a single exception, not unworthy of notice. I had said that Hampden might have left behind him a name *scarcely inferior to Washington;* and he has most absurdly altered this to a *memorable name!* as if the name were not sufficiently memorable.

I am very much pleased with your remarks. The scale upon which I wrote precluded detail. I had to deal in results and general views, and meant all that the words imply, in saying that, till the meeting of the Long Parliament, it would be difficult to say which party behaved worse, and afforded most provocation and excuse to the other; yet it is so likely that others should impute to want of candour what is solely owing to want of space, that I am very much inclined to extend the paper, as I did with the "Life of Nelson."

I will tell you what part you would have taken, had you lived in those days. You would have acted with the Parliament to a certain point, as Falkland did; you would then have transferred your weight to the sinking scale, and died, as he did, honourably and *willingly* in the king's service.

About Laud I cannot altogether agree with you. His foresight must be admitted as some cause for his severity; for the end and aim of the Puritans was clearly foreseen as early as in Parker's time. The temper and

manners of the age take off much of the individual guilt in acts of cruelty. When he cut off ears, the Parliament bored tongues; and in his case, head and all were taken. The charge of Popery excited most hatred against him; and that was infamously false. And for all that he would have done in counteracting Calvinism, and restoring the beauty of public worship (which was also a prominent charge against him), he was in my judgment eminently meritorious. I found at Lowther a pamphlet of Burton's concerning Laud's execution; the spirit of it was truly devilish.

The "Parl. History" is a book which I must buy whenever I can afford it—if that should ever be the case. There are parts of our history upon which I am very imperfectly informed for want of it. But this is not the case with Charles's reign, upon which I have read largely and carefully. The only character of those times upon which I can form no opinion, is Williams, the Lord Keeper and Archbishop. What is your opinion of him? How I should like to talk over these things with you again, as in old times! God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. I have lately proposed to Wordsworth that we should institute a society for the suppression of albums.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Nov. 9. 1821.

MY DEAR R.,

I am glad you are pleased with the view which I have taken of Cromwell's* history. The subject has

* "I have been much edified by reading your 'Cromwell' in the 'Quarterly Review.' I even allow that the 'Peninsular War'

interested me so much (especially since I fell in at Lowther with a large collection of tracts of that age) that it will be Murray-le-magne's fault if I do not take it upon a larger scale, and expand it into two such volumes as the "Life of Nelson."

Rushworth, with all that affectation of liberality which the anti-Churchman shows in prating about "the Bible without comment," is a thorough party-compiler — very careful as to what he supposes, and careful in nothing else. There are several speeches and papers, which he prints two or three times over. It is a great pity that Nalson's collections (which were undertaken to counteract the insidious tendency of his *ex parte* statements) were not complete. Nalson quotes from some Memoirs by Manchester, which I think have never been published, and ought to be brought to light. There are some Memoirs of those times by Lady Fanshaw (wife of Sir Richard) in the possession of her family. Seward published some specimens in his "Anecdotes;" and if the possessors should be in town when next I visit it, I can obtain sight of the MS.

The "Peninsular War" has not been dormant the while: fifty-three sheets are printed. I am now drawing to the close of the longest, and one of the most interesting, chapters in the volume, relating the events in Portugal from the commencement of the insurrection in Spain till Sir A. Wellesley's landing. The volume will end with our embarkation from Corunna, the first year of the war occupying necessarily more narration

ought not to grumble at such *remora*. When I was young, no book was more in my hand than 'Rushworth;' so I became learned in the history of his time, and am agreeably surprised to perceive that you know more about it than I do. I am obliged to you for settling the question of the Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ, and shall buy the book forthwith. I was such an Oliverian in my time at Oxford, as to have obtained the cognomen of old 'Nol;' but I believe half my zeal was feigned, to teaze certain Royalists."—J. R., *MS. Letter*.

than any other two. Frere's absence from England is an evil to me: I should have profited more by correspondence with him than from heaps of papers. The volume will certainly be ready early in the spring, unless any illness should arrest my hand.

You will receive a copy of Dobrizhoffer by desire of the translator, who (be it known to you under the rose) is Miss Sara Coleridge — an extraordinary proof of industry and self-acquired attainments. The history of this publication is curious. I projected it for Derwent, while he was spending two years as tutor in a private family as a means of facilitating his way through the University. His sister offered to assist him. He soon grew tired of the task (the little which he did, indeed, was not so accurate as hers, and far inferior in grace and easiness of diction); and this indefatigable girl went through with it. I am now about to review it, in such a way, I hope, as may make the sale remunerate her.

I think it is in Rushworth where I find that it was declared to be law in Elizabeth's reign that a slave could not exist in England. But I am now making my notes from Rushworth, having borrowed a set from Lowther. In books of English history, my library is sadly deficient, the great collection being beyond my reach. I have particularly felt the want of the "Parliamentary History." Mr. Phillips's red books bear testimony to the use I have made of accessible materials; and, by God's blessing, I shall do good service hereafter as an iconoclast in the temples of Whig idolatry.

Now I return to Portugal. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, Dec. 8. 1821.

I WAS vexed at discovering that Landor's book had been overlooked when the parcel was made up. If, however, there be in this place paper large enough for such an enclosure, I will frank it with my next dispatches to Gifford, in the course of a week; and he will consign it to Bedford's care.

Two or three days ago I received a rich present from Landor,—threescore volumes, of all sorts and kinds, none that are without value, and some that are of considerable worth. The only one connected with Portugal is "*Osorius de Nobilitate*," 1542, printed at Lisbon. There is the "*Speculum Historicale Vincentii Beloacensis*," 1494. A folio Terence, printed at Milan, without a date, not I think later than 1500; a Milan Sallust, 1501; "*Laurentii Vallensis Opus Elegantiarum Linguæ Lat.*" 1487—all *folios;* a great many volumes of Italian poetry and modern Latin. One volume of poems in the Genoese, and another in the Neapolitan or Sicilian dialect, I know not which; and an account of the sacking of Rome in 1527, by Jacopo Buonaparte, who was present, first printed in 1756 at Lucca, with the false date of Cologne, and suppressed by the Austrian influence, so that very few copies are extant. It is a long while since I have had so miscellaneous a cargo of varieties.

So the poor old Admiral never lived to receive his Admiral's pay. I am reading Kotzebue's Voyage; and the thought often occurs that no man in this country will feel so much interest in it as he would have done. About the same time I lost my friend at Ludlow, Wade Brown, an excellent man, for whom I had

a great regard, and in whose house I always found a joyful welcome.

Knox must be the best judge of what is advisable for Edward. The Greek examination for college is exclusively in the epigrams.

That monkey is a great favourite with Cuthbert, who looks at it every night on his way to bed, and says it is very *uggy;* and he tells me that when I am shaving I am almost as *uggy* as that monkey.

The reprint of "Brazil" will be finished immediately. I have only to receive the table of contents and preface, which I expect every day. Heber has helped me to some materials for improving the second volume; he has given me one volume of the "Paraguay Annual Letters," and lent me another, and Montoya's "Conquesta Espiritual." I also purchased at Edinburgh, when I was there with Rickman, that volume concerning Madagascar and Brazil, a copy of which once passed through your hands at Lisbon. The part relating to Brazil is a history of the recovery of Pernambuco by Pierre Moreau, an adventurer in the Dutch service. But there is a separate, and perhaps an enlarged, edition of this, which I saw in Buonaparte's library at Fontainebleau — unless it were the same book separated from the Madagascar part.

You may have heard of a history of Brazil by James Henderson. He has thought proper to send me the book. It is an account, and not a history, of the country, made up almost wholly from Cazal and the papers in the "Patriotic," with what little information he picked up in the country during a short stay there. The prints are ill drawn, and worse executed upon stone. He is a man of this country, without any education. The book however is creditable to his industry, and not discreditable in any point of view. Luckcock's book has a great deal of interesting matter in it. I shall perhaps

make it the subject of a paper in the "Quarterly Review." At present I am finishing a reviewal of Dobrizhoffer. My next subject is to be Adamson's "Life of Camoens."

The French are in good time supplying materials for my "History of the War." There is an account of Soult's campaigns in Portugal, recently published,—as rascally a one as could be desired; and one of a very different description by Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, concerning his own campaign in Catalonia.

Marquis Wellesley is a fit man to civilise the Irish, if the ministry here could be relied upon to support him. I have been reading Spencer's "Dialogue on the State of Ireland" this morning; and the country stands as much in need of Roman civilisation now as it did in his days. Such a people must be under military law, or a permanent armed police, till they are fit for anything.

I have to perform the disagreeable task of writing a new year's ode, which must be about that miserable country. If that subject had not occurred, I meant to have written one which would have saved me the trouble of ever writing another till that was called for. This I did with the birthday.

My odes for the last two years are better than anything that I ever expected to write in that form. On the present occasion I go to the task with an ill will, and with no anticipation of doing anything well. Love to my aunt and the children. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Dec. 16. 1821.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I am exceedingly glad to hear of your alliance with Mrs. Company. It has indeed very long been my wish to see you in office, because no man is more fit for it; and you have always had few principles and fewer feelings in common with opposition. When I heard the likelihood of your coming in some months ago, I had supposed that you would probably be placed at the head of your old department, in which case your name would soon have been inserted above mine in Cobbett's proscription list. You have a situation subject to none of the same difficulties and invidiousness as that; and the voluminous documents with which you must become acquainted will not be so appalling or irksome to you as they would be to most persons.

But I am sorry to lose the intended "Cromwelliana." However, I shall hope for them hereafter, and in the most serviceable manner; that is, in the way of comment, before the book goes to press, or while it is on its way through it. In my odds and ends of time, I am laying in stores, with the full purpose of treating the subject at length, and doing it all the justice that can be done by unwearable diligence, and the sincere desire of representing both men and actions in their true colours.

I believe I can obtain access to Lady Fanshaw's "Memoirs." I wish I could to those *of* (not *by*) the Countess of Pembroke; but they are in Lord Thanet's possession, and therefore not very likely to be accessible to me. Manchester left memoirs which are quoted by Nalson. If they have not been printed (and I think they have not, or I should have seen some notice of

them), in whose possession are they likely to be? They would be very important.

Rushworth is very imperfect, and exemplifies the sin of omission in perfection; being, by means of that single act, while he professes impartiality, one of the most partial of compilers. There were great men in those days. I have been very much interested in one who was not a great man — but a very eloquent one — Sir Edward Deering. I found the collection of his speeches at Lowther, for publishing which he was so tyrannically treated. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Dec. 19. 1821.

I HAVE just got through Strada's "Decades," and learnt a great deal from them. There are few books which a military man might study with more advantage.

The foundation of two evils was laid in these Dutch wars—French preponderance, and English republicanism; Puritanism also owes, in great measure, its growth to them.

The Prince of Parma (a man of consummate military genius) was the first general who perceived the advantage of religious discipline in an army. I think Gustavus imitated him in this point, and Cromwell Gustavus.

The poverty of the Spanish Government, when most flourishing, has surprised me. They might again and again have recovered the whole of the Low Countries

if they had employed a little larger force, or kept the force which they did employ in good order and good humour, by paying them regularly.

There are several cases parallel to what happened to us at Bergen op Zoom, where, in spite of fortifications, the town was surprised, and the assailants, after having overcome all the military difficulties, were drawn out by a window-and-street resistance.

I am now going to look through Aitzema, a Dutch historian, whose work includes the history of Europe, and of all other parts of the world with which the powers of Europe had any intercourse at that time,—from 1620 to the first year of William III. It consists of eleven folios, each containing as much as three of Rushworth's volumes; abounding, like his, in state papers, but connecting them by a full and regular narrative; and, in point of merit, about half way between Rushworth and Thuanus—as much above the former as below the latter. Here I shall find a great deal concerning Cromwell's times.

We are living in perpetual storms. I think we have not had two days together of calm weather since August. The thermometer is hardly below the temperate point, and the pansies, polyanthus', and primroses are in blossom. So much rain has never, in my memory, fallen within the same course of time. Yesterday we had a long thunderstorm, and a great deal of hail.

We are going on well. My eldest daughter makes such good progress in drawing, that she will make an excellent fellow-traveller in that respect. Bertha reads Ovid with me. The younger ones come forward as could be wished, and Cuthbert thrives to my heart's content. Remember us to Mrs. R. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 6. 1822.

MY DEAR R.,

I send this inclosure open, that you may see in what manner I have dealt with Lord Byron, who may now properly be called the *Avenger of Abel.* You have, I hope, seen his attack. If he returns to it, I have more stones from the brook, and my aim is sure.

There are works of his come over for publication which are so bad (even after Don Juan), that Murray will not touch them. This I hear from Gifford. If need be, I shall have a grand opportunity of attacking the rascally press in his person. Many new years, and happy ones, to you and yours. God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. This will follow you, I suppose, into Sussex; but time is of no consequence. His attack has been published in our "Broughamite Papers." They, I suppose, will not insert my reply; but I will take care that his attack shall appear in the opposite paper with it, having as much to gain by bringing them together as he has to lose.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, Jan. 25. 1822.

I KNOW not how much longer the first volume of "Brazil" is to remain in that limbo which is the intermediate state of books after printing and before publication. Longman, however, is instructed to send you two copies as soon as they are to be had. You will find a good deal of curious additional matter, and see that my time was not misemployed in acquiring know-

ledge enough of Dutch to make my way through their huge, straightforward, and honest historical works.

Frere has deputed his brother Bartholomew to communicate with me concerning Spanish affairs. This was done just in time. He will look over the proofs to see if I need correction, or further information, which it may be in his power to bestow; and he has offered Whittingham's services, who will get me some official papers from Madrid. The 63rd proof is now on my table. The two first proofs of the "Book of the Church" are also before me. This is a work which will unquestionably do good. Many young minds will receive from it a right bias; and it will bear with weight upon the Catholic question the more effectually, because it is not in a controversial form.

William Westall, for whom I have a great regard, means to engrave a series of views to accompany my "History of the War." I have sent him two of your sketches, which apply to the first volume—the Puente del Corzul, and the Bridge over the Ezlæ, with Benevente between the chalk hills; the very spot where Bonaparte was in danger of being made prisoner by Lord Castlereagh's brother, and where Lefebvre Desnouettes was taken. He has got (through Bedford) some sketches from General Hawker, of which Maroão, Guarda, and Cintra, will do for the first series. I wish we could obtain views of Lisbon and Madrid, the Escurial, Aranjuez, Bayonne, Cordova, Jaen, Zaragoza, Villa Viçosa, Evora, Beja, Nazareth, and Leiria, for that volume. That which you sent me of Madrid, by Hawker, disappeared with many other things, while I was without a resting-place. Have you a copy of it?

I hear from various quarters that my reply to Lord Byron's blackguardism is producing the effect which was intended upon others, however he may take it. I have no desire to pursue the matter further, but, if need be,

I shall have no great reluctance to it; there are plenty of smooth stones in the brook, my arm is in good order, and I am sure of my aim. These things in no degree disturb me. I see some strong hand at Oxford has taken up his "Cain" (which I have not seen). If he compels me to engage with him again, I will brand him in such a manner as will exclude him from all society in England in which character is considered to be a necessary qualification. The truth is, he is desperate. He has (I know) sent over for publication things more atrocious than any which have yet appeared, and such as none but the *ames damnés* of the trade will venture to publish. Murray is upon a bed of thorns which he has made for himself.

I am reviewing a "Life of Camoens." His biographers have taken very little brains to their task.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Jan. 26. 1822.

MY DEAR G.,

I wish I had a good wager depending upon your inability to guess what this letter contains. It is intended to inform you that I have composed eight conundrums, upon the names of as many Greek authors.

1. A woman's peculiarities.
2. Lady Diana highly perfumed.
3. A wandering young gentleman.
4. Lay your hand upon that part of your unutterable garment where the flap of the pocket is, and ask what part is this?
5. Anna my wife.
6. What happens if, when you are looking into the glass, I look in it too?

7. What a pair of turtle doves, offered for sale, would say to Miss Page, if they could speak. It is not every woman to whom they would say it.

8. A common plaything belonging to Henry and his brother.

There, Grosvenor, considering that I have three proof-sheets of "Kirke White" upon the table (two of which are unread), and three of my own, all to be returned by this post, and to write one note to Murray, and another to Gifford, you will admit this communication as a proof that any man can find time to play the fool when he has a mind so to do.

And now I will give you the solutions, which you need not look at if you choose to try your hand at unriddling-my-ree first:—1. *Her oddities.* 2. *Di odorous.* 3. *Stray beau.* 4. *Your hip it is.* 5. *My Nan dear.* 6. *I see us.* 7. *Polly buy us.* 8. *Harry's top and his.*

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. *3rd Feb.* 1822.—I have made three more conundrums. Why is a man when he has been reading too long in a book of small print, like one of the Patriarchs?

Because his eyes ache.

Which of the Roman emperors is most like the beginning of an Ode?

Otho!

Why may the letter P remind us of one of the worst of men?

Because it may be said to be near O.

I pray you admire the manner in which I have placed the solution, so that you need not read it unless you wish.

R. S.

To Bernard Barton, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 27. 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,

I should have answered your letter yesterday, if it had not found me with six proof-sheets on the table, three of Kirke White's, and three of my own.

Both of your dedications are very good,—the second very beautiful, though a little hurt by the alteration: the alteration however is advisable; not that it would give offence, but that it is right to avoid anything which might maliciously be pointed out as offensive. The volume cannot be presented more fitly than by Sir Augustus Frazer. I have no doubt but that the king will be gratified by it.

I was much pleased with the poet's lot,—no, not with his lot; but with the verses in which he describes it. But, let me ask you, are you not pursuing your studies intemperately, and to the danger of your health? To be writing "long after midnight," and "with a miserable headache," is what no man can do with impunity; and what no pressure of business, no ardour of composition, has ever made me do. I beseech you remember the fate of Kirke White; and remember that if you sacrifice your health (not to say your life) in the same manner, you will be held up in your own community as a warning,—not as an example for imitation. The spirit which disturbed poor Scott of Amwell in his last illness will fasten upon your name, and your fate will be instanced to prove the inconsistency of your pursuits with that sobriety and evenness of mind which Quakerism requires, and is intended to produce.

You will take this as it is meant, I am sure.

My friend, go early to bed; and if you eat suppers,

read afterwards, but never compose, that you may lie down with a quiet intellect. There is an intellectual as well as a religious peace of mind; and without the former be assured there can be no health for a poet.

God bless you.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Feb. 1. 1822.

MY DEAR R.,

I am carrying on an active peninsular correspondence with Frere's brother, who was with him in Spain, and at one time supplied his place there. It is of more use to me than whole packets of official papers. By asking questions concerning men and things, and setting his recollection to work, I get at those master facts by which difficulties are overlooked.

The new system in the public offices of promoting men by merit, and not according to seniority, seems to me just so much patronage given to the heads of those departments,—a measure sure always to produce a feeling of injustice, and in most cases, no doubt, with good reason. The principle of regular succession is one which satisfies everybody; they know what they have to expect when they enter the office, and go on contentedly.

I am glad for his own sake that Wynn is in office, but I do not anticipate any accession of strength or popularity to the Government from its alliance with the Grenvilles. Lord Grenville is in my judgment a bad statesman, who has been wrong upon every question of importance, except concerning the Radicals.

A Jacquerie in Ireland, or a *Pat*erie as it may be called, will be near enough to have some effect as a warning. You see even Lord Donoughmore cried out for strong measures.

This cry against the resumption of cash payments is a good specimen of our speechifyers' honesty. Some few months ago my neighbour Calvert was talking upon this subject with James Brougham (B.'s brother), and he had the impudence to say the Whigs knew it to be a mischievous measure, and forced it upon the ministers for that reason. I believe him as to their rascality, but not as to their foresight. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Feb. 27. 1822.

MY DEAR WYNN,

You are now fairly on your *bed of roses*, and Welshmen will look to India as their promised land, even as Scotchmen did in the days of Dundas. May Wales be as largely benefited by the wealth of the East as Scotland has been, and may you live as long as Lord Melville, remain in power longer, have it upon better terms, and go out of the world as easily at last!

I was glad to see that Phillimore "partakes the gale," and should have been glad if Strachey also had been included, if he has any inclination for public life. But probably he has not. It was not fortunate for him that his interests lay in India. He might have acquired an independence in his own country by more congenial pursuits in less time, and have obtained that happiness which is only to be found in domestic life.

You were not in the house when Mr. Hume made one of his attacks upon you. There is something

ominous as well as disgraceful to the nation in the sort of hostility with which opposition is now carried on. Honourable warfare is at an end. The difference is no longer upon fair political questions. A few members aim at the worst end by the worst means, and others assist in those means, some in error, some in malice, and some to curry popular favour. Concessions to such enemies are most unwise; they are imputed always to weakness, and provoke insults from those whom it is wished to conciliate. It is equally unwise to let them have the credit of bringing forward measures which are in accord with public opinion, when that opinion happens to be right. Government should look for opportunities when to lead, and never suffer itself to be forced.

But I am getting into a strain not altogether decorous to a Cabinet minister. Let me therefore speak of my own affairs. Grosvenor will ask you for two or three potential franks to transmit the *clean sheets* of the "Peninsular War," as far as they are printed. The first volume is very far advanced in the press. I shall have occasion to rewrite some pages upon fuller information which reached me too late: it relates to the first operations in the South of Spain, and the first communications between Castaños and the Governor of Gibraltar, Sir Hew Dalrymple. There is a besetting sin in our Government, of which I have proof among the papers in my possession,—a habit of leaving its foreign agents without instructions, for the sake of shifting off the responsibility.

You will perhaps think I have entered too much into minute details in this volume: inclination I know leads me to this; this, however, will be thought a merit or a fault according to the humour of the reader. I am sure you will find a good deal which has not been known in this country before.

It will not be long before I shall send you a further portion of "Oliver Newman;" and when a little more progress is made, it will become an object of some interest to proceed with it to the end, for the sake of realising a larger sum than I have ever been master of, and thereby lessening a little (though but little) the continued necessity of periodical labour. Gifford wished me to have written a political article at this time. I declined, not as shrinking from abuse (which some of my acquaintance think me more disposed to provoke than to shun), but because the agricultural question is one which I do not understand, and what I have to say upon the prospect of the country may better be said in another form, when I can speak with perfect freedom. The next number will contain a review of "Dobrizhoffer," the translation of which is the work of my niece, Sara Coleridge. It was undertaken by her younger brother before he went to Cambridge, to facilitate his ways and means there, and she offered to assist him. This assistance ended in her doing the whole except a very few sheets.

Bedford is in great trouble about his brother Henry, who seems to have been very hardly used at the Admiralty. Promotion by merit in public offices is, of course, promotion by favour, and therefore much more objectionable than the old law of seniority: under that law no man was discontented, no man aggrieved, and all are in hope. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

Keswick, April 8, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,

I received your little volume a few days ago. It is sometimes convenient to thank an author for his book before you have perused it; but in this case I chose to read the book first, — knowing very well that I should read it, as I have done, with great pleasure.

The first time I took up one of the London Magazines (about fifteen months ago), I recognised your hand there, and was not a little pleased at finding it. You have now acquired for yourself a claim upon public attention. Your powers have developed themselves, and you have improved in the art of poetry, even more than might have been expected, since I first saw a specimen of your compositions. You have only to go on and prosper. But the more you rely upon yourself, the better. Admiration naturally leads to imitation; but, by bearing another author too much in mind, either in the choice of your story or the conception of a character, you will do an injustice to yourself.

I like your dramatic language; it is of the right stamp — free and forcible. And the play is full of poetry, without being overlaid by it.

I thank you sincerely for offering to send copies to any of my friends. But this is too much for me to desire. As far as my private voice can recommend it, it shall not be wanting. I have no public one in such cases, so false is the common opinion that I am actively employed in criticising contemporary writers.

If at any time you should revisit your native country, remember Keswick is *in* the way if you cross the Solway, and only one stage out of it if you go round; and that I shall be heartily glad to see you.

Make my remembrances to Mr. Chantrey. His bust of Wordsworth is full in my sight at this moment. The more I consider it, the better it pleases me.

Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me,

Yours, with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, April 20. 1822.

THE Boswell whom you met at Longmans was Sir Alexander's only brother, and died a few months ago. Sir Alexander had just returned from the funeral, when he was called upon by his antagonists. Poor James Boswell was a thoroughly good-natured, inoffensive man, of considerable talents. Malone left him his papers to complete an edition of Shakspeare, and, after many years' labour, he published it last year. He had not long been made a Commissioner of Bankrupts, before which his means had been somewhat scanty, I believe. I have lost in him, not a friend, indeed, but a pleasant old acquaintance, whom I was always glad to meet, and of whose good will and good word I was always sure. We were schoolfellows; and when Wynn left school, and left a bed vacant in my room, I, who became head boy of the house by his departure, chose Boswell to succeed him. A brother of Bedford's (poor Horace H. Walpole's godson) was at Westminster at the same time. We used to call him Dr. Johnson, from an affectation he had of verbal criticism, which he supported by quoting Johnson always: and I made Boswell write after my dictation some ridiculous anecdotes of him, under this name, to be read for the amusement of the

sixth form. Boswell enjoyed this as much as any one; though he used to say that it was a shame to make him *mob* his father; and in latter years he delighted to tell the story, and tax me with tyrannising over him. Horace was allowed to carry off the memoirs, which he liked well enough to give to his brother, and, I dare say, Grosvenor has them at this day.

Boswell came here in 1815 to visit Lord Sunderlin (Malone's brother), and was one of the party at our midnight bonfire on the summit of Skiddaw.

Alexander Boswell was an Etonian. I saw him once when he called in Dean's Yard for his brother; and, indeed, Bozzy's conversation had made me at that time well acquainted with all the Auchinleck family. This is the second fatal duel which has grown out of the license of the press. Neither party scruples at any slander which may injure or annoy its opponents, and the increase of duelling must be one consequence of this disgraceful system.

Wilberforce writes me word that the French are about to revive the Slave Trade for the purpose of stocking Guiana with negroes, and also that they mean to attempt the conquest of St. Domingo. If this latter account be true, the intent must be to get rid of men who are dangerous at home; and this must be so obvious, that I do not think it will be attempted. But I shall hear more of this from Clarkson, who will no doubt pass a day with me on his way to Scotland this summer. He resided in this country when first I came into it. The Brazilians will pay the full price for their share in the slave trade, if a civil war should break out in Brazil.

Our love to my aunt and the children.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Edith May Southey.

Keswick, May 7. 1822.

My dear E. May,

Fortune, I think, has fitted you with a physician to your taste. He has *tabooed* ham, vinegar, red-herrings, and all fruits. But if the melancholy Jaques were not a heretic, he would never have put you to a trial so far beyond the strength of women. If Eve, when she had the choice of the whole garden besides (a garden, too, as rich in fruits as William Herbert's *, which you have been visiting, is in flowers), could not refrain from the forbidden apple, how does he suppose that a daughter of Eve can resist strawberries, cherries, and currants, to say nothing of green gooseberries and hard pears?

Your second letter arrived to-day, and Sara has it at Mrs. Calvert's, whither she is gone for the remainder of the week. I have not much to tell you. The boat is in the water, and looks very well; the pew † was painted yesterday; your uncle Tom has lost a cow, in calf-bed; sundry rats have been taken; I expect a parcel by the next carrier, and your plant is as well as can be expected; whereby you will understand that there is an addition to its leaves. But this new leaf has been produced in a curious manner,— the stem proceeding from the base of the youngest and largest of its three ancestors, and all the folded part from the mother, or

* Of Spofforth, near Harrogate.

† I have had some difficulty in making out this; but as Mrs. Warter tells me that her spencer stuck to the seat in church, on her return from Harrogate, it is evidently *pew!* Milton, by the way, spelt the word "pue." In his "*Considerations touching means to remove Hirelings out of the Church*," these remarkable words occur: "His sheep oftentimes sit the while to as little purpose of benefiting as the sheep in their pues at Smithfield."—*Prose Works*, iii. p. 367. *Ed. Pickering.*

middle one; so that its genealogy is more puzzling than the relationship between Dick and John.

I am glad you take so kindly to the waters, and that they seem to agree with you so well. What a happy quarter of an hour you must pass between the two draughts! I had forgotten to tell you, as part of the domestic news, that I have laid hands, since your departure, upon a larger and richer picture of Mukkens than any which *Cupn* had ever seen before. Having told you all that has happened, I believe I must now tell you what has not. *Pone* is not gone; Mr. Midgeley is not come; Miss W * * * * is not married: Mr. F * * * is not false, and a she-Friar will not be the same thing as a Nun; Mr. P * * * has made no proposals to * * * * * * (by-the-by, if he has ever any children they will all be pipkins); Sara has had no letter from W * * *; I have not yet heard from Mr. B.; your mother, notwithstanding her persevering search, has not found anything under the bed at night; and I am neither younger, nor fatter, nor quieter, nor graver, than when you departed for Harrogate. O ye immortal Powers!

I would send you a noise, but I cannot tell how to enclose it; but you may imagine one at breakfast-time.

My movements will be determined by yours. If Mr. Wordsworth goes with us, we shall travel in a jaunting-car, which will bring us all back. If I go alone, I shall follow your course to Skipton, and chaise it, solo, from thence, which will be better than taking the Penrith road, and sleeping the second night at Borough Bridge. I do not wish to be more than three days at Harrogate, at the most.

Remember us to Miss H. and her sister, and so

God bless you,

Very magnificent daughter,

Yo el Pa.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, May 8. 1822.

CAN you find out in your Catalan books why the *Somatenes* are so called? I have taken them to be the *posse Comitatus*, called out for the defence of the country, and have some notion (a vague one) that their name is derived from the bell which is rung to summon them — as if *Somatene* were equivalent to tocsin; but I cannot tell where I have read this. The derivation of Miquelet I have found in Don Francisco Manoel, but I think he never mentions the *Somatenes;* and if that be the case, it must be a name of later growth, and therefore not to be met with in the old laws, but the *unde derivatur* perhaps may. I bought at Turin a French account of the struggle made by the Catalans after they were so basely sacrificed at the Peace of Utrecht. It is a vile book. The word is there explained twice, and in two different ways, which just serves to show that the Frenchman chose to explain what he did not understand. Mr. Butler, the Catholic (Alban Butler's nephew), tells a good story of such another Frenchman, who, being asked the difference between the Dryades and the Hamadryades, replied, with great complacency, that it was exactly the same as the difference between "*Les Evêques et les Archevêques.*"

John May talks of paying me a visit in June, though his furlough will only extend to a clear fortnight. There is no person whom I should be more glad to see, except yourself. I shall get the first volume off my hands in the course of this month, having only to refit two chapters, which are nearly written to my hands in the "Edinburgh Annual Register," and to insert some

corrections from Sir H. Dalrymple's papers concerning the post-communications with the Spaniards in Andalusia. This is an awkward job, which I am afraid cannot be done in any better way than by appending this new matter as corrections.

I think you had better not send the Duke of Buckingham a copy of this book. It will be wormwood to all his party. I have done nothing more in the first volume than simply to characterise them in the introductory chapter; but that sample shows what they have to expect, when their conduct during the succeeding years of the war is to be recorded. They tell me that, in the late duel, when the Duke fired into the air, he said it would be a shame to shoot at so-much-too-good-a-mark as the Duke of Buckingham.

It has long been apparent to me that we are rapidly approaching a much more perilous crisis in society than that of the Reformation. The houses of Russell seem to be stricken with a judicial blindness, or they would see how impossible it is that they should keep in a second convulsion what they gained in the first. A Government, which on all occasions is compelled to be directed by popular opinion, will soon find itself no government at all. I do not dream of preserving our liberties: the question is, how much will it be possible to save from the wreck, and how long before we arrive at that strong and armed government in which all changes of this nature must end, and with which the gradual but sure decay of the nation will begin. The Catholic question may be staved off for a few sessions, but it will be carried at last. Away goes the Test then; the Dissenters get into the corporations, and the first hungry and unprincipled minister sells the tithes, as Pitt thought of doing. Parliamentary Reform is become little more than a dispute concerning forms—the real mischief is already effected; and popular

clamour carries everything in Parliament, under a ministry who cringe to their enemies, and betray their friends; a miserable crew, who divide their voices upon the greatest question which can possibly come before them, and who, for the sake of putting off a difficulty, or even of escaping from a debate, are ready to say or unsay, to do or to undo, anything.

We shall not be overturned and thrown over a precipice as they were in France; our institutions have prepared for us an inclined plane, on which we are descending. God bless you.

R. S.

To Bernard Barton.

Keswick, May 18. 1822.

My dear Sir,

Thank you for your volume, which I received three hours ago—long enough to have read the principal poem, and a large portion of the minor ones. They do you great credit. Nothing can be better than the descriptive and sentimental parts. In the reasoning ones you sometimes appear to me to have fallen into Charles Lloyd's prosing vein. The verse, indeed, is better than his, but the matter sometimes (though rarely) like much of his later compositions, incapable of deriving any advantage from metre. The seventh stanza is the strongest example of this. On the other hand, this is well compensated by many rich passages, and a frequent felicity of expression.

Your poem, if it had suited your object so to have treated it, might have derived farther interest from a view of Bonaparte's system of policy, the end at which he aimed, and the means which he used. I believe

that no other individual ever occasioned so much wretchedness and evil as the direct consequence of his own will and pleasure. His partisans acknowledge that the attempted usurpation of Spain was his sole act; and it was so palpably unjust, that the very generals who served him in it condemn it without reserve. That war in its progress and consequences has not cost so little as a million of lives, and the account is far from being closed.

You will not like Bonaparte the better, perhaps, if I confess to you that, had it not been for him, I should perhaps have assented to your general principle concerning the unlawfulness of war, in its full extent. But when I saw that he was endeavouring to establish a military despotism throughout Europe, which, if not successfully withstood abroad, must at last have reached us upon our own shores, I considered him as a Philistine, or a heathen, and went for doctrines, applicable to the times, to the books of Judges and of Maccabees.

Nevertheless, I will fairly acknowledge that the doctrine of non-resistance connected with non-obedience, is the strong point of Quakerism; and nothing can be said against it, but that the time for its general acceptance is not yet come. Would to God that it were nearer than it appears to be!*

I am going to fetch my eldest daughter home from Harrogate, whither she has gone for her health with an acquaintance of yours, Miss Hutchinson. It is a rare thing for me to leave home, but I shall not be absent many days. Farewell, brother bard, and believe me,

Yours truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* We have but to repeat the same wishful prayer in 1855! We are not good enough yet for wars to cease in all the earth! and thousands must yet stem the baptism of blood!

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, May 27. 1822.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

I shall rejoice to see your "Dialogues." Mine are consecutive, and will have nothing of that dramatic variety of which you will make the most. My plan grew out of Boethius, though it has since been so modified, that the origin would not be suspected. The personage who visits me is Sir Thomas More, as one who recognises in me some *dyspathics*, but more points of agreement. This age is as climacteric as that in which he lived; in fact we are beginning now to perceive the whole effects of the three great events of his age — the invention of printing, the Reformation, and the discovery of America. You see what a canvas I have taken, if I can but fill up the sketch. By way of relief, I introduce some of the dialogues with local scenery, and perhaps I may insert some verses.

The first volume of my "History" is delayed by the printer. My part is so nearly done, that it will be finished before this reaches you. Give me in your next a direction whither to send it. By that time I hope the printer will nearly have done his work. The "Vision" and some smaller things will go with it. Humboldt's "Travels" (which you will read with great interest), and two little volumes which Wordsworth sends you — the one a series of sonnets ("Ecclesiastical Sketches" he calls them), the other, poems which he produced during a short tour on the Continent.

The complaint in Wordsworth's eyes is a serious inconvenience to him; but it threatens nothing worse. I have been greatly alarmed about him this week, by hearing that he had a dreadful fall from a horse; but to-day we learn that he is well. The horse ran away

with him, and threw him against a wall. His head was cut, and bled profusely, which possibly prevented worse consequences. Chantrey has made a noble bust of him. Augustus Hare showed me yesterday what you had written of Wordsworth in a letter to his brother. It is a great pleasure to me when I meet with a person who knows your writings, and can talk with me about them, and about you.

You have, I suppose, seen or heard of the decorous manner in which Lord Byron resented my comments upon the satanic school of poetry, and of the manner in which he introduced your name. I believe he will take the advice I gave him in reply, and not meddle with me again in prose.

We are going on in this country fast and quickly towards Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform; both, I think, must, at no distant time, be carried, and either one will suffice to overthrow our institutions. The only question is whether the Church or State goes first; the trunk will not remain long upon one leg when the other is lopt. The end, of course, must be a stronger Government, though God only knows through what evil it will be reached, and in what sacrifice it must be purchased. In the days of Charles I. there was some consolation in falling before the mighty: such men as Pym, Hampden, Milton, &c. But to see the work of ruin effected by such people as B * * * * * and H * * *, C * * H * * * * and the house of R * * * *, it is like seeing a temple pulled down by wretches who could not have been thought worthy to carry a hod for the masons at the building.

Would that the means for raising a fallen nation were as efficacious, and as sure, as those which are employed for overthrowing the fabric of our greatness! We might then look with more hope toward Spain, Portugal, and the far more degraded Italians; for in

the two former countries the degradation has been of the State, not of the people. One day I hope you will give us your recollections of Italy.

The French have not yet had enough of St. Domingo. They have actually made an attempt to establish themselves in the Spanish part of the island; and it is said that they intend to restore the Slave Trade openly, which they have always carried on in an underhand way. This is quite worthy of them. If they send an army from Europe against the island, I hope it will be numerous enough to give the pestilence full scope. They are an incorrigible people, incapable of any shame.

I am going on myself quietly and contentedly, with no other disquietude than what arises from the occasional illness of one or other of my children; more especially my little boy. He has just recovered from a bilious attack, which is the disease in this country most incident to children. But he is a fine, joyous creature; an object of the greatest hope—if I could look upon him without fear. Yours will have the advantage of acquiring two languages at once, with equal facility. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

June 8. 1822.

My dear Grosvenor,

I received your letter with as much pleasure as a man most desperately uncomfortable in his bodily feelings could derive from anything. My *catarrh* of this year deserves to be called a *cat-a-mountain-arrh*. The extreme heat of the weather aggravates it. I spend about half my time on the sofa, with my eyes shut, and

the other half in blowing my nose. Nothing ails my eyes but the weakness which this violent cold produces. However my spirits are not a jot the worse, and Mrs. Coleridge can bear testimony that I practise all varieties of intonation in sneezing. She can testify also that I never sneeze like a sneaker! No! I let the house, and the town, and the mountain echoes hear me.

Oh! Grosvenor, is it not a pity that two men who love nonsense so cordially, and naturally, and *bonâ-fidically*, as you and I, should be three hundred miles asunder! For my part I insist upon it that there is no sense so good as your honest genuine nonsense. Read, for instance, a pamphlet of Mr. Ricardo's, or a treatise of Dugald Stewart's, or a criticism upon it in the "Quarterly Review,"—or an agricultural report from a committee of the House of Commons, with the evidence at full length, or a debate upon the said report,—and then tell me whether five minutes of the "*Butler*"* is not worth the whole existence of all the political economists, metaphysicians, and critics that ever consumed time and paper! Is the counsellor's, the bishop's, the speaker's, the chancellor's wig so respectable a covering for the head as the cap and bells? Counsellors? judges? bishops? speakers? chancellors? has there been ever any lack of them? any scarcity of heads to wear becomingly their full-buckled honours? But why have the cap and bells disappeared from Court? Why—but because these degenerate ages produce none worthy to succeed to it. The King can confer dignity: he can create knight, baronet, baron, viscount, earl, marquis, and duke; but he cannot create a FOOL.† He can find

* This term has been explained before.

† The author of "*The Last of the Old Squires*," and the Last of the Old Squires himself, were evidently of the same opinion. See Chap. XIV. of that work, — "*The Last of the Old Squires' Love of Anecdote and Humour*," p. 145.

fellows by the dozen to talk sense, or what passes for it, in the House of Commons, but where will he find one who can talk nonsense to the purpose? And is there any of his ministers who do him half so much service in Parliament as a good fool would do there?

For myself, I have the honour to be his Majesty's poet, and I am also poet to my own son,—your godson, who says the reason why he has no tail is because he is a small homo, and homos have no tails. In the discharge of this latter office (the pleasanter of the two) I have lately composed the following descriptive poem, which I hope may please godfather as well as it pleases godson.

"How does the water come down at Lowdore?" &c. &c.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, July 2. 1822.

CLEMENTE LIBERTINO is D. Francisco Manoel. I have two copies of his book; the one a reprint at Madrid, in 1808, which speaks of the book (though thrice printed) as of extraordinary rarity in Portugal as well as in Spain. Rare in Portugal, however, it could not have been, or you would not have had two copies. The new edition has a life of the author. Here it was that I found the Miquelets, when I read the book several years ago. The *Expediciom de los Catalanes* is here.

To my great surprise I found this day that one of Montaigne's "Essays" is an account of the Brazilian savages, drawn up by him from the communications of an ignorant man who had gone over with Villegagnon. Among other things he gives two Tupinamba songs in French: one of them is a sort of death song, and turns upon that identical bravado which is given in

the poem of "Caramuru," as a feat occurring in Para, and which I have noticed Vol. II. 641. There are several curious things in this paper, which I shall fit into their proper places. It is more than five-and-twenty years since I read Montaigne in an old translation. I am now going through him in your small edition, having always some book at hand to take up in those fractions of time which would else run to waste.

What I said about your Chief, as you call him, and the Peninsular War, arose wholly from the subject of the work, as rendering it not an appropriate present to one who is unhappily to be classed *tra la perduta gente*. But I should be very sorry if you did not make use of as many copies of that, or any other work of mine, as you like to dispose of. The volume is drawing near to its close; 672 pages are printed, and the printer has had the conclusion more than a week in his hands. It will somewhat exceed 800. I have written the preface, and hesitate about the dedication. I have written two, and when I have fitted the conclusion to a third, I will send them to you — to choose.

William Westall lives out of the way,— 19, Mornington Place, Hampstead Road; and it is very likely that he may be on the road to the North. He sent me two magnificent specimens of his Peninsula views,— the Tagus at Villa Valha, and the town of Marvam. Concerning the latter I have a fine story, quite in the spirit of old Portuguese history; but to introduce the former I was obliged to drive a peg in on purpose.

Two Danish poets have very civilly sent me some of their works. Oehlenschläger * and Ingemann are their names. I am looking at that language. This is not

* With Oehlenschläger I was intimate, and his works are all before me. Ingemann was rarely in Copenhagen whilst I was there. His talents *may* have been less, but his genius was more refined than that of Oehlenschläger.

supererogatory work, because I have long been accumulating notes and materials for a history of English manners and literature, meaning to combine them.

Have you seen Leucadio Doblado (Blanco White's) "Letters from Spain?" They are very amusing. He is writing "Memoirs of the Reign of Juan II."

Yesterday I received advice of a present of Yankee books from my friend at Boston.

I am now pretty well recovered from the effects of my annual cold, which this year seemed disposed to make a settlement on my chest, and laid me up for a considerable time. A little brisk exercise will, I hope, completely set me up; and this I have in prospect. A fellow collegian, whom I have not seen for eight-and-twenty years, but with whom I have always kept up some communication, is coming from Crediton, where he keeps a school, to visit me during his holidays. I expect him on Thursday or Friday, and truly glad shall I be to see him, changed as we shall see each other. John May also is coming, and lastly the Doctor. I shall be the better for all this rousing, and for the mountain air, and for Lake exercise. My family, thank God, are well; and Edith May seems to have derived the expected benefit from her stay at Harrogate.

Osterwald's friend has not made his second appearance.

I am now upon the "Book of the Church," which I think you will be pleased with, and the Catholics will not. It is long since they have had so hard a blow. But I have harder in store for them.

Love to my aunt and the boys. I wish I could hear that the unusual warmth of this summer had taken away your rheumatism. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, July 20. 1822.

Utrum horum? You need not return the paper; but let me know your opinion without delay.

I prefer the last.

The second would cost me about nine guineas in court binding, which is a heavy tax upon dedications. If, however, you prefer it, that to Lord Sidmouth, with a little alteration, would be transferable to another work.

Love to my aunt and the young ones. I have quite got rid of my cold.

R. S.

To the Memory
of
Spencer Perceval,
A Statesman,
Who, in the most arduous times,
With a right English spirit,
Defended the institutions and upheld the honour of his country,
This work is inscribed
by
R. S.

To the King.

Sir,

It is with peculiar fitness, as well as pleasure, that I inscribe to your Majesty a history of the most glorious war recorded in the British annals.

When the Regency devolved into your hands, the fortunes of our allies were at the lowest ebb, and neither arts nor efforts were spared for making the

spirit of this country sink with them. At that momentous crisis everything, under Providence, depended upon your single determination, and to that determination Great Britain is beholden for its triumph, and Europe for its deliverance.

To you, therefore, this faithful history is offered, as a portion of the tribute which will always be paid to the merits of a just, magnanimous, and splendid reign, and as a proof of individual respect and gratitude from,

Your Majesty's most dutiful subject and servant,

R. S.

To Lord Sidmouth.

In inscribing to your lordship this "History of the Peninsular War," I am actuated not less by private than by public considerations.

I am one of the many persons who, at the beginning of the French revolution, were deceived by its specious promises. The error is not one upon which I look back either with compunction or shame. It was connected with generous feelings, and pursued with an utter disregard of worldly interests. Youth, ignorance, and an ardent mind, rendered me easy to be so deluded. I believed that the war in which this country was engaged against France was unjust in its commencement, and iniquitous in its object; and I was ill-informed enough to suppose that popular governments must needs be free, and that whenever such governments could be established, there, in the natural course of things, the people would become virtuous and happy. Thus prejudiced, I suffered myself to be persuaded that the crimes of the revolution were caused by the resistance which was opposed to it; and when the character of that revolution had so developed itself as to

make it evident that worse danger was to be apprehended from rebublican France than that from which Europe had been delivered by the efforts of Great Britain, and the consummate abilities of Marlborough, still I thought a war which in its origin had been injurious, carried with it a sin from which no change of circumstances in its progress could purify it.

This was my temper when the Peace of Amiens was concluded, and there were many who partook in the same erroneous feeling. No act of amnesty ever produced such conciliatory consequences as that Peace. It restored in me the English feeling which had been deadened; it placed me in sympathy with my country, bringing me thus into that natural and healthy state of mind upon, which time, and knowledge, and reflection, was sure to produce their proper and salutary effect. Now that your lordship has retired from administration, it may not be unpleasing to you, at the close of a long and honourable career, to receive this public and grateful acknowledgement.

The occasion which I have taken is a fitting one. This work records the glorious termination of a war commenced under your ministry with the full accord of the nation, and in just reliance upon God and a good cause. Throughout all the vicissitudes of that long and eventful struggle, whether you were in or out of power, there was no change in your conduct—your heart and voice were always with your country. No factious motives stand upon record against you; no malevolent opposition; no opinion or sentiment which you could wish to recall. Pursuing the same straightforward course at all times, you supported the honour of Great Britain when you no longer directed its counsels, and finally bore a part in those counsels when the most arduous contest in which Great Britain ever was engaged was brought to a triumphant close.

That your Lordship may long live to enjoy the approbation of your own heart, and the esteem of all who value as they ought the institutions of their country, is the wish of him who subscribes himself, with sincere respect, Your Lordship's humble servant,

R. S.

To the Rev. Peter Elmsley

Keswick, July 17. 1822.

MY DEAR ELMSLEY,

I recommend to your kind offices one who comes recommended to me in the highest terms, by Ticknor, whom I think you are acquainted with. Dr. Channing is said to be the most distinguished preacher in America. His creed is Arian, his fortune large; but he has devoted his life to ministerial duties, and almost spent himself in them. More than this I need not say, for his conversation, if he is fortunate enough to find you at Oxford, will sufficiently recommend him. Farewell, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, July 30. 1822.

D. Jose Maria's edition of the "Lusiad" is, I believe, to be seen at Holland House, but only to be had from the editor himself. An octavo edition, I think, was published for sale. I have never seen either. The want of F. y Sousa's edition was a deficiency which I

* I have vainly endeavoured to recover the correspondence with Elmsley, to whom Southey was greatly attached, and to whom he dedicated the BOOK OF THE CHURCH. This letter, not being delivered, was returned.

felt much more; his commentary must certainly contain many things which I could have turned to good account.

I returned from Rydal to-day, not the worse for a walk of fifteen miles, the last ten in the rain. A great deal of exercise during the last three weeks has done me great service, and when John May and his son arrive I shall put them upon their mettle. Dr. Wordsworth is at Rydal, and inquired for you. I had some conversation with him concerning Westminster. Without knowing that I had any immediate interest in the question, he took some pains to show me that for a boy of talents it would be more advantageous to be elected off to Trinity College than to Christ Church. The scholarship while it lasts (which is till the master's degree is taken) is worth 40*l.* a year; not much less therefore, according to his account, than a studentship. The fellowships are 400*l.* or 500*l.* For these, indeed, a Westminster scholar has only the same chance as other scholars, but *cæteris paribus* there would be a wish to prefer him. For one who chooses a college life, the Christ Church destination would be obviously the best, because the studentship there is everything; but in any other case Dr. W. is, perhaps, right in representing the Cambridge chance as worth more than the Oxford certainty.

We have been overrun with visitors since my return. I found in Keswick my old acquaintance Sharpe, and also Randolph of Roanoke *, so he styles himself upon his card; the Randolph who was considered as the head of the Federal party in America, while any such party

* On his return from St. Petersburg, I travelled with this remarkable man, and had much conversation with him. I shall not readily forget his kindness and attention; but one might almost see the blood of Pocohontas in his veins. Finding that I was well up in the Latin poets, it was curious to hear him spout Lucan against the waves of the North Sea, which we were crossing. My impression was at the time that Lucan was the only Latin poet he knew; but I may be wrong.

existed. A singular but very interesting man, Sir John Malcolm, breakfasted with me this morning, and Mr. Duncan, a Scotch pastor, who first set the saving banks on foot. Malcolm's herculean form is much shaken since I saw him last, and well it may; for during his last five years' residence in India he did not spend three months under a roof. But he is recovering, and his spirits are as exuberant as ever. He is on his way to London to publish a book, which, from the specimens which he has shown me, must be a very curious one. It is in substance, and perhaps in form also, the official report of his Government.

Yesterday I had a letter from Westall, asking for the sketch of Elvas. I thought he had been on his way northwards, but business will detain him at home. I send you his direction (19. Mornington Place, Hampstead Road), that you may either send the sketch, or take it, if you feel inclined to see what he has already done. If you see him, ask him to show you a view in Madeira (if he has it still in his possession), with the platform before a Capuchin convert and the Bell. He has seen New Holland, the East Indies and the West, but considers Madeira as the most picturesque country which he has yet visited.

I have followed your advice, and sent off dedication, preface, &c., as soon as your letter arrived. Three sheets will now complete the printer's work.

God bless you,

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, August 17. 1822.

My dear Wynn,

I am setting off, not very willingly, to meet Canning at Mr. Bolton's, where he is expected to-

morrow, if his plans are not changed by Lord Londonderry's unhappy death. It has often appeared wonderful to me that any mind or body can endure the perpetual wear and tear of ministerial business in England. That business would be sufficient for any human capacity, even without the House of Commons; and I am less surprised at an instance like this of over excitement, than that instances of insanity so produced are not more frequent, especially in minds which have little or no religious principle to regulate them.

What a blessing is tranquillity! I am so accustomed to it, that anything which interrupts my ordinary course of life seems a change for the worse, and I do not even leave home for a couple of days, on an occasion like this, without reluctance. During the last month I have taken a great deal of exercise, to the material improvement of my health;—first with my old friend Lightfoot, and lately with John May. We have been mountaineering in all directions, and I shall have another week's work of the same kind on my return. The sensible strength which I have gained must compensate for a loss of time which otherwise I could not afford.

My first volume of the war is finished; the last proof sheet is now on the table before me. I have dedicated it to the King. Whether Murray means to delay the publication till the winter I know not; this is his concern, and I am perfectly indifferent about it. One of the first things which I shall do will be to resume the "Tale of Paraguay," and go on with it resolutely and doggedly till it is completed. This I must do, because my ways and means require it.

But I am interrupted, and must close my dispatches.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Aug. 31. 1822.

I AM now, after a succession of visitors, left awhile to myself,—a good deal the better for the course of exercise into which I have been led, and somewhat the worse for the large subtraction thus made from time which would otherwise have been bestowed upon my ways and means. By the time this evil is remedied, the good I suspect will be undone: good, however, it is, as long as it lasts. My farthest stretch from home has been to Mr. Bolton's, on Windermere; whither I went to meet Canning, and where I found Heber also. Heber has since been here, and, upon looking over my Spanish and Portuguese books, pronounced them a better collection than any which he had seen, except his own;—much better than Murdoch's. If the channel which you are now trying should prove a good one, there are several books which I shall be desirous of obtaining,—among others, the "Agiologio Lusitano" of Cardoso, the "Sermoens de P. Antonio das Chagas," and the "Olras de S. Teresa,"—of which Mal-lavado used to have copies in abundance.

Among the many reasons which make me regret that you would never be persuaded to travel thus far, one is, that I should so have liked to show you the progress which is made in the "History of Portugal." It is in more forwardness than any work that I ever yet committed to the press; and, as soon as the "Peninsular War" is finished, to the printer it will go. I have a continuous narrative from the C. Henrique down to the accession of Sebastian. A great deal is to be added in transcribing it from materials, good part of which are ready. The Cardinal's reign, and the subsequent events till Philip obtained possession of the kingdom, are

written, and large collections made for the following period.* You would be well pleased to see the order in which all this is, and the battle array of my shelves, where so many of your old acquaintance are stationed in good company.

John May enjoyed his visit greatly. Dr. Bell is here; he rode off this morning with Edith May, and is just returned, after a circuit of one and twenty miles with her, — part of it the wildest road in this country. He went, as usual, without a servant; they had to lead their horses themselves, and he opens the gate with all the alacrity of a boy. So youthful an old man I never before saw.

I have not heard from Harry concerning the Yankee books which I desired him to inquire about. Randolph of Roanoke has been here. But I had the vexation of missing Telford, who arrived with Sir Henry Parnell while I was at Mr. Bolton's. This was a great mortification, inasmuch as I owe Telford every kind of friendly attention, and like him heartily.

There is only one proof more of the first volume to reach me, containing some additions which I have grafted in their proper places, by cancelling two leaves. The new matter is very curious, and was drawn from Sir Hew Dalrymple's papers. Whether Murray will delay the publication till the winter I cannot tell. I have made a memorandum concerning Mr. Wither's copy, and it will be duly sent you. Harry may take the presentation copy to Court, if he thinks proper; and I should think it would be worth his while to choose himself upon the occasion. I wait only for some promised papers from B. Frere, to begin with the second volume; that is, with the printing of it. A large portion of the

* All these collections are in my possession. As a mercantile speculation Messrs. Longman and Co. did not consider that the publication would answer. IT BIDES ITS TIME.

volume will be transferred from the "Edinburgh Annual Register," without much alteration.

When you are prowling at the booksellers', or looking over their catalogues, lay hold of Nalson's collection, from the beginning of the Rebellion, if you see it, as I think you may, at a low price. There are two volumes, small folio. It is a collection made by Charles II.'s command, to counteract the impression which Rushworth, by his insidious omissions, intended to produce, and has, in fact, produced. Nalson's is much better, as far as it goes. I have been working upon a copy which I borrowed from Lowther; the book is probably now at a low price, but in all likelihood it will be very considerably raised by what I shall one day say of it.

A Baltimore review of the "Life of Wesley" has just been sent me, wherein it is affirmed that, beyond all doubt, I constructed it upon the plan of Homer's "Iliad." And this is said seriously!

Goodenough, it is said, will be made Dean of Ch.-Ch., whenever they can promote the present Dean. I wish Westminster were in the hands of a man who would look into the mischievous system pursued in college; where the boys, through the slavery which they endure at first, and the tyranny which they exercise afterwards, rather lose ground than gain it. Dr. Wordsworth told me he was equally surprised at the examination of the juniors (those just elected), and of the seniors; the former appearing to such advantage, the latter so much below what they ought to have been. I explained to him the cause. A good master might easily remedy it. Love to my aunt and the boys.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, September 9. 1822.

MY DEAR R.,

Such work as that of the population, in addition to your other labours, is enough to break down anybody. The objection to task-work is, that it tempts the industrious to work beyond their strength; and in intellectual, over-exertion is worse than in bodily, labour.

I have spent a very idle summer, much to the advantage of my health. A fellow collegian, for whom I have a great regard, came to pass his Midsummer holidays with me, from Crediton, where he is master of the grammar school. I began a course of exercise with him, and persevered in it, much as it cost me for some time, till at length the effect which I looked for was produced; and my constitution recovering its tone, I became once more a sound man. John May came to me just after Lightfoot's departure. I walked about a hundred miles more with him, and am now in as good trim for walking as any man of my years need be. This I hope will last till I visit London, which I think of doing as soon as the rigour of the winter shall be over.

My first volume is completed. I send back by this post two cancels, in each of which insertions to the amount of two pages have been nicely fitted; and with these the printer will finish his part. The time for publication rests with Murray, and I should not think he will delay it till what is called the season, because the demand for such a book cannot depend much upon people being in or out of town. It is dedicated to the King, briefly and becomingly. The Buonapartists and the Whigs will be thoroughly exasperated. I have only said enough of the latter to show them what they may expect on the progress of the history, when they shall have full justice.

I was invited to meet Canning at Mr. Bolton's. It is the opinion of his friends that if he accepts office the House of Commons will kill him in two or three years. In reality, flesh and blood is not equal to such wear and tear as is exacted from an English minister in these times. I told him plainly that the present state of things was a contest between wickedness and weakness, and that there needed no spirit of prophecy to foresee what the event must be. To my sore vexation, when I returned from this short absence I found that Mr. Telford*, whom I had rather have seen than all the statesmen in Europe, had passed through Keswick. You may suppose how this mortified me.

Blanco White has written an entertaining account of what Spain was before the year 1808, under the name of "Leucadio Doblado," which I interpreted as soon as I saw it advertised. I mean to review his book, and take that opportunity of putting the peninsular revolutions in their proper light. Ferdinand, I think, can hardly escape with life. The King of Portugal has a better chance. But I see no end to the miseries of either country, except under a strong and vigilant despotism, itself the worst of all evils, anarchy excepted. Who would not rather have lived in the days of Tiberius, or Nero, than in those of Marius and Sylla? In Europe the tendency at this time is through one of these evils to the other. God bless you. Remember me to Mrs. R.

R. S.

* A MS. journal of a visit to Scotland, in 1819, in company with Rickman and Telford, now before me, shows how much he was attached to this excellent man, whom I had the honour to number amongst my acquaintance.

To the Rev. Neville White, &c.

Keswick, Sept. 1. 1822.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

Taken up as I have been for the last two months by a succession of guests and chance visitors, even to a total suspension of all my customary and necessary employments, I would yet have found time for writing to you if I had known of your father's decease. What, however, could I have said more than your own feelings and faith had suggested to you! For the best of us, when our lives are not of essential use to others, death is better than life; and it were weakness, indeed, to desire for our friends a prolonged old age, when, in our sober judgment, we should wish no such lot for ourselves.

This, though a solemn event, is no evil. It was my lot to lose both my parents when they were very little older than I am at present, and, in the ordinary course of nature, might have enjoyed many years of life.

James's affection of the chest is not necessarily of an alarming nature. I know at this time three instances of persons who have repeatedly discharged large quantities of blood from the lungs; the ailment is of many years' standing, and yet all three are good lives.

Solomon Pigott has written me a letter of remonstrance upon the printed sheet which contains the circular of his "Case." I have neither noticed the case, nor the letter. With regard to the matter of his complaint, he has provoked the treatment which he has received. What became of the intended prints for this third volume? Let me know in time when it is proposed to distribute these gleanings at their proper places, and I will then alter the Memoir accordingly.

I congratulate you on your preferment; its convenience is its value, and this to you is of the greatest.

Moreover, it is a very gratifying proof of the estimation in which you are held by the Dean and Chapter.

My brother told me of your transit through London. You have now accomplished a great work in removing your family, and in so doing it may reasonably be hoped you have performed the last of a long series of most important services. You are a happy man, Neville, and it is delightful to think, as my experience shows me, that the best men are always the happiest.

Cuthbert has just been to wish me good night. He is, I think, just as winning for his age as he was when you and your good friends were so well pleased with him. To-day, for the first time, and by his own earnest desire, he has been to church. His sisters, thank God, are well; their mother is better than her usual health, and I myself strengthened almost beyond my expectation by the brisk exercise which I have taken during the last two months. An old college friend, Lightfoot by name (master of Crediton school), whom I had not seen since we parted when we both left Oxford eight and twenty years ago, mustered up resolution to take a longer journey than he had ever before accomplished, for the sake of visiting me. He stayed with me as long as his holidays would allow; and I believe no men ever met more cordially after so long a separation, or enjoyed each other's society more. I shall never forget the manner in which he first met me, nor the time in which he said that having now seen me, he should return home and die in peace. We took many of the walks which you and I performed together, and which every year become dearer to me, for the recollection of those friends with whom the scenery is now associated.

My old friend John May has also visited me for the first time, and stayed with me three weeks. I am now expecting my brother as soon as he can give himself a fortnight's holiday from his profession.

A word or two more of my employments. The first volume of the "Peninsular War" is completed. Whether Murray will publish it now, or delay it till the winter, rests with him. You will, of course, receive a copy as soon as it appears. I have dedicated it to the King. The book of the Church lingers, and I suspect Murray has mislaid the last portion of manuscript. I shall now take it up, and pursue it to the end.

God bless you, my dear Neville,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 7. 1822.

MY DEAR G.,

I very much approve your laudable curiosity to know the precise meaning of that noble word *horse-mangandering*. Before I tell you its application, you must be informed of its origin and history. Be it therefore known unto you that * * * * * *, the whole and sole inventor of the never-to-be-forgotten *lingo grande* (in which, by-the-by, I purpose ere long to compose a second epistle), thought proper one day to call my daughter a great *horsemangander*, thinking, I suppose, that that appellation contained as much unfeminine meaning as could be put into any decent compound. From this substantive the verb has been formed to denote an operation performed by the said daughter upon the said aunt, of which I was an astonished spectator. The horsemangander — that is to say, Edith May — being tall and strong, came behind the person to be horsemangandered (to wit, * * * * * *), and took her round the waist, under the arms, then jumped with her all the way from the kitchen into the middle of the parlour; the motion of the horsemangan-

dered person at every jump being something like that of a paviour's rammer, and all resistance impossible.

I do not mistranslate *beau ideal* when I write of the fair ideal of a work of art, a human character, or a commonwealth. I have no objection to Anglicise a word from any language when we have no equivalent for it, and would therefore write *menagery*, and *naivety*; but I have a very great objection to see written English interlarded with foreign phrases.*

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Oct. 14. 1822.

B. FRERE has sent me a boxful of his brother's papers. I have as many bundles fastened with red tape before me as if I were at the head of a public office, and am a great deal busier with them than if I were paid two or three thousand a year for my work. These papers will carry on my narrative very satisfactorily to the time when those which I had from M. Wellesley begin. But I shall very likely spring some other mines when I come to town.

Sir Robert Inglis has given me the first and third volumes of the "Chronicas de la Apostolica Provinica de S. Gregorio de Religiosos descalzos de N. S. P. S. Francisco en las Islas Philipinas, China, Japon," &c., printed in their convent at Manila, from whence this imperfect set was brought by some *curioso* in Sir W. Draper's expedition. Sir R. purchased them the other day at the sale of a relation's books. The first volume contains a fuller description of the Phi-

* I am often inclined to apply to such *interlarders* the words of Moth in "Love's Labour Lost": "They have been at a feast of languages, and stolen the scraps."—Act v. sc. 1.

lippines than I have seen in any other work. There is a great deal of curious matter in the book, as indeed there is in almost all books of this kind. The good matter is mingled in them as it is in our county histories, and the rubbish is better worth taking.

I have also added to my stores the two volumes of the earlier "Edda," published at Copenhagen in 1784 and 1818; a third is soon expected, to complete the work.* Were it only for its copious glossaries, it would be exceedingly curious; but the poems themselves are of the most curious kind. At the same time I obtained a "Bibliotheca Danica." † I wish it had included Swedish, as well as Norwegian and Icelandic authors.

Like you, it is not often that I meet with any one who can enter into my pursuits. People come to look at me as a live poet, little thinking how completely I have ceased as such, and that I have as little inclination to write verses as to play at pottle or whip a top. Now that I am left to myself and to my ordinary habits, I take every night after supper, with my black-currant rum (thanks be to your friend Hoblyn for introducing me to that admirable tincture), a composing dose of Dutch, looking through the huge work of Aitzema, from which I shall make no inconsiderable gleanings. It is an invaluable repository of facts for the greater part of the 17th century, and a great deal which it contains is not to be found elsewhere.

The other day I finished the "Life of Philippe de Mornay," better known among us by that name than by his title of Du Plessis. The book is heavy, but it

* This appeared in 1828. I sent it to Southey from Copenhagen. Nothing extant is more curious than Sæmund's "Edda." The "Nibelungen Lied" is quite a secondary concern compared with it, and Ossian a *galimatias*, and a *schwärmerey*.

† The "*Litteratur Lexicon*," by Nyerup and Kraft, I suppose, is alluded to. It is a very useful book, printed at Copenhagen in 1820.

shows how much intrigue was mixed up with the affairs of the Huguenots, and Du Plessis himself seems to have been a perfect example of integrity. When I come to you in the spring, I shall set upon you "Sully." By that time I shall have pretty nearly finished the earlier "Memoirs," as far as my set goes.

Between ourselves, that journal, the "Quarterly Review," will be in great danger whenever Gifford drops it, or drops off. It has got itself into deserved disgrace by its silence, and its notice concerning Lord Byron; and many persons are offended, as you and I have been, by its irritating papers concerning America, and by the temper of its criticism. A new "Quarterly" has been thought of; and if an unfit person were to succeed Gifford, or if his successor were to commit the same faults, I have no doubt it would be started. If I would undertake the management, a bookseller of sufficient capital would move into the west end of the town from the City, secure to me 500*l.* a year, give me half the profits above that sum, whatever they might be, and vest the copyright in me, and coadjutors enough are ready to bear a part. This has been intimated to me for my consideration. I am not inclined to make so great a sacrifice of worthier pursuits as would be required, and would much rather see the existing "Quarterly Review" in the hands of an editor, who would make it what it ought to be. Love to my aunt. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 18. 1822.

My dear Grosvenor,

Your letter gave me the greatest pleasure, enhanced by knowing that the promptitude and manner

in which a promotion so just and proper in itself has been granted must have been *owing to Wynn.** I never doubted his hearty desire to be of real service to you, whenever it should be in his power. Tell me the designation of your office. Long may you live to fulfil its duties, and to enjoy the remuneration to which you will be rightly entitled whenever you are weary of them, and choose to amuse yourself in your own way for the rest of your life.

Poor Gifford! The state of his health must make him think seriously of appointing a king of the Romans; and, between ourselves, neither he nor Murray-le-Magne are aware of how much depends upon the choice. You will not let what I am about to say to you go farther. Murray has a great many enemies, especially in his own trade; and the "Quarterly Review" has disgusted a great many persons who were by principle strongly disposed to be its friends. They are offended by its wretched inconsistency upon many points; by criticisms which are often as ill tempered and unmanly as they are unjust; and by its silence concerning Lord Byron, which is not the less scandalous in such a journal, because Murray is implicated with him in the disgrace which must attach to every person concerned in bringing forth "Don Juan." In the event of Gifford's *decession*, or decease, a new "Quarterly Review" has been talked of, unless he should be succeeded by a person who would make the existing one what it ought to be in point of consistency, and high, uncompromising principle. That it may be started with advantage, A. is ready to move to the west end of the town; and I am assured that if I would take the management, he would secure me 500*l.* a year, give me half the profits above that sum, whatever they might be, and vest the copy-

* "It was not." Note in G. C. B.'s handwriting.

right in me. Coadjutors on which I could rely, and such as I should choose, are ready. This has been communicated to me by John Coleridge. My wish is that he should be Gifford's successor; and upon this point I wrote to Gifford, as he has probably told you. Should that arrangement take place, this scheme falls to the ground at once; otherwise — though it is by no means likely that I should accede to it, so as to change my residence and act as editor — it is very probable that it will be tried. And the "Quarterly Review" might be as much shaken by it as the "Edinburgh" has been by the "Quarterly Review."

I have returned no answer to John Coleridge; because, though it would be far more congenial to my habits, desires, and feelings to withdraw from periodical and temporary literature altogether, rather than engage in it more deeply, still the prospect of a certain income is not hastily to be rejected by one whose means are so precarious as mine, at my age. Murray's conduct has not been such as to make me feel bound to him in the slightest degree; and no future editor shall ever treat my papers as Gifford has done.

Enough of this. Pray send me the remaining sheets of my first volume, that I may get it put in boards, and enjoy the satisfaction of seeing it complete, and in a *tangible shape*. At present I am working (hard as any clerk in a public office after a motion for papers) upon a boxful of papers from Frere; all which I have to read and *exenterate*, not to use so coarse a word as *gut*. As soon as the task is performed, the second volume will go on briskly. I am keeping up my course of exercise in due obedience to Osiris. How should I ever do this in a tame country? To-day I have been up Latrigg; yesterday, along the terrace which runs under Skiddaw; the day before, up Walla Woods, to

the summit of the crag. The improvement in my health is surprising. At present, indeed, I am once more a sound man.

Thank God we are all well. I wish you could see your god-son, the archbishop-in-rus. I am learning Danish, and take a good dose of Dutch every night after supper with my black-currant rum; and I am as noisy as ever — a sure sign that all within is well. God bless you, my dear Grosvenor.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Oct. 26. 1822.

My dear Wynn,

If the scheme for uniting Spain and Portugal should take effect, it is more likely to be under a republican than a kingly government. Such a termination I thought likely at the commencement of these troubles fourteen years ago, and thought it also the consummation to be wished, looking both upon the Bourbon and and Braganzan races as effete; thinking that such a connection required no sacrifice of feeling on the part of Portugal, and that when the general Government of Spain was dissolved, a federal union of its respective kingdoms, each retaining or modifying its own *fueros* *, was the system into which they would most easily and naturally fall. The aspects in Europe have so changed since that time, and the republican spirit which was then trampled under foot in France is now so rampant every where, that I should be sorry to see the course of events tending to that issue; though, if the Peninsula alone were concerned, it is perhaps that which might bring its miseries soonest to an end. Eroles might oppose a

* *i. e.* charters and privileges.

Braganzan King of Spain upon the same principle that he opposed Joseph Buonaparte; but the same feeling might not induce him to oppose a total change of government, which added Portugal to Spain, and restored to his own principality all its proud old privileges. I think, if I were a Spaniard or a Portuguese, that this would be my aim; but as an Englishman, and regarding the question as it would affect the whole of Europe (where the tendency is certainly down the hill of democracy), I should grieve to see it.

My brother Henry, who sees a good deal of the Portuguese in London, knows more of their views and politics than I do. They have in Joam VI. an easy man, of good faith, whom they can govern, and whom they can trust. Ferdinand is truly a wretch, unworthy of compassion, even in his present miserable condition. I wish he had no brothers, for in that case I should heartily assent to the fitness of shutting him up in a convent, and giving the King of Portugal the crown in right of his wife.

By us at least they must be left to themselves, and I hope France will not interfere. Such interference may be deeply injurious, in more ways than one. Suppose it were successful,—Ferdinand would then hold his authority only by the support of France, and the evil which you apprehend, that of Spain's becoming in effect a province of France *, would at once be brought about. On the other hand, if a formidable resistance were made by the aid of Portugal, the republican party would thereby acquire the power of effecting their designs, and when that train is fired, who can tell how far the explosion will reach? The Portuguese have an efficient army; with British officers they would beat the French;

* It is hardly necessary to refer to the policy of Louis Philippe —and his fall!

without them I think they would have a fair chance. But they would obtain adventurers from England as easily as the South Americans have done. And however much the French King may wish to rid himself of disaffected troops, he had better keep them in France, and take his chance for fifty such conspiracies as Bertin's, than engage them in another Peninsular war.

I have not seen the "Liberal," but a Leeds paper has been sent me, containing an account of it, and including among its extracts the description and behaviour of a certain "varlet." He has certainly not offended me in the way that the pious painter exasperated the Devil. As for the slander, it is not worth an angry feeling, and has not excited a painful or an uncomfortable one. Other parts seem to be as disgusting as brutality and impiety can make them.

I have been reviewing Gregoire's "Hist. des Sectes Religieuses," and have left his account of the Theophilanthropists to form part of another paper upon the growth and prevalence of infidelity. If Gifford will let me, I may probably touch upon the "Liberal" here, and show Lord Byron that there can be no better preparatory exercise for writing the memoirs of the Devil than by attempting a sketch of his Lordship's own character and conduct.

Of late I have been chiefly employed upon Frere's papers, and have gone through about half of them. Sir R. Wilson's correspondence amused me a good deal. With what a humiliating feeling will he read what I shall have to write concerning him, the right spirit with which he acted, and the real services which he performed, when in his own words *his collar was making for him by that skilful neck-twister Napoleon.* There are several letters from Mayne, and very bad ones they are. Doyle's I have not yet begun upon, but I have seen a good many of his among Sir Hew Dalrymple's

papers. Whittingham appears to have been very much the ablest of our officers who were in the Spanish service.

To day I have received an importation of American books from Ticknor, the professor of modern language at Hurward College, one of the best informed men I ever became acquainted with. There is among them the "Idle Man," said to be the best of many imitations of the "Sketch Book," a volume of "Travels to the Sources of the Mississippi," and old Dr. Dwight's "Travels in New England and New York," a posthumous work in four full octavos. I have begun upon this, and find in it a great deal of curious observation. If Gifford had not taken that offensive and mischievous tone in the "Review" concerning America, I could have drawn up for him a very interesting paper from this book. There is also "A New England Tale," curious as a picture of manners, and in itself very much above mediocrity, but sadly injured by the introduction of a crazy woman in imitation of Walter Scott's novels.

About Hastings's Life I have nothing to say, except that they wish me to see a Mr. Baber before he selects the papers which are to be put into my hands, and that this Mr. Baber appears to have some very injudicious notions about keeping back whatever relates to Hastings's private history and character. This would be unwise, even if the work to be compiled were a history of his administration, but especially one when it is to be his *life*. However, for the sake of seeing him, I must visit London early in the spring. I should have done so without this matter of business, on account of my uncle. His age is now such that the usual intervals between my visits ought to be shortened. The two poems are in *statu quo*, except that in my yesterday's

walk some improvement was made in the plan of "Oliver Newman."

The "Book of the Church" is in the press, and will be published before I set off for town, which will be at the end of February, or early in March. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Nov. 2. 1822.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Who should succeed Lord Liverpool if he were about to retire, would be to me a matter of less interest than who shall succeed poor Gifford as the editor of the "Q. R.," in case of his death, or of his inability to continue in that office. The latter probability he mentioned to me some weeks ago, and likewise how totally at a loss he was where to look for one who might supply his place. I mentioned John Coleridge to him, and have mentioned him to Murray also. I have some reason to think that Gifford inclines to my opinion, for he has had a conversation with him upon the difficulties of an editor's task, &c.; and though he said nothing which in any way committed himself, yet he would not have entered *upon* that subject, and *into* it as he did, if my suggestion had been totally dismissed. One thing which he said was, that his successor must be a man in whom the Government could feel confidence, because of the assistance which they afforded in the way of documents from the public offices. And this leads me to mention the subject to you.

There is no question about his abilities, acquirements, habits, and principles; but he possesses, in an eminent degree, discretion, a sound judgment, and a

right feeling. I am sure he would never admit anything which should lower the Review,—nothing of that mere insolence which has so often disgraced it, and brought it down to the level of the "Edinburgh."

The choice is a matter of more consequence than Murray is aware of. Murray is very much disliked by the *trade*. They would delight in injuring him; and (this is between ourselves) the project of starting a new "Quarterly," upon the same principles, has been thought of. I do not wish to see this, because it would weaken the effect which the "Quarterly" now produces; and it is better to have one efficient journal of this kind than to divide its power. But if it were made unexceptionable in its tone and temper, and consistent in its views, I am sure its influence would be greatly increased. For myself, it would be a great satisfaction to have an editor who would not mutilate my papers without consulting me.

But I must conclude. I have said this to you that you may know what my wishes are upon the subject,—which, though not a matter of state, is one which, no doubt, you will hear talked of; and in which, very possibly, your opinion may have some weight.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Nov. 3. 1822.

My dear R.,

My mornings for the last three weeks have been pretty closely employed upon Frere's papers, which will occupy a fortnight yet before I shall have got through them. They gave me all the information of

which I was in want for that stage of the war on which my materials were most defective.

Poor Gifford's life is so precarious at this time, and the probability of his being unable to conduct the "Q. R.," even if he recovers, so great, that the question of the *succession* becomes of some interest to me. I wish John Coleridge to be the editor,—being a man who unites in himself all the requisites, and with whom I could act cordially. Unless I am very much mistaken, the character of the Journal could be raised, and its influence greatly increased, by the firm and consistent language which it would hold under his management, and the utter exclusion of such splenetic effusions as often disgrace it now.

The "Liberal" is quite what it ought to be. If I hated Lord Byron as deeply as he does me, I could not wish it to be worse. It cannot, I think, reach a *third* number, even if it proceeds to a second, and escapes prosecution. They must be thorough-paced Whigs, indeed, for whom it is not too bad; and, moreover, his Lordship and Leigh Hunt will quarrel ere long, and break up the infernal firm.

We are going on well, thank God. Since my brother left me, I have settled regularly to my winter occupations, and as regularly taken the daily exercise which he prescribed. A summer's mountaineering has been of the greatest benefit to me, and I hope to keep in the same good condition till you see me early in the spring.

Remember us most kindly to Mrs. R.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Nov. 17. 1822.

I HAVE got from an Edinburgh catalogue a little book printed at Braga, 1624. "Musa Panegyrica in Theodosium" is the title, and Miguel Pinto de Sousa the author. Its rarity at least makes it worth a new coat, and the contents appear to be curious, as showing the strong feeling which at that time prevailed in favour of the Braganzas.

By what I have learnt, I believe the scheme for uniting Spain and Portugal under a Braganzan king would be regarded by our Government as desirable, if it were feasible. In my opinion it cannot be brought about. The Spaniards, who wish to get rid of their wretched king (a wretch he is in both senses of the word), have no wish to substitute any other in his place. Arguelles told Mackenzie that he did not like the English; he wanted such English as those in Oliver Cromwell's days. The scheme would be opposed both by the Republicans, who are the dominant faction at Madrid, by the Royalists, who are doubtless the great majority of the nation, and by those persons who might very willingly consign Ferdinand to a convent, provided the order of succession were respected, and his brother called to the throne in his stead; a measure quite as necessary here as it was supposed to be in the case of Affonso VI. And this, I think, would be the compromise which foreign interference might effect.

I am using my influence to get John Coleridge chosen King of the Romans, upon the demise or abdication of the Emperor Gifford. For poor Gifford himself, I heartily wish he may live as long as he thinks life desirable; but I shall be very glad if he withdraws from

the "Review," and consigns it to a more temperate and judicious editor, who will conduct it consistently, and in a proper spirit. If J. Coleridge has it, it will no longer blow hot and cold. It is very likely to pass into his hands; if it does, my papers will not be mutilated in future, nor will they be postponed to a following number sometimes, when I have calculated upon their appearance.

To have taken the management myself would, I think, have been sacrificing more than I ought for an increase of income, which, all things considered, must have been rather nominal than real. A residence near London would increase my expenditure one half at least, and certainly cut off more than half my enjoyments. The "Review" already consumes more time than I like to bestow upon it; and the task of editing it would consume a great deal more, much more unpleasantly employed. Besides, no person can think less of my qualifications for managing anything than I do myself: the whole habits of my life have tended to foster rather than correct an inaptitude and dislike to whatever has an appearance of business.

Writing not long ago to Murray in strong reprehension of the mischievous papers concerning America, I told him "that if it had not been for those papers, I could now have drawn up for him an interesting article from some new American books." His High mightiness requests that I would so do, "sliding, he says, as gently as you can into the new tone, so as not to appear too abrupt, and as preparatory to the proper feelings in future." In truth, the "Review" has been wretchedly mismanaged. What can be more pitiful than the whole conduct concerning Lord Byron,— and this last miserable business of entering into a defence of Shakespeare, and of the system of Providence against the author of "Cain?" It was quite proper that the "Liberal" and

this tribute of adulation should make their appearance at the same time.

We have been edified at church this morning with the new marriage act, a production upon which I must not congratulate Phillimore when I see him next. However, I believe that the troublesome and absurd part of its enactments are none of his.

I am glad to hear from General Peachey that Mr. Audrey keeps his situation. Bedford has lately succeeded to the highest situation in his department of the Exchequer, after one-and-thirty years service for it. He has got the prize for which he started, and it has made him very happy for the present. God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Nov. 25. 1822.

My dear Harry,

I do not recollect whether I have given you joy of your son, or not; for, without dwelling extravagantly or madly upon the subject, where there is a fair prospect that a child will be fairly set forward in the world, its birth is a subject for congratulation. Besides, it is a joyful change in a house when all is as well as can be expected.

The letter for Sir William Knighton comes herewith. Will you tell Murray where a copy can be directed to Haygarth, to whom one is due for some materials which he communicated.

If the King would make me a present of the publications of the Record Committee, they would be well bestowed. I want too many costly books for my historical pursuits, and these are among them. Wherever

original documents are within my reach, I go to them, and it is surprising how much I find there which has been overlooked. My gleanings are often worth more than the harvest of those who have been before me. Something of this you will see in the "Book of the Church," at which I have been chiefly employed since your departure.

You must know more concerning the "Q. R." at this time than I do. A note from Murray some fortnight ago let me know that he was well disposed towards John Coleridge, and waited till he could talk with Gifford upon the subject; and I have heard nothing since from any quarter. If he understood his own interest, there could not be a moment's hesitation. What with Gifford's indifference in all matters of taste (when, if he had any leaning, it was to the wrong side); with his admission of mischievous articles such as those relating to America, and of the Sermons of the Dean of Westminster (to whom I ascribe the *discourse* on Lord Byron in the last number), and what with the disgraceful temper in which some of his own papers were written, the "Review" must surely decline as rapidly as it had risen.

There is a passage from my tender epistle quoted in the last number. *It is curious that that very passage should have been originally written for the "Review," and struck out of it by the editor.*

I will tell you another anecdote. Lord Holland has lately edited Sir Charles Hanbury William's "Poems." They were put into my hands for that purpose in 1802, and I refused to have any part in bringing them out, because of their profligacy.

Your precepts have been observed as regularly as a series of dreadfully tempestuous weather would let me,—at some expense of time, but with less effort, as it became a habit. I was over the Dod some ten days

ago with Senhouse. The boat is now laid upon the island, not having been used since your departure; for there literally has not been one day pleasant enough for going on the water.

I should be very glad to hear of John Coleridge's accession, which, if Gifford continues to be incapacitated, cannot be deferred much longer. To-day I have a letter from John May, dated Falmouth, . . . it contains a promise of strong beer, for which you know I have a weakness. Never was man more mistaken in his prognosis than Chauncey Townsend's father, when he supposed me to be a water-drinker. I have a proper taste for all pleasant liquors, in their place and season, —from bottled twopenny in the heat of summer, up to the purest whiskey "unexcised by kings." But Rhenish wine is best, and so Pindar would have said if he had ever tasted it.

Our love to all. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Nov. 25. 1822.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I am glad to see some "Cymmrodorion Transactions" advertised, and shall send for the volume. What a surprising difference there is between the Welsh and Scandinavian poems! partly, because the Welsh were divided *toto ab orbe*, while the northern nations were more or less connected with it. I have felt this difference very strongly of late, while reading the second volume of the "Edda," published, for the first time, four years ago.

I am, indeed, gradually acquiring some insight into

the northern languages, the better to qualify myself for writing a history of English literature and manners, — subjects which, according to my present view, may best be united as relieving and throwing light upon each other. My notes have been accumulating for many years.

Has O'Connor published his second volume?

Foreign interference in the affairs of Spain would be desirable, if it could be effectual — which I think it could not be. Suppose a French army were to reach Madrid, rescue Ferdinand, head and all, and re-establish him as absolute king, or as a chartered one, I neither see how he could support himself, nor who could support him; for the country would continue in a state of anarchy, and he would find himself without a revenue. Spain can never be reduced to order till it has a strong government; but such a government must be able to maintain a strong army, and the resources by which this should be done are absolutely dry.

You, I think, are among those persons who will feel that it would have been unwise in me to have taken Gifford's place. It would have given me a certain, instead of a precarious, income; but the discomfort of a removal, the necessary increase of expenditure, and, above all, the great sacrifice which must have been made of worthier pursuits, would heavily have overbalanced this advantage. This last consideration alone would be decisive: John Coleridge is also a much fitter man than I should have been; he knows better how to deal with men, and he has more discretion.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Dec 15. 1822.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I shall be very much obliged to you both for the "Cambro-Briton," and the "Cymmrodorion Transactions." They may very likely afford me hints for the ode which you desired, and which I am the more bound to produce, having handled the Scotch, *ex officio*, this year, as (God forgive me!) I did the Irish the last. You see I put my Welsh honours in my title-page, and that my name has now a tolerably long tail.

How much it would have gratified me to have been at your christening! Old friends and old books are the best things that this world affords (I like old wine also), and in these I am richer than most men (the wine excepted). I have now known you, and Bedford, and Strachey, four-and-thirty years. When I look at our respective lots in life, yours and Dapple's are regularly what they ought to be—mine, also, is what it should be, though the course has been an erratic one. Strachey, I think, might have been as well off in fortune, and better in other respects, if he had not spent the best years of his life in India. Made for domestic life as he is, he ought to have been a married man.

Elmsley is right in not sacrificing the enjoyment of his books and his friends. I marvel that any man will sacrifice a leisure which he is able to enjoy, except from a sense of duty. Middleton is a great loss. That establishment was made with too niggardly a hand, and much more was required from Middleton than was anyways reasonable. If Elmsley had gone to India, I should have had a large episcopal acquaintance. The new Irish bishop, Jebb, is an acquaintance of mine, and one for whom I have a very high respect.

I am looking through D'Israeli's "New Curiosities." He is a man whom I generally dine with when I visit London. An oddly-furnished head he has, and an odd sort of creature he is altogether;—thoroughly good-natured,—the strangest mixture of information and ignorance, cleverness and folly. Having ceased to be a Jew himself, without becoming a Christian, he has, happily for his children, allowed Sharon Turner to take them quietly to Church and have them christened.

Of forthcoming books, there is none which I am so desirous to see as Sir John Malcolm's,—part of which he showed me when he was on his way to London in the summer.

Dibdin has written to ask if I am willing to undertake a continuation of Warton's "History of Poetry;" and I expect to receive proposals from the publisher, whoever he may be. If they are such as may enable me to draw off from reviewing, I shall be disposed to accept them.

I am learning Danish, and reading Dutch poetry. That I should get a great deal from Dutch history you will not wonder; but you will wonder that I should get any thing from their poetry. I trace, however, old Joshua Sylvester there, and, if I am not mistaken, Milton also. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 7. 1822.

My dear Grosvenor,

You will deliver me from one of the evils of this world, if you will send me some money.

It is a long while since I have heard from you, or,

indeed, from any person in town. My last news of poor Gifford was a report from my uncle that he was still very ill; and the last notice I had of the "Quarterly Review," was in a letter from the Land's End, saying it was all but settled that John Coleridge should become the editor; but this was good authority coming from John May, who is as intimate with him as I am with you. However desirable it might be for me to have obtained a certain income adequate to my expenditure (and, God knows, desirable it would be!), yet I am perfectly satisfied that I decided rightly in not seeking to obtain the editorship for myself; and of this, I believe, the few persons by whose judgment I could wish to have my own confirmed, agree with me. Just now I am out of humour, because I am working at the Ode, the motto for which ought always to be ODI. You will see my description of Lodore enlarged and much improved, in an eleemosynary volume edited by Joanna Baillie, where you will see also some stanzas written for Lady Lonsdale's album, placed where you will see them, not by my own choice, but at Miss Baillie's desire. The stanza is to my ear singularly pleasing, the verses not discreditable,—the utmost that can be expected in compositions of this kind, which differ from compositions only as a forced loan does from a tax. That family shows me great civilities, which I acknowledge so much less than I ought to do, in the way of visiting them, that I was the more ready to show my sense of their attention in this manner.

I am getting on with the "Book of the Church," which said book must perform the service of carrying me on my spring journey, and aiding largely the next year's ways and means; for I mean, if possible, to keep the proceeds of the history untouched, that part excepted which will be adventured with Westall upon the drawings from Roderick, — a secret (remember) which

is strictly confined to you, no other person whatsoever being acquainted with it by me.

If you do not visit me next summer, you ought never to be forgiven. I quite long to have you here: there are so many things which I should like to show you, and which you would delight in seeing. Moreover, there will be strong beer, worthy of the gods, and Lightfoot is going to send me a cask of cider, which he makes, and which I hope to drink, with great success. If it be as good as himself, it cannot be better.

Remember me to Miss Page and Henry.

God bless you,

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 15. 1822.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

Mackenzie enabled me to make the narrative of Romana's escape as complete as you see it,—by delivering to me in writing what he related to me at Paris.* To Sir Augustus Fraser I am obliged, through his brother-in-law, Major Moor, for the largest body of communications which I have been able to obtain, consisting of a series of his letters describing the whole progress of the army while he was with it from 1810 to the end of the war, transcribed into a large volume, with plans, &c., as at one time intended for publication, —an intention, I believe, laid aside in part because of the announcement of my undertaking. Certainly I shall derive more advantage from these letters than from any other series of documents. You will therefore allow that both Sir Augustus (whom I have never seen) and Major Moor (who transcribed the letters, and offered them to me) are richly entitled to this return. I think

* "Paris, May 19. 1817. Dined with Mackenzie," &c.—*MS. Journal.*

I mentioned in my list that both copies should be consigned to Longman's care, he being Moor's publisher. Moor is author of the "Hindoo Pantheon," and of course intimate with my friends Yamen, Seeva, &c.

Now for Herries. Though I am indebted to him for many civilities, I should not, on that score alone, send him a book which he would otherwise buy without hesitation. But there are things relating to his own department, for which in the subsequent volumes I shall want information from him.

My dear Grosvenor, more than half that eleemosynary list consists of persons without whose aid the book could not have been composed, *e. g.* Marquis Wellesley, Whittingham, Frere and his brother, Sir Hew Dalrymple, &c. &c., and these as much belong to the charges of the work, as the printer's or stationer's bill. From ten to twelve copies stand on the score of private feeling, and will be received either as acknowledgments for kindness, or as memorials of friendship, carrying with them in either case an ideal value, which you very well know how to appreciate. I have, God knows, received a great many acts of kindness, none of which I have ever forgotten. But I shall go out of the world on the debtor side of this account at last, not for want of will, but of means!

As for your own copy, pay me for it by giving me a good portrait of yourself, in place of the ill likeness which poor Nash made!

God bless you,

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Dec. 17. 1822.

I HAD not forgotten Scheffer's "Swecia Literata;" but as that book is nearly a century and half old, I re-

gretted that the Swedes and Danes should so much "contempt" each other, as to prevent the union of their writers in one Bibliotheca. The Danish is not a difficult language. I have been expecting for several years the publication of the "Saxon Chronicle," which is to have a grammar prefixed to it, meaning whenever it came out to set about acquiring that language; but it seems I shall be a Dane first. If I were an idle man, one of my amusements would be to fill the margin of "Johnson's Dictionary." I find the Portuguese *Ama* in my Danish dictionary *Amme* *, a nurse.

Augustus Hare, whom you may have seen at his aunt's, Lady Jones's, told me as good a story of our old acquaintance, St. Antonio, as could have been found in Portugal. Some nobleman, I forget who, was travelling with an Italian servant who had lived many years in his service, and, arriving at Padua with an intention of immediately proceeding on his journey, the servant declared that he must stop awhile, even if he left his master's service, to say his prayers to St. Antonio. The master was attached to him, and humoured him, and, hearing that his object was to pray that St. Antonio would intercede with the Almighty for him, without which he thought it impossible to be saved, asked him, "What he had done during so many years in England?" "Oh!" he replied, "when I am in England, I pray to God to intercede for me with St. Antonio!"

The "Acta S.S." exhibits a picture of St. Antonio's *tongue*, as set in gold, among the many curious portraits *ejusdem generis* which this marvellous work contains.

* It is Icelandic, also. See Rask's "Icelandic Dictionary," (poor Rask, whom I followed to his grave!) and the Specimen Glossarii to the "Edda," vol. ii. p. 562., ed. 4to. 1818. *Eme*, or *Eame*, i. e. uncle, is from the same root, though we draw it from the Anglo-Saxon. Spenser uses it, after Chaucer:

"Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their *eme*
Was by the people chosen in their stead," &c.
The Faerie Queene, II. x. xlvii.

I am now writing that chapter in the "Book of the Church," which contains a view of the Roman Catholic system, such as you and I know it to be. It will make some persons, I trust, open their eyes; but if it does not disabuse those who choose to be deceived, it will at least have the good effect of preventing very many from being deluded, through their entire ignorance of the subject.

Dibdin wrote to me the other day, asking "If I should like to continue 'Warton's History of Poetry,' which is about to be re-edited with laborious corrections and notes!" My answer expressed a willingness to hear what the bookseller might have to propose. If his terms should be such as they ought to be, Gifford will see very little more of my work. But I must be largely paid, or they must look to some other quarter.

This last week has been *odiously* employed; but I am not dissatisfied with the production. There are now some half-dozen of these task poems by me which have not seen the light, and which, one of these days, will do me no discredit.

Ere this you will have received my Μέγα Βιβλίον. The last chapter will bring to your recollection our journey to Madrid. The description, p. 542., of Rolica is from the journal which I made one-and-twenty years ago, even with the reflection at the end, written at the Caldas, while the impression was fresh. I am waiting for a Spanish "History of the War in Catalonia," to put the second volume to press, as the first chapter must contain the movements in that province from the siege of Rosas to the relief of Barcelona.

In p. 371. there is a passage about General Spencer which is erroneous. I followed printed despatches in the Parliamentary Papers, so positive that I submitted my own judgment to them, which, it appeared afterwards, I ought not to have done; for when Sir Hew

Dalrymple's papers arrived, I found, from his letters and Lord Collingwood's, that this was half blunder, half braggadocio," on the part of Spencer, who is a most incapable man. Unluckily it would have cost two cancels to get rid of this single sentence; and there was so much expense and inconvenience in this, that (though neither one nor the other would have fallen on myself) I thought it best to let the matter pass, and correct it silently in the future editions. I am not conscious of any other error; but there are two voluntary omissions: the one an offer on the part of Louis XVIII. and his family to the Junta of Seville, to serve in the Spanish armies, which I thought it might do them some injury at this time to make public; the other concerns our own government, and is a striking instance of the baseness with which in difficult cases it leaves its servants without instructions, for the sake of loading them with the responsibility of any failure that may ensue. The fact is, that before the commencement of the movements in Spain, and during the first movements, while Sir Hew Dalrymple was in communication with Castaños; out of thirty-seven despatches, thirty-four of which related to these affairs, Lord Castlereagh only acknowledged *two*, and left him to act as he thought best, at his own peril.

I am richly stored with materials for the rest of the war, so that it will be smooth sailing to the end. Compared to that of the Brazilian history, the labour seems nothing. The second volume will come down to Massena's retreat, perhaps further. I got at Zurich a German account of his campaign by a surgeon in his army. I am just German enough to make it out.

Love to my aunt, the boys, and Georgiana.

God bless you,

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 24. 1822.

DEAR STUMPARUMPER,

So long a time has elapsed since I sent you the commencement of my remarks upon the peculiar language spoken by —— (which I have denominated the LINGO-GRANDE), that I fear you may suppose that I have altogether neglected the subject. Yet such a subject, as you must perceive, requires a great deal of patient observation, as well as of attentive consideration; and were I to flustercumhurry over it, as if it were a matter which could be undercumstood in a jiffump (that is to say in a mōmper), this would be to do what I have undertaken shabroonily, and you might shartainly have reason to think me faffling and indiscruckt. Upon my vurtz I have not dumdawdled with it, like a dangleampeter; which being interpreted in the same *lingo* is an undecider, or an improvidentur, too idle to explore the hurtch mine which he has had the fortune to discover. No, I must be a stupossum indeed to act thus, as well as a slouwdowdelcum, or slowdonothinger; and these are appellations which she has never bestowed upon me; though, perhaps, the uncommon richness, and even exuberance, of her language has not been more strikingly displayed in anything than in the variety of names which it has enabled her to shower upon my devoted person.

I have been called poor Peecrack, Trumpeteerum, King of the Jackus, Crackarum, Detestarumpeter, a Noisiton, a Shockrocket, Rascalk, and Rascalalker, in addition to the pleasant appellations noticed in my former epistle. And I cannot flatter myself that kindness wears the mask of vituperation, while she is thus addressing me, as it certainly does when she sends you her hate, and calls you scarecrow. In your case there

is a smile which plays about her towse; and the look belies the spoak, silently but expressively confessing it to be a mere storck. But when one of these appellatives is discharged at me, there is no expression of countenance to contradictorum it; the mouth is stretched longitudinally to utter it with force and vengeance; out it comes like a pole of thunder, and seems intended to strike me dumb at least, if not absolutely to crunch me to munch.

Did I ever show you a curious book published in 1785, with this title, "Letters of Literature, by Robert Heron, Esq.?" The copy in my possession (I beg pardon of the collectors—*penes me* is the phrase) belonged to Henry Kirke White, and was given to me by his brother, as having his autograph upon the title-page. Pinkerton was the author; and the name which he assumed at random happening to belong to an unlucky writer who began his career shortly afterwards, the real Robert Heron found himself in bad odour, owing to the prejudice which these very conceited and extravagant letters had excited. But it is a very odd book, as well as a most impudent one; and the most curious thing in it is a plan for improving the English language, by altering its structure. For this purpose it was seriously proposed by the said Pinkerton that the most learned men in the three kingdoms should incorporate themselves in an academy, publish a grammar and dictionary of the improved English, and use it themselves both in writing and discourse; thus asserting what they called their proper power over the mob, till the revolution in our speech (for it was nothing else) should be completely effected. The leading principles of his scheme were to get rid of all sounds which were unpleasing to his ear, to throw away the consonant at the end of a certain class of words, add his favourite vowel *o* to it in others, and form the plural of all nouns in *a*. As a

specimen he has translated "*Thea Visiona*" of Mirza, from the "Spectator," into his own improved language. Buy the book if ever it falls in your way, for it is a treasure.

I mention it now because I have compared the Pinkertonian lingo with the LINGO-GRANDE; and it is surprising how far below —— Pinkerton must be placed in this department of genius. For example, he would call the snuffers thea snuffera; with us they are snuffumpers. Candles he would ask for by the name of thea candela; our inventress calls them candēels, candōwls, candoāls. He would call the bells thea bella; our bell is the bellabbity, when we are told to twyke it. A gig with him would be giggo; here it is gidge, *euphoniæ gratiâ;* and in like manner bag, which he would make baggo, is softened into badje. Then, how poor are his doggo and foggo, when compared with our dogroggarum and fogogrum or fogrogrum! He would say spasmea for spasms; in our lingo they are spaddelcoms. Lumbago he would leave unchanged, because it terminates in the vowel which he so greatly affects; but here the word is ennobled into lumbaggarum, when the inventress feels a pange resembling it. Puddles he would call puddela; with us they are pulkers, and pillpulkers; and if it be a great, broad, sprawly, disagreeable pillpulker, then it is denominated a pulkerpeeler. What would Pinkerton make of thimble, which could equal thimblumb and thimbōlion? And what of that lower region, the seat of frequent aches, which could at once be so euphonious and so delicate as belteerian? Here, perhaps, she would exclaim forshammasum! if she knew that I were writing that word; but how unjust should I be to her merits were I to omit it!

The Pinkertonian scheme is inconvenient, as requiring perpetual attention to its principles; and, indeed,

I may venture to say that it is impracticable, because it requires a total, and therefore an impossible, change in the language of the country. But the Lingo-Grande is not liable to such objections. It proposes not to alter our dictionary, but to enlarge it; not to re-construct our mother tongue, but to adorn and beautify it, —to enrich it with graces and elegances of speech,— with flowers,—yea, rather, gems of language. The Pinkertonian lingo displays no invention, whereas this is eminently distinguished by its inventiveness. When a word is wanted here there is no tarrying for rule or reason, etymology or analogy. I do not mean to say that some remote analogy, some recondite etymon, the germ or seminal principle of the word, may not sometimes be discovered; this is often the case, and such vocables have a peculiar force. But quite as often the neologism, if I may so express myself, is fatherless and motherless,—a clear case of equivocal generation, an arbitrary sound, a pure creation. Instances of both kinds will be found in the examples which I am about to adduce, and your discrimination will know how to distinguish them.

If the weather is what she calls ramping and tearing, this great inventress complains of its rampasity, and says it is a toarampeter of a day. Should one of the childereelions be poakun, and frumping, and rouking in a work-badje, she tells them not to be dabdobbering there, for it gives her a feeling of pokarōkatur. Has she been in dull company, she describes the conversation of such stupossums as drigdraggery. A brook she calls the running splash. When she takes a dose of physic, she says it is to give her constitution a jerk; and if I sneeze in her presence she declares that it makes all the addle come into her head. She objected to a new bonnet one day as being glombollical! I could not ascertain in what glombollicality consists, nor

would she explain it to me. I believe it gratifies her when she perceives that I cannot penetrate into the signification of an uncommonly strange and difficult neologism. She has left me till this hour entirely unable even to guess at what is meant by spackwhangular; and if she does not accidentally betray the meaning, I verily think I shall die in ignorance of it.

Drote and thrapple are the throat. The under jaw is called the under jabbarum, *unde* jabbarumpeter one of the words for mouth (mouto in Mr. Pinkerton's language). By-the-by she uses a tooth-broom. The nose is poggarout. Stumper is the stomach; cruppōkur, the part which is accommodated with a saddle when we ride. The feet are wattlykins and foottelstoottels; they are known also by other appellations, some diminutive and endearing, others augmentative and opprobrious, which were noticed in my former letter. Every body else's legs are legrums, if not hormangogrums; but her own, for some reason which I cannot divine, she calls her inconveniences! I know that it was formerly deemed indelicate in Portugal to speak of legs by their own innocent name; and they were called, therefore, in all polite circles, the walkers, or the goers; as in some parts of Germany a petticoat used to be called a consideration, and a pair of gouty shoes, a pair of excellencies. One may understand this; but I cannot comprehend why she should call her legs her inconveniences.

To get drunk is to tipsyficumpus. Her exclamations of disappointment and fatigue may bear comparison with the most imitative of the Greek interjections. Οἰμοι and οτοτοτοι, surely, are not more expressive than ōhdōurmōu, and ōhdīddledōwlōo. I would not depreciate the Greek words; each is certainly a good mouthful and throatful of lamentation. Yet those which I have adduced in comparison with them from the Lingo-Grande ap-

pear to me to excel them in length and breadth of dejection,—in the plerophory of uncomfortabuttelness which they denote.

Instead of the second, she usually says the twooth. Her sisters are generally called sters. Kincher, is a child, gril a girl, oomper a woman. Cupids are denominated kincherums, and petteldeloves. A child just able to tottel about is a shortycumnuttofabunch. If she speaks to an infant, she calls it noanisdavāra, or tooshdenōany-tooshdenēēdelnōōdle-tooshdenīdle. When she is vexed with herself, she says she could tear goarum, and is ready to go tarradiddle. I have heard her threaten to cōdy her daughter,—an indefinite, and hitherto inexplicable mode of punishment, by which, no doubt, something very severe is intended. This is only when her daughter is a gidditonian, or an imprawnce, or if she assists me in compiling the precious vocabulary which has enabled me to treat upon this curious subject. At other times, she speaks of her as a poor lassitudinarian thing. One of my daughters has been favoured, at different times, with the name of Scampalum, Scarcrok, Snoukarouker, Horsegodmarumpit, and Horsemangander. The collective females of the family are called the porcaboarabumbels. Miss Barker was seldom addressed by any other name than that of Barkeerum-barkumpus-barkoop. Among other observables, it ought to be noticed that she has peculiar names for her domestic implements. One of her scissors is called *pex*; another is peckrex; a third is bluestring; her work-box is pinkrinket; her umbrella, numpernell, or, *brevitatis causâ*, numper. I hardly need observe that there is a resemblance here to the custom which prevailed in days of chivalry, of giving swords, as well as horses, each its proper name. Thus, Arthur had his Escalibon, Charlemagne his Joyeuse, Roland his Durlindana, and my Cid his Colada and Tizona.

I must observe, also, that some very singular, and to me unaccountable, notions on natural history, are frequently implied in her discourse; which, when she is questioned concerning them, she avows and maintains with great consequence and pertinacity. She insists upon it that stone and wood are the same thing; that all dogs, whether male or female, are of the masculine gender, and all cats female; and, to prove this last extraordinary, and, as I may call it, preposterous assertion, she tells me that I never call my son puss, though I do call one of my daughters so,— choosing to overlook the manner in which the little girl came to be so called, as being christened Katharine, from whence, by easy and natural steps, we got to Puss. But what is yet more singular, all things which she does not exactly like are toads. Toads drop from her lips as they did from the hair of the ill-natured fairy in the story-book, who powdered with them. She applies the name to all persons and all things, animate or inanimate, real or notional, you or me, a cow or a cold, a flea or a fiddlestick, a book, a pen, a dance, a tune, the wind, the weather, the day, whatever happens to displease her. So general, indeed, is the use she makes of it, that one might almost suppose it were derived from the Spanish *todo*, which signifies all and everything, were it not that she spells it as you here see it spelt, and explains it to mean that poor, calumniated, persecuted, squat, squab animal who is the frog's first cousin.

But it is time that this long letter should be concluded. I will conclude it, therefore, with offering to your consideration a thought which has occurred to me while writing it. There is an hypothesis concerning the origin of language, which (to use an Americanism) has been advocated by some Hebricians and some Welsh antiquaries. It is, that the principal language was not revealed to our first parents, but was "the result of a

natural aptitude in the organs of speech to utter certain definite articulations, according to the impulse of man's internal emotions." A certain number of imitations and significant radicals were thus produced, and the rest being matters of combination and caprice, were, of course, infinitely variable. Attempts have been made to show that the principle may, at this time, be clearly traced in the Welsh and Hebrew roots. For some singular and whimsical illustrations of this theory, I refer you to Mr. Davies's "Celtic Researches," a book in other respects, well worth reading, being full of Kimbric learning. I have heard that the notion has been pursued much farther by an ingenious, fanciful, and patient German. He supposed that the characters of the Hebrew alphabet are of divine appointment, and carry with them the proof of their superhuman origin, each being so shaped as to represent the exact form which the organs of speech assume in making the sound denoted by it. He is said to have spent a great many years in pronouncing these letters with his back to the light, a looking-glass before him, his mouth wide open, and a pencil in his hand, to catch the likeness, and finally succeeded in producing a series of anatomical drawings to illustrate his hypothesis.

Something correlative, not to the German's notion, but to the theory maintained by my brethren of the Cymmrodorion, I remember to have heard more than twenty years ago when dining, *moi quatrième*, in company with Mr. Pettier. He was expatiating to Mr. Coleridge and myself, for our edification, upon the peculiar excellences of French poetry, and of the French language as adapted for poetry. And he instanced both in these three words from Racine, — "*Roi des rois;*" words, he said, which no person could pronounce properly, or hear properly pronounced, without being sensible in himself of an expansion and

elevation of mind, corresponding to the expansion of organs both of hearing and speech, sympathetic with the sound, with the meaning of the words, and the sublimity of the sentiment.

Now that great part of the vocabulary of the LINGO-GRANDE is naturally formed, as these philosophers suppose the principal roots to have been, appears certain; the words evidently proceeding not from premeditation, but from impulse, and an impatience of speech which will not allow the utterance to wait till the common and conventional term can be recollected. Perhaps I might call it a peculiar imitation, — a talent or genius, — a gifted nature, which rejects the conventional term as inadequate to its conceptions, and seeking words that burn for thoughts that breathe, brings up from the depths of its own being the natural and true vocable. There are several cases upon record of persons who, under the influence of delirium or some other derangement of the head, have spoken languages which they had learned in childhood, but, through the disuse of many years, had utterly forgotten, till obliterated impressions in the sensorium were thus mysteriously restored.† I do not mean to reason upon such cases as analogous, which, indeed, they are not, unless I took up the opinion of pre-existence; an opinion which, in this sense, assuredly I do not think tenable. My meaning, as you must already perceive, goes further. Is it not possible that * * * * * * , when under an irresistible impulse she utters these unpremeditated words, may actually, though unconsciously, be speaking the primal language itself? And if so, what a service shall I have rendered to all future etymologists, such as General Vallancey, Jacob Bryant, and Walter Whiter, by these my humble and patient labours in collecting

† This was notoriously illustrated in the case of the great Italian linguist in his last sickness.

and preserving its precious fragments, thus most unexpectedly but most happily recovered! Who knows but that some of these identical vocables may be discovered in the Egyptian monuments, when Dr. Young shall have succeeded (as I trust he will) in deciphering them? or in the books of Adam himself, which the royal historiographer, Dr. Stanier Clarke, upon the testimony of the learned Kissæus, believes to be at this day in existence, though unhappily neither he nor Kissæus could tell exactly where they were to be found!

And so-o-o,

Dear Miscumter Bedfordiddlededford,

I subcumscribe myself

Your sincumcere friendiddledend and serdiddledervant,

ROBCUMBERT SOUTHEYDIDDLEDOUTHEY,

Student in the LINGO-GRANDE, Graduate in Butlerology, Professor of the science of Noncumsensediddledense, of sneezing and of vocal music, P. L. and LL. D., &c., &c.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, Dec. 29. 1822.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Your last frank covered a copy of the "Cymmnodorian Transactions," sent me by the secretary through Bedford's hands. It is a creditable volume; but by much the most important paper is that which you communicated from Peter Roberts's papers. This is indeed very curious, and seems to have been committed to a very competent editor. I am very anxious that the publication of the "Welsh Remains" should be fairly completed, so that nothing which can be of any use to

antiquaries, historians, or philologists, should be exposed to the danger of being lost. When the "Cambro-Briton" reaches me I will put together a Saxon's view of the subject for the "Quarterly Review." You should send a qualified traveller to Bretagne to see what could be recovered there.

By what I hear, it seems no easy thing to find a successor for the Bishop of Calcutta. The constitution of our Church is such that very few of its ministers are willing to volunteer upon foreign service. I might have appointed a chaplain to Pernambuco four or five years ago, if I had known where to find one; the income was 400*l.* a year, with a house, and 100*l.* for his expenses out. The person whom the Bishop of London found at last was one of ruined fortunes, though of fair character. The question of providing religious instruction, that is of forming a Church establishment, for our new colonies, is one which should be considered without delay, as ultimately of the greatest importance. The want of such establishments has been one main cause why colonists in modern times have been so much more depraved than the people from whom they spring, *e. g.* the Dutch at Surinam and at the Cape. With regard to India there are great difficulties no doubt; but it seems to me that the best method would be to educate some of the half-caste for the ministry there.

Many and happy returns of this season to you and yours! God bless you,

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Dec. 30. 1822.

I AM glad you are satisfied with my proceedings in the "Peninsular War." Sir William Knighton has

written to me, expressing, by the King's command, his satisfaction at receiving the book, and his estimation of the usefulness and importance of my literary labours; this is said in terms sufficiently flattering, to which the King has added, with his own hand, "Entirely approved, G. R." This, I suppose, is a mark of special favour.

Bookseller will always be bookseller, and estimate books merely by their sale. But I do not believe that if the book had been published seven years ago, which would have been seven years too soon, that fifty copies more of it would have been sold. I have heard nothing from Murray since its appearance, and little from anybody else; except that Sir Hew Dalrymple has thanked me for his copy, and expressed himself much gratified by the manner in which he is mentioned, at the same time disclaiming any share in the censure conveyed in p. 583., saying that he never saw Junot, and did not enter Lisbon till the French had embarked. A Major Tomkinson, of the Light Dragoons, has also written to me, in consequence of reading this volume, to offer me any parts of his journal which I may wish to see. He joined in 1809, and was in every battle with the Duke till the end of the war, except that of Talavera, having been left wounded at Porto. I have requested him to let me see the whole journal.

It is not my fault that the second volume is not in the press. I applied to Murray more than six months ago to procure me a "History of the War in Catalonia," and a biographical work connected with it, both by the same author: Luis de Oliveira (I think) is the name. He served in that province, and is said to be a man of great talents. The first chapter of this volume must include the proceedings in Catalonia from the entrance of Gouvion St. Cyr* and the siege of Rosas, to the de-

* See "Peninsular War," vol. ii. p. 35. &c.

feat of the Spaniards and the breaking up the blockade of Barcelona; and, of course, I will not write this part, till I can have these Spanish works before me. Then I shall get on briskly, being fully provided with matter, and having no difficulties of arrangement.

At present I am pursuing the "Book of the Church;" but I must very soon set about a paper for the "Review,"—of all employments that which I like the least; but I cannot supply my current expenses without it.

Bedford is got to the head of his department in the Exchequer. The situation ought to be a good one, for the stamps upon his appointment come to 75*l.* Elmsley *noluit episcopari* at Calcutta, very wisely, though he would have been the better for melting. I believe there is some difficulty in finding a fit person to accept that undesirable promotion. It is a banishment for life, and they require as much personal exertions from the bishop as a manufacturer does from one of his riders. A man must have the spirit of a missionary to undertake it. A church in India they ought to have, on every account, political as well as religious; but, as I have told Wynn, they can never supply it from this country, and therefore ought to educate half-caste men for it in India.

Our weather is severe. The report in Keswick, which I have just heard, is that I have prophesied a frost of thirteen weeks' continuance, and ice upon the lake eighteen inches thick!! God bless you,

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Jan. 3. 1823.

My dear Wynn,

Thank you for the "Cambro Briton," and for your note.

The mill is in good order, and the horse willing to go on in his daily rounds. I am as willing as old Sward to die in harness, and should wear it as a volunteer if I were not compelled to serve in the ranks.

Poor Daniel says of himself in old age,—

"Time hath done to me this wrong,
To make me write too much and live too long."

My disposition is too cheerful a one to admit of a fear that I may ever have occasion to apply these melancholy lines to myself. The main thing, without which I should have had anxious thoughts to keep me waking, is secured, — a respectable provision for my family. And if I should live a few years longer, in possession of my health and faculties, there is a reasonable prospect of accumulating enough to make me independent of all periodical employment. The "Peninsular War" (which I trust you have received) is to be the beginning of this. I made a most improvident bargain nine years ago, instead of calculating upon the rise of my own reputation, and accepted Murray's offer of 1000 guineas for two volumes. Had we been to make terms now he would have given me that sum for each. I shall expect to be paid 1500 for the three; and that I shall lay by.

Application has been made to me to continue "Warton's History of Poetry." I should have accepted the offer if it would have enabled me to dispense with reviewing; that being the only work to which I go with reluctance, for it withdraws me from worthier pursuits.

I have had a gracious message from the King through Sir Wm. Knighton, with the special favour of having it approved in the King's own hand.

What you tell me of the Indian College I am very

glad to hear. If you were minister for our new colonies, that subject interests me so much that I should almost ask to be your secretary. We must have recourse to colonisation extensively and upon system, or it will be impossible to save our fabric of society from destruction. And if provision is not made for a proper religious establishment at first, it will be very difficult to introduce it afterwards. In New Holland and Van Diemen's Land we settle by occupancy, not by conquest; and if we go wrong there it must be from inexperience and error, not from any extraneous causes.

You would be well pleased with your godson, who has as many promising qualities as I could desire to see.

I am very incredulous concerning what is said of the "Welsh Paradise Lost." My old acquaintance William Owen was one of Joanna Southcott's four and twenty elders: full of Welsh information certainly he was, but a muddier minded man I never met with. There is abundant proof in his "Dictionary" how loose and inaccurate his knowledge of his own language is; and I could almost as soon believe in Joanna Southcott myself, as be persuaded that he has well translated a book which I am very sure he does not understand.

God bless you,

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Jan. 25. 1823.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I had talked over just such a plan of emigration as this, last summer with Clarkson, who had shipped off two or three families to Canada at the parish expense

from his own parish, Playford, near Ipswich. The parish were convinced that it was good economy to rid themselves, by an immediate outlay, of an increasing expense. This is a proof that the plan is practicable, and likely to succeed: and in this case the parties went without any promise of land, to seek their own maintenance where industry is sure to find it.

Is not the proposed grant of 100 acres too large for this class of persons? This is boon enough for a farmer. A discretionary power of allotment up to that amount might, perhaps, be vested in the commissioners, according to the character of the emigrants.

An outcry will be raised against it as a scheme for *transporting* the poor; but it is not likely to do much harm. Indeed, the views upon this subject which I mean to bring forward in my "Dialogues" are, that, while for age and infirmity more ought to be done than our poor-laws ever have provided, if the country is compelled to feed able-bodied paupers, it thereby acquires the right of transporting them to any place where that can be done at the easiest rate, or where the necessity for doing it may be removed.

In the case of orphans and bastards, this, I think, might be acted upon now with good effect, both for the children and the workhouses.

I hope and trust that provision will be made for a clergyman in every township.

Your packet was dated on the wrong day. I congratulated myself that this was not the case with the "Cambro-Briton." Why is it that other public offices do not, like the Treasury, omit the date on their franks? It is perfectly useless where there is no limitation of numbers, and Mr. Freeling never uses it himself.

Read "*Elia*," if the book has not fallen in your way. It is by my old friend, Charles Lamb. There are some things in it which will offend, and some which will pain

you, as they do me; but you will find in it a rich vein of pure gold.

I am glad to see that Arbuthnot leaves the Treasury and that Herries goes there; because I believe you will exchange a most inefficient person for a very fit one.

You will not find any person to accept your bishopric who has good hopes of advancement at home; nor easily a proper person, unless he has somewhat of a missionary spirit. I think —— will not go, and doubt whether his formal and cold manners would not unfit him for it. His very approach benumbs one, like the touch of a torpedo. God bless you,

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Jan. 26. 1823.

CAN you tell me the Marques de Astorga's * names, that is, what are the old families which centred in him? for I believe he was the representative of a great many, and I should like what I have written concerning him a great deal better if two or three of the noblest names were introduced in it. The want of a Spanish Nobiliario, and of a topographical work, like the Corografia, for Spain, sends me often to hunt through some score of books, for what, after all, sometimes I cannot find. I have contracted an uneasy habit of superfluous accuracy, which is an expensive one by the consumption of time that it occasions; but if the fruit is not worth the cost, it is nevertheless worth something.

I am proceeding with the second volume, in high good humour with my work. Whenever Murray pro-

* "A grandee of the highest class, and the representative of some of the proudest names in Spanish history," &c. — *Peninsular War*, vol. ii. p. 33.

vides me with the "History of the Catalan War," it shall go to press; and if I were free from other calls, it would be no difficulty for me with the preparations which I have made, to bring out the volume in six months, and the concluding one in six more. Murray has not written to me since its publication: and the only opinion concerning it, which has reached me from a stranger, was in a letter of Lord Colchester's to Rickman, which Rickman sent me.

Trant has written to me, and volunteered some communications which I shall be glad to receive, relating to Soult's invasion. My second volume, I expect, will come down to Massena's expulsion.

How do you bear this uncomfortable weather? It is now a fortnight since we have seen the face of the earth; and strong easterly winds are prevailing, against which no clothing is sufficient.

Government has a plan before it for assisting parishes to relieve themselves of their able-bodied poor, by lending money to carry them to Canada. Wynn has sent me the plan as it comes from the Colonial Office. The money is to be repaid, with interest, from the poor-rates, which upon every head so removed will find an immediate saving of about four-fifths, while at the same time the breed of paupers is diminished, and more work left for the hands that remain. Clarkson and I talked of such a scheme last summer, and he had been acting upon the same views in his own parish, which he had persuaded to ship off two or three families.

Wynn, I think, will have some difficulty to dispose of his bishopric. Every person who has any hope of preferment at home, will say *nolo episcopari*, when they are proffered a mitre at Calcutta. I would recommend your neighbour Dealtry, if I did not think it would be doing both him and his parishioners an ill office. He might very possibly think it his duty to go, if it were proposed

to him; and perhaps would be more likely to think so, because there would be a great sacrifice of ease and comfort.

It is a good thing that Arbuthnot is removed from the Treasury, and not less so that Herries is sent there, —the man of all others most fit for that situation. He will be as useful there as Arbuthnot has been inefficient. How he will succeed as a speaker, I do not know. But he is an excellent man of business; his views are sound, and he has no want of decision or of firmness. He is very intimate with Bedford, and I have known him more than twenty years, upon such terms that I feel myself bound to dine with him whenever I visit town. It is gratifying to see how most of my friends and acquaintance have, in so many different lines, risen to their proper stations; and it is not the less gratifying because I continue at the foot of Skiddaw, for that is my proper station.

At present, thank God, we are all well, and going on as usual, without any interruptions, one day like another. To-day, indeed, has furnished an exception, worthy of an extraordinary gazette, for a polecat was caught in the back kitchen, in the rat-trap. It was in high odour, the first I ever saw or smelt.

God bless you,

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Feb. 1. 1823.

My dear R.,

Thank you for your letter, and for Lord Colchester's, which is as complimentary as the vainest author could desire. It does not appear to me that I have in-

corporated more of the state papers than is necessary for carrying on the narration and laying the whole iniquity fairly before the world; but I am aware that a love of detail is my besetting sin, and that I should have been better suited to the age had I lived when men wrote folios.

The second volume will not be long in passing through the press when I can get it in. But the first chapter waits for some Spanish books relating to the war in Catalonia, which Murray has been more than twelve months getting for me. I am very rich in materials for it.

You told me that the Caledonian Canal was a sore subject *, and something to that purport I heard from Lord Lowther. This has prevented me from sending some communications through you to Mr. Telford, lest they should be ill-timed. They are two Inscriptions for the Canal; and my annual Ode, such being to the praise and glory of Scotland, contains becoming mention of him and Rennie. I have several of these Odes now, which will do me no discredit when they see the light.

I am glad of the alterations at the Treasury, but not so glad that you have exchanged a quiet steady Chancellor of the Exchequer for one who can be talked out of any purpose, and is then ready to hang himself for his folly; for this is what I hear of him. Herries is a man of business, with proper views, and with no want of resolution. I think he is likely to make his way to that situation in time. At present he could not be better than where he is.

We killed a polecat last week; and it is now matter

* On the failure of the Caledonian Canal,"—not as a work of art, but as a means of traffic,—it is quite worth while referring to an article in the "*Edinburgh Review*," January, 1856, — "The Suez Canal."

of doubt whether he ought to have been considered as friend or enemy, his service against the rats being set off against the poultry score. So, considering the Whigs as rats, and Hunt, Cobbett, &c. as polecats, I am rather disposed to be pleased with what the Radicals are doing at this time. God bless you,

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White, &c.

Keswick, Feb. 26. 1823.

My dear Neville,

The corrections, &c., will be in Longman's hands before this reaches you. I have incorporated part of the preface to the third volume, added the rest of it after the "Life," and inserted in the "Life" some things noted from the letters which were last in my possession. The proofs are to be sent me, that I may carefully revise the whole. One gap is left for you to fill up with the name of the college at which Almond was entered. I am heartily glad that the supplementary volume has done its work so well. The "Remains" have yet one stage to reach; they must one day be printed in a smaller form for the pocket, and for popular sale.

You ask me concerning the affairs of Spain. Three years ago, I dined at Mr. Butler's (the Catholic), when his son-in-law, Colonel Stonor, who is a Spaniard, had just received the first packet of pamphlets, proclamations, and newspapers, after the Revolution had been effected by the army. They called upon me to rejoice with them, but I could not join in their exultation;—a bad government, indeed, had been overthrown, but a better had not been substituted for it. The Constitution which the Cortes had formed, tended decidedly (and designedly, also, no doubt) to bring about a de-

mocracy. I had always seen this tendency, and my disapprobation was by no means diminished when I saw it restored through the instrumentality of soldiers who thought it better to stay at home and subvert the Government, than obey its order by embarking for America.

The Spanish Revolution has been occasioned not by any desire of change on the part of the people, but by the inability of the Government to pay its civil and military establishments. Ferdinand returned to a ruined kingdom, that is, ruined as to its finances: the colonies from whence the main revenues had formerly been derived were lost, and the mother-country in no condition to support taxes, everything having been subverted. The same cause would have overthrown the present Government two years ago, if it had not been supported by the loans which it raised in England, and which, in all likelihood, will ruin all who have engaged in them. Meantime, the manner in which they have robbed the nobility and the Church of their property has offended both these bodies: the kingdom is overrun with banditti; the rabble in the large towns are become radicals, made so by the Government itself; the great majority of the nation detest the new order of things, but would be passive under any order if they could; and the braver spirits have taken arms against it.

The course which the Revolutionists have taken resembles that of their French exemplars so closely that no doubt can be entertained of their going through the same stages of regicide and massacre if left to themselves, unless the Royalists were strong enough to recover the ascendency. And here a difficult question arises. Is it *expedient* for France to interfere? To question the *right* of interference is absurd. If my next-door neighbours were fighting, endeavouring to kill one another, and likely, moreover, in their quarrel, to set fire to the

house, it would be madness in me not to interfere, if I could do it to any good purpose.

Therefore, if France were a power which could be trusted, and would interfere as honourably as we did when we rescued Spain from Buonaparte, I should approve its interference, and heartily wish it success. But the French are a faithless nation: they have ever been so, and, upon the first favourable opportunity, they would gladly revive the wildest schemes of Louis XIV. or Buonaparte. Even could we trust them, and their conduct were to be as unexceptionable as I verily think the grounds of their interference are, the question of expediency is a very difficult one. When they get to Madrid (which may be done without difficulty), the work is far from being over. They may make a new government, or restore the old despotism, but how is it to be supported? The old difficulty of the finances recurs; and thus government will require, not our auxiliary troops to keep the country quiet, but loans to maintain it, till credit and prosperity are restored. France may have some reason to apprehend discontent at home, and the explosion of her own combustibles, if the struggle be prolonged; or, to prevent this, it is not improbable that she may be willing to provoke a war with England, for which the Portuguese seem disposed to give her a pretext. If they assist the Spaniards, and the French, in consequence, invade Portugal, we can no longer remain neutral.

Here, then, are two evils in prospect; that France may acquire such ascendency over Spain as Louis XIV. aimed at, and that we may be drawn into a war, in support of those very revolutionary opinions against which we have struggled so long. And this is what the Whigs desire. The very persons who would have had us desert Spain and the Portuguese when they resisted Buonaparte, are now endeavouring to force us into a

war in their behalf. Undoubtedly they hope that it would end in a revolution at home by the embarrassments which it would produce. In this they are greatly deceived, for it would restore agricultural prosperity, and give a new spur to our manufactures. But this would be dearly purchased. Our policy is to preserve peace and order wherever our influence extends.

I have written hastily, and may very possibly have failed to make myself understood. The upshot is this; it is a struggle in Spain between two extremes which are both so bad that one can hardly form a wish on either side; and that the one thing to be desired is, that order should be restored there. If France were an upright power, her interference would be desirable; — being what she is, it is to be wished that the Peninsula were left to itself.

It will be some eight or ten weeks before I see you. All here are well, and all join in kind remembrances to your fireside and circle. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, March 22. 1823.

My dear Grosvenor,

Suppose you were a young lady in the nineteenth year of your age, very busy in preparing certain remembrances to be transmitted by a safe opportunity to her distant friends, and that some of these remembrances could not be finished for want of ultramarine, and that one of your father's oldest and dearest friends, holding a high situation in his Majesty's Exchequer, had promised to send you a cake of this indispensable

colour, under cover of an official frank, should not you think that the whole business of the Exchequer, and all things connected therewith, might be suspended, while the said ultramarine was procured?

Will you send me some vegetable marrow seeds under the same cover? and I will promise you that their produce shall be excellently cooked, when you come and help me to drink Lightfoot's cider which is now upon the road.

The Royal Irish Academy sent me the other day another tail to my name, for the benefit of my next title-page; I am glad this was done after my Irish ode was written, and before it has appeared in the world.

I have to-day received the proofs of my paper upon the Theophilanthropists in France and the Rise and Progress of Infidelity, and, of course, seen it for the first time as a whole. What opinion may be formed of it, I cannot foresee; but that with regard to individuals it will do some of the good which was intended, I do not doubt; and, upon this first consecutive perusal, I am glad that I have written it.

Gifford has not written to me since his recovery. It is *possible* that he may not be in good humour with me for endeavouring to procure a successor for him, though it was in consequence of his expressing to me the necessity of looking out for one. I certainly wish the journal were in John Coleridge's hands, both for personal and public considerations. The good which it might do is grievously counteracted by the gross inconsistencies which are now to be found in it,—its cruel and unmanly injustice on some occasions, and its wretched cowardice on others. I shall ask him if he will have an article upon Spain and Portugal,—a question upon which I am quite willing to take the field against all the Whigs in the world. Oh, how I could trample upon them!

I mean to ask Murray to print a selection of my

papers, with restorations and revisions, in some such arrangement as Essays, moral and political, which would fill two volumes; there are many more of Essays, historical and ecclesiastical, and lastly critical and miscellaneous, keeping each collection distinct, not to alarm the public with too much at once. In this manner he might put some money in my pocket and in his own. I should include some papers from the "Annual Review," and make up some from the "Edinburgh Annual Register."

God bless you,

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, March 25. 1823.

My dear Rickman,

I am trying my hand at some Inscriptions, *more meo*, in blank verse, one in honour of the Caledonian Canal, and another of the Engineer. I shall try at a third about the Highland Roads, though not in rivalry of General Wade's! You shall soon have them.

To-day I have heard of a remedy for the hooping cough, practised at this time in this town: it is to pass the child three times under the belly of an ass!

Can you send me the Agricultural and Commercial Reports of last year? Gifford would have had me write upon these subjects, but I did not think myself competent to it. The present distress is, I suppose, like other cries of the same kind: one set of men are losing while others gain in a like proportion; and the loss happens now to fall upon the most querulous and most powerful part of the community; more selfish than the commercial interest they are not, but certainly nothing could exceed the selfishness which they manifested in more instances than one during the war.

I have not heard from Wynn since he has been on his bed of roses; but I dare say he thinks not quite so favourably of Grey Bennet's intentions and disposition as he used to do.

The French Government, I hear, thinks itself strengthened by these eruptions of disaffection. I should think so too, if the adjoining states were tranquil and contented. It is, however, a great point to have a Ministry in France who are decidedly Royalists.

Do you remember the little man of the Irish Commissariat, who called upon me on behalf of certain cast-off cavalry horses? He dined with me last week, having been turned off after six-and-twenty years' service. We have had many humbugs in our days, but none so cruel in its operation as this humbug of economy.

God bless you,

R. S.

P.S. If Mrs. R. has not seen a little volume of poems called the "Widow's Tale," I recommend it to her. It comes from the New Forest; the authoress is a Miss Bowles, of Buckland, near Lymington.

To the Rev. Neville White, &c.

Keswick, April 18. 1823.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I did hope that I should have been on my travels at this time; but it is with me in most of my writings as with one who builds a house, and finds when he is in the middle of it that the cost thereof will exceed the estimate twofold. My work grows under my hands; and whether it be the natural effect of increasing years, or arises from any cause to which it might be more agreeable to impute it, certain it is that I compose

much more slowly than I was wont to when younger. I shall not be able to leave home in less than a month from this time; and if it be equally convenient to you, it will, I think, be rather more so to me, if I take Norwich on my way home, in the middle of July.

This has been a severe season, and you are in the coldest part of England. Next winter let me recommend to you what I have used myself for many years—a sleeved waistcoat of washing-leather. I believe no other mode of clothing will protect the chest so well. As soon as the cold weather sets in I take to it; and I laid it aside for this year only last week.

My brother, the Captain, is on his way to Canada, to form a judgment upon the spot, upon the expediency of transplanting his family thither, in the spring of next year, to a grant of lands. He departed on Wednesday last. This business has occupied much of my time, and will long continue to occupy too much of my thoughts.

Our climate is, in some respects, better than yours. We have had three weeks of delightful weather, though with easterly winds. The last two days there have been slight rains, and to-day there is snow on the mountains. From London I hear complaints of the cold, and the want of sunshine.

You will see a paper of mine upon the Rise and Progress of Infidelity, in the next "Q. R." When the new edition of "Baxter" is completed, I mean to take that opportunity of drawing up an account of his life. At present I am busy with "Cranmer" and his fellow worthies. The Roman Catholics will not like my book; nor will it be more agreeable to the Dissenters. The chapter which is likely to produce most impression will be that relating to the destruction of the Church establishment during the great rebellion.

God bless you, my dear Neville,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, April 27. 1823.

THE principle of emulation is carried much too far in modern education. Many men are absolutely killed by it at the Universities; and many more injure their constitutions irreparably. No one with whom I have any influence shall ever suffer from that cause. The habit to be encouraged is that of placid diligence. What is thus healthily acquired is retained, whereas the cramming system hurts the digestion. My chief reason for wishing that Edward may be elected to Oxford, is because they cram there less than at Cambridge.

I am not surprised at my aunt's determination concerning Errol. Indeed, I rather expected it; and yet, as the thing would (I have no doubt) have been in my power, it seemed proper to mention it.

It is well for us that in youth we do not see the objections which exist to every profession in life; if we did, life might be at an end before we could venture to make the choice. Edward's, I hope, will be made for the Church. He will take a little Hebrew with him from Westminster; little enough, but still a foundation. I shall advise him before he leaves school to master the German grammar, which ten minutes a day would enable him to do. No person knows better than I do what small gains amount to, in accumulations of this kind. This language is of main importance in most literary researches.

You will not wonder (knowing how prone, in Persian phrase, my "peri of the steed is to expatiate on the plain of prolixity"*) that the Book of the Church is swelling

* The expression is from the "Bahar Danush, or Garden of Knowledge," vol. i. p. 88. "Had exercised the steed of narration

into two ordinary sized octavos. The fact is, that I intended to deal in generals, but found as I went on that it was the particulars which must give life and effect to the composition. As far as it has gone I am well satisfied with it. A view of the Papal system is just printed, which is likely to produce a proper effect. I do not quite see my way in the last chapter, but it will open before me when I arrive at it. I think of dedicating it to the Bishop of London.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, May 8. 1823.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

Your letter arrived this day, and yesterday I received and answered one from Julius Hare †, concerning your "Dialogues." The purport of his was to say that Taylor (a man, I believe, very superior to most of his trade,) demurred upon grounds of principle to certain passages, and had, after some previous correspondence with him, proposed that I or Wordsworth should see the proofs, and if we approved of what he condemned, he would be bound by our decision. Wordsworth is gone to the Netherlands, and I replied without hesitation that I would most willingly take upon myself this responsibility, and act for you in this matter as you

on the course of prolixity;" and p. 109.: "Further, the light-footed steed of the peri has not found permission to proceed on the plain of prolixity."

† I wrote to Archdeacon Hare after his last attack to ask if he had any letters of Southey's. He was too weak to write, but Mrs. Hare wrote for him, and said there were none. The letter alluded to above is in my hands.

would act by me; taking care that wherever there was an omission the place should be marked.

Longman was desired in December to send you my own and Wordsworth's books, and "Humboldt's Travels." He has never told me by what vessel they were sent, which he ought to have done, but they should have reached you long ere this.

I long to see these "Dialogues." Upon the question of Catholicism we shall entirely agree. There is a chapter upon the subject in my forthcoming "Review of our Ecclesiastical History;" and whatever effect we may produce upon those who are more than moderately inclined to this base and grovelling superstition (as you say Mr. Hare is), I think we shall produce some upon those who at present are less than moderately acquainted with its real character. Yet I regret some of its parts.

Your specimen is delightful. Julius Hare, indeed, speaks of the whole just in such terms as I should expect it to deserve. Upon one great question, that of the improvement of nations through their governments, I think that were I in Italy I should approach nearer to you, and were you in England, or in America, you would draw nearer to me. The struggle at present is between two extremes, both so bad, that if a wish of mine could incline the beam, I should not know in which scale to cast it.

My first volume is wormwood to the Foxites, and not more palatable to the worshippers of Mr. Pitt. I think there is not one feeling expressed in it with which you will not concur. The single opinion in which you are likely to dissent from me is one which is derived from observation,—in opposition to my wishes, — that old despotisms can better be modified by a single will than by a popular assembly; and that in such countries as Spain and Portugal, a despotic minister (like Pombal), acting in conformity with the spirit of the age, is the

reformer to be wished for. I would have governments reformed, as Cranmer would in all points, and did in most, reform the Church of England. But, let individuals and communities err as they may, it is apparent that upon the great scale mankind are improving. But this, too, may appear differently in Italy from what it does in England.

I am glad to hear of your children. Till we become parents we know not the treasures of our own nature, and what we then discover may make us believe that there are yet latent affections and faculties which another state of existence may develop. My boy is now beginning his fifth year, and is, thank God, flourishing and promising as I could wish. My eldest daughter is a young woman, taller than her mother. Time has set his mark upon me, but lays his hand gently; as yet he has taken nothing from me but the inclination for writing poetry, and threatens nothing at present but my grinders, which he is attacking by regular approach, sapping and mining. Last summer I was severely shaken by an annual catarrh, which for many years has taken up its quarters with me for the whole summer, and last year effected a lodgement in my chest. Since it departed I have used more exercise and a more generous diet, and have kept in better condition during the winter than for the last seven years.

My "Colloquies" have long been stationary. Yours will give them a fillip. As far as they have proceeded I am well pleased with them. My "Book of the Church" will be published in about ten weeks,—perhaps in time to be forwarded to you with your own book.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, May 11. 1823.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

I have been so eagerly at work since the seeds arrived, that I did not even allow myself time to thank you for them, though the act of writing to you is always a sort of relaxation and refreshment. With regard to these said quasheys (which, I believe, is their name,—first cousins to the *squash* pumpkin), the best way of dressing them is to stew them in cream. Young cucumbers might be as good, but cucumbers are not so easily raised. This gourd is raised with less trouble, and produces much more abundantly than any other culinary plant. One plant which we raised from your last year's seeds produced a gourd which exceeded in bitterness anything I ever tasted; insomuch that I concluded it at once to be the very identical fruit of Zaccoum's bitter tree*, to eat of which, according to the Mohammedans, is part of the punishment of the damned.

It is frightful to think of what I have to do before I can start for London! But I am in deep water, and must swim for it. My "Book of the Church" was intended to be one duodecimo volume, — it will be two octavos. I send off by this post the third sheet of the second volume, and am 50 pages a-head of the printer, six of my pages making one printed sheet. But I have yet 100 pages to write—*væ mihi!* I should think nothing of this, if I did not wish to be in town at this

* See Note from the "Koran" on the lines of Thalaba.—

"Belike he shall exchange to day
His dainty Paradise,
For other dwelling, and its cups of joy
For the unallayable bitterness
Of Zaccoum's fruit accurst."

Book vii. 16., *One Vol. Edit.* p. 271.

time, and were not in danger of wanting the produce before it arises. The book, nevertheless, is a good ticket in the wheel,—much more likely, I think, to produce permanent profit than any which I have yet sent into the world. If I were a clergyman, most certainly it would make my fortune.

What do you think my daughter says?—that she will wear in a brooch that relic of poor Snivel which I have religiously preserved (now thirty years*)!—if you or I will give her a very handsome one to wear it in; and she consents that on the inner side of the brooch, locket, or shrine there be this inscription — Oh RARE SNIVEL! I have a lock of your hair which is of the same date.

I have two barrels of cider in my cellar, and one of strong beer,— thanks to Lightfoot and John May.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, June 1. 1823.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I thought to have seen you ere this, and now begin to fear that when I reach London you may have taken wing for Wales, if Mrs. Company can spare her husband.

The turn of affairs in Spain would have pleased me better had it been under a better man than O'Donnell.

If, however, it gives the French an excuse for marching back again, Europe will have reason to be thankful. As for the restoration of order in Spain, I see no pros-

* As I write this, poor Snivel's hair is before me, wrapped up in the same identical piece of paper!

pect of it. The habits of obedience and industry are destroyed. There must be a strong and settled government before they can be restored; and where is that government to find revenues for its support? The French invasion has done some good by giving the opposition so happy an opportunity of exposing themselves.

I have got the new edition of Burnet, at your suggestion. The book pleases me less than it did when I first read it some ten or twelve years ago. I know not whether it has been noticed that when Queen Mary was thought to be pregnant, there was just the same readiness and disposition to believe that a suppositious child would be palmed upon the nation, as prevailed at the birth of James's unhappy son. It struck me forcibly in reading old John Fox (with whom I have been busy of late), and I think something to the same purport is in Holinshed also.

If a new museum is to be built, or a building for the King's library, pray use your influence that it may be made fireproof. A very trifling additional expense will effect this.

I am sorry Reginald Heber accepted your bishopric. So I dare say are all his friends; and probably he was in some degree influenced by feeling that he made a sacrifice of his inclinations in so doing. I think he is one of those men who, though altogether fit for the situation, might yet have been more usefully employed at home. There is an account of the first transactions of the Portuguese in India, in one of the native languages, which I wish he could persuade somebody to translate, in the "Asiatic Researches." The MSS., if I remember rightly, are in possession of the missionaries at Serampore. God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. Your godson, thank God, goes on well. I am

fighting against my annual catarrh, according to my brother Henry's prescriptions. But the Doctor is too far from his patient.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, June 17. 1823.

MY DEAR WYNN,

* * * * * * * *

It was of "Burnet's Own Times" that I spoke. A most entertaining book it is, and undoubtedly a very valuable one; but its value consists altogether in the materials, which are sometimes somewhat the worse for the workmanship.

Have you seen Sharon Turner's third volume? The York and Lancaster period is given better than by any other author,—very much so. But he has hurried over Henry the Seventh's reign.

I find in Strada that Leicester engaged to turn Catholic, and bring over the kingdom if the Spanish Court would further his design of marrying Elizabeth. The letters of the Spanish ambassador, communicating this to his government, were in Strada's hands.

The wisest thing which the Royalist Government in Spain could do would be, to restore the Cortes according to its ancient form. With this shadow of liberty appearances might be saved, and an able ministry might prepare the nation for substantial freedom, of which they are at this time incapable. In Portugal I know it was not the absolute government which disgusted the better order of men, and made their hearts revolt, but the odious and scandalous perversion of justice, which made every petty magistrate a tyrant. The fair administration of the laws (which in the main were good) and

a *Habeas Corpus* Act would have remedied half the evils in Portugal. Concerning Spain I cannot speak with the same knowledge, but I believe that in this respect what is true of the one country will for the most part apply to the other. But supposing that wise administrations could be formed in both countries (and what a hopeless expectation is this!) where are they to find revenues? and how to be supported till national tranquillity, and with it industry and prosperity, can be restored? God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, June 29. 1823.

MY DEAR R.,

I am very much gratified at finding that the inscriptions have pleased you, and am not a little surprised, as well as pleased, by your intention of committing them to the lapidary.

My error was not in supposing Telford to have been a Highlander (for I knew he was a townsman of Mickle's, and of Sir J. Malcolm, as well as Pasley; I did *not* know that Herries was a Scotchman), but in applying to Scotland in general the application (which has often been given it) of the land of hills, when *in that situation* the words should seem to denote the Highlands, I have altered it thus:—

——— "Thus by her son
Ennobled and enriched, in grateful pride
Scotland enrolls among her heritors
Of earthly immortality his name."*

The additional matter which you have suggested

* This was altered afterwards. See "Inscriptions for the Caledonian Canal," *Poems*, p. 181., *One Vol. Edit.*

cannot be embodied in the other inscription, because every sentence grows out of that which preceded it, and there is no place where I could fit it in without *a solution of continuity*. This is my present opinion, after having taken counsel with my pillow, and looked wistfully at the subject since. If it appears in the same light to me to-morrow, I will *plant* what I cannot succeed in inserting as a graft, and make a third inscription, noticing the principal features of the work, the time and cost therein employed (if I can manage the subject), and the civilising tendency of the labour as contrasted with similar works in ancient times when performed by slaves or prisoners. The position may very fitly be designated by help of Glengarry, as you suggest, and the two inscriptions be placed on the same monument *vis-a-vis*, after the Irish fashion; or the former be transferred to Clachnacharry, as the mouth of the glen on that side. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, July 5. 1823.

MY DEAR R.,

The inclosed inscription is but too long without noticing any localities; nor are they needful, as its place on the summit level is sufficiently designated. I have mentioned the number of locks, the aqueducts, culverts, inlets, and overfalls; the deepening of Loch Orch, the ejectment served upon the rivers, and the great difficulty at the eastern sea lock; these, I think, are all the principal features and works, except the raising the level of Loch Lochy. *Inlet* is the word I have used, because I observe it in the reports; other-

wise I think *intake* rather to be preferred, as more peculiar, and bearing, in its honest Dutch form of composition, a good family reference to *overfall.* But do you point out anything either for alteration, omission, or insertion, and I will spare no pains in the correction. I perceive that the words "mighty work" have found their way into all three inscriptions. In the Banavie one, therefore, it is altered to great *attempt;* and because of that alteration, in the line but one above, instead of the name of the great Architect, I have substituted "The Architect's immortal name." But find you fault wherever you can, and I also will very watchfully examine and amend.

If you stumble at the word "*gyre,*" it is an authorised word, and a Scotchman has no right to know that it is not in common use in England. The main reason for preferring it to "sweep," which would express the meaning sufficiently well (though not so peculiarly), is, that the word preceding ends with *s,* and would occasion too marked a *sibilance* to be admitted without necessity.

The application of poetry to such subjects as this, recognised, you know, in the "Triads," is one of its three utilities. I begun, long since, a series upon the events of the "Peninsular War" (that is, those in which our army was concerned), and the British officers of distinction who fell in them. About half the series is written, and I shall publish them when the "History" is completed.

I send you also an "Ode to the Praise and Glory of Scotland," for the sake of the sixth stanza. It needs some further amendment before it sees the light. There is a companion to it concerning Ireland, which contains some wholesome truth; but it ends lamely, because a just foresight prevented me from winding it up with any vaticination in praise of Marquis Wellesley.

My brother Henry's appointment is owing to Sir William Knighton. They were intimate at Edinburgh. He is now in the fair way to fortune.

Does Peel know what he is doing in admitting the Catholics to vote? That whenever the scale is doubtful here in the North, they will turn it in favour of the oppo? That in England they have increased *sevenfold* in the last thirty years, being at this time more numerous than the Methodists? and that in the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, their rapid increase in the Highlands has been represented as the most imminent evil? God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Aug. 19. 1823.

By this night's post I send Murray the first part of an article upon Charles the Second's reign, for which the new edition of Burnet gives occasion. The Portuguese ambassador's relation supplies me with some curious facts; and without entering into any detail, but treating merely upon the changes in society which were going on during that reign, the subject would afford matter for three or four papers. You have added a drawing to a strange account of an aerostatic machine in one of the volumes of the "Papeis Politicos." I have found an earlier account of the same kind, equally strange, in Sylvius's continuation of Aitzema's "History," both which I shall here bring forward. It is curious to observe how long men play with discoveries before they perceive how to apply them!

In a fortnight I shall have finished this Paper, and a month more will finish my Ecclesiastical Subject;

my ways and means will then, I trust, be pretty well provided for for some time to come, and I shall set forth for London, bringing Edith May with me. She has often been ailing this season, and is, I think, just in that state of health in which good medical advice is likely to be useful.

Landor tells me he has sent me a box of books, about seventy volumes of all sorts, mostly very old ones. I have desired Longman to look out for them at the Custom House. The collection is a very curious one, and heartily glad shall I be to see it arrive. He is living at Florence, and urges me to visit him there, which I will gladly do whenever I can afford time and means for passing a winter in Italy. And this, I dare say, I shall one day be able to accomplish.

I must endeavour to see if some of the Doctor's Portuguese friends can procure the sermons of Padre Antonio das Chagas. He was a man of extraordinary character as well as great abilities, and I am sure that much will be found there relating to the manners of his age. When may we expect news of the Catalan history? I should be very impatient for it, and not a little provoked with Murray, if I had not plenty of employment during the delay.

Little by little I am getting an insight into the Teutonic language, chiefly for the purpose of reading the old German romances, and the poems of the Minnesingers, and tracing their connection with the early poetry of this country. I therefore take half an hour of the "Saxon Chronicle" every night. In all studies of this kind a pupil or fellow student is the best teacher. However, I find that I can get on alone, though neither so fast nor so pleasantly. Edward should help me if he was near enough. When he can command his hours of leisure, I shall earnestly wish him to take up the German grammar, and ground himself in that language,

after which the acquirement of any other will be mere amusement to him. Nothing could be so gratifying to me as to think that he would profit as much by my collections as I have done, and am doing, by yours.

Love to my aunt and the children. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Sept 9. 1821.

My dear R.,

Among the many reasons which concurred in delaying my reply to your last, the most important was, that I had an opportunity of showing Wordsworth the inscriptions.

You will see that I have made all the alterations which you suggested. Menäi certainly sounds better than Mēnai. What the Welch pronunciation is I know not. Gowalchmai * is strongly aspirated upon the X. The inscription is improved by curtailing it. The same good effect is produced in the first by striking out the lines to which you object concerning "The Parent's glad Return." With regard to the cry against expenditure, I more than doubted whether the lines were properly introduced there, and have therefore altered the passage. It will be time enough, however, to send you the two others in their corrected form hereafter. Glede is in common use with us, and certainly a preferable word to kite. Ger-falcon I take to be derived from the Arabic, through the Spanish and Portuguese *Girafalte.*

I am reading the "Saxon Chronicle." The poems incorporated in it are much more difficult than the prose; but I must have more insight into the language

* "The old Gowalchmai's not degenerate child."
Madoc in Wales, &c., *The Gorsedd. One Vol. Ed. p.* 341.

before I can explain the cause. When I shall have finished this, I mean to begin upon the "Gothic Gospels," and then to the "Edda." I shall then be able to see what there is in the Minnesingers and the old German metrical romances; and then I shall need no further preparation for beginning the "History of English Manners and Literature," subjects which, I think, may well be combined, because it is chiefly in the latter that the former are preserved.

There is a rumour that Mr. Telford will be in this part to plan the road across Alston Moor. If you have an opportunity, pray tell him that I shall certainly not be absent a single night from home till the beginning of November. Last year I missed him, by accepting an invitation to meet Mr. Canning; and the vexation which this gave me made me, I believe, less unwilling to decline a similar invitation last week.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White, &c.

Keswick, Sept. 11. 1823.

My dear Neville,

I am very glad that the desire of introducing a young officer to you puts an end to all reasons for longer delaying a letter. Mr. Charles Malet, by whom this will be delivered to you, is brother to Sir Alexander Malet. His father, the late Sir Charles Malet, was many years resident at Poonah, the Mahratta court, at a time when the Mahrattas were the most formidable power in India. He was also uncle to General Peachey's first wife, a woman for whom I had the highest esteem and regard.* Her two sisters (old friends of mine) are

* "I thought of her whom I had so often seen plying her little skiff upon that glassy water — the Lady of the Lake. It was like

now inhabiting the Island with Lady Malet, the General having lent it them for this season. And the young officer (I have neglected to ask whether he be ensign or lieutenant) having been removed from Ipswich to Norwich, Lady Malet, who is a most estimable person, is very thankful for so good an introduction as this which I have offered for her son.

Now for my movements. Instead of seeing you in the spring or summer, it will be in mid-winter. I set out at the end of October with my daughter, Edith; and my intention is to make my western visits first, and then escort her to your hospitable roof; making some two days' halt at Cambridge on the way, and with Clarkson (near Ipswich) on the way back. This will hardly be before January has begun, at the latter end of your Christmas festivities. My book of the Church will precede me. I am now set-to to complete it, having laid it aside for some time in order to be ready with a paper for the next "Review."

You would recognise me in the last number, on the growth of Infidelity, where, as usual, I have to complain of injurious curtailments. When I see Murray, I mean to make some arrangements with him for publishing a selection of my papers in a separate form; and then I shall restore what has been struck out (where it can be recovered), and in other respects improve them. The paper which I have just finished is on the reign of Charles II.,—the new edition of "Burnet's own Times" giving occasion for it.

A singular and interesting person called on me about

a poet's dream, or a vision of romance to behold her, ... and like a vision or a dream she has departed!

"O gentle Emma, o'er a lovelier form
Than thine, earth never closed; nor e'er did Heaven
Receive a purer spirit from the world!"

Progress and Prospects of Society, vol. i. p. 239.

ten days ago, and told me that he had had some acquaintance with you in the way of business formerly,—Mr. Morrison of Fore Street.* He was bound to New Lanark, with the intention of vesting 5000*l.* in the proposed experiment of an Owenite Quadrangle, if what he sees at Owen's own establishment should confirm him in his present opinion of the scheme. I was exceedingly pleased with him. He talked to me about the Free-thinking Christians, with whom Cokes, Thompson, and Fearon are the chiefs of the synagogue. With these persons he appeared to be intimate, and very much to admire the society, on accounts of the strict discipline which they obsorve, and the strict regularity of conduct which they require from their members. A clerk (Dillon by name) in whom he has great confidence, is one of their preachers, or lecturers, and the principal defender of their faith in their magazine. I found, however, that Morrison was far from being satisfied with their creed. We had a good deal of conversation on the subject; and he took down from me the title of some books which may assist the better tendency of his own mind at this time. His place of residence is Balham Hill, where I shall probably see him, being within an easy walk of my uncle's house at Streatham.

Hughes the traveller was here with his bride, early in the season; and Professor Sedgewick is now hammering away in the heart of Skiddaw. We are now enjoying fine weather, which is the more delightful after the long reign of St. Swithin. On Monday last we had a grand party upon Causey Pike, the ascent of which you will remember. We were thirteen persons on the summit, and we dined by the side of the stream below, where Mrs. Southey with Mrs. Coleridge and two

* *Query.* — Is this the Mr. Morrison referred to in Raikes's Journal? vol. i. p. 11.

other ladies, who were not equal to the task of climbing the mountain, waited for us. Cuthbert remained below with his mother; the other young ones scaled the height like goats. To-day we have a lake party, and my daughter, Edith, has cut out more expeditions for me, against which I must not rebel, for if they impede my pursuits they are conducive to my health.

There is a lady of our party to-day who has published two volumes of poetry, which, if Mrs. White and your sisters have not read, I would recommend to their perusal. "Ellen Fitzarthur" is the title of one, "The Widow's Tale" of the other. There is nothing in them but what is good and beautiful. Miss Bowles has not put her name to either. She is in very delicate health, but, I hope, is deriving benefit from this wholesome air.

Remember us most kindly to all your circle, and tell me how transplantation agrees with your excellent mother. Your young ones, I hope, continue to thrive; I shall have great pleasure in seeing them. My little Cuthbert is as happy as health, fine weather, and the thoughts of making a fire for dinner by the side of the lake can make him. God bless you, my dear Neville.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Sept. 30. 1823.

A HAMPSHIRE acquaintance of yours is here, Mr. Portal, with his wife and daughter. The young lady, with her father, joined us yesterday in a caravan excursion of one-and-twenty miles; a caravan it may be called, for the party consisted of nineteen persons, besides three attendants, three carts, and five saddle-horses. We dined on the pass between Buttermere and Borrodale, by one of our beautiful mountain-streams. The

pass itself always reminds me of a place between Ousem and Thomar, where a large tabular fragment of rock is shown as the "*Mesa dos ladroens*," only that the mountains here are considerably higher.

Murray sent me the "Q. R." in a frank on Saturday. The reviewal of my first volume has all the outward and visible marks of personal civility with regard to the criticism at the end. I have not inserted the whole of any state paper, but have given as much of them as seemed necessary in their own words. The legends, &c., to which the writer objects, as interrupting the narration, are introduced always to relieve it, and as elucidating the character and feeling of the people. And as for the arrangement of the Portuguese insurrection, it only appears defective to him because he is accustomed to consider Portugal in the lump, and not to regard its separate provinces as he would do those of Spain. I do not know who wrote the paper. The last article is Blanco's; a very good one it is. Indeed, the number has none of the usual faults of the "Review," except that there is a worthless article upon the worthless subject of Political Economy. I am quite in the dark concerning the management of the "Review," having heard nothing from Gifford since the commencement of his illness, except a complimentary message upon the first part of my reviewal of Burnet, which came with the proof sheets.

I must get another paper ready before I leave home, for the most cogent of all reasons, and in fact I have this day made a large stride in it. Dr. Dwight (poor Humphrey's friend) affords me a good subject, and good materials in his "Travels." The miscellaneous facts supply matter for the first part of the paper, and his political opinion and speculation text enough for the remainder, in which I shall at the same time change the tone of the "Review" concerning America, and intro-

duce some wholesome truths which it behoves both countries to understand. As this requires no additional reading, I shall not be long about it; possibly I may improve it in the proofs when I reach Streatham, where I know you have the "Federalist." I shall probably write the last chapter of the "Book of the Church" with you, possibly the two last, as there is a strong motive for not delaying my departure longer than the first week in next month. Our friends on the Islands, four in number, will then be journeying to London, and if Edith May and I join them we shall fill two chaises, which will be to the convenience of both parties. In this case we shall travel leisurely, and see sights on our way, both in the West Riding and in Derbyshire. At Derby we must part, as, if Sir George Beaumont is at Coleorton, I must pass a few days with him. The Beaumonts are now old acquaintances of mine, and they have known Edith from her earliest childhood. Sir George has promised me a picture.

Oct. 10.

At length Gifford has written to me. He tells me that he has promised to conduct the "Review," if he can, to the 60th number, and then he will have done with it, if he has life and strength to carry it so far.

A curious persón spent an evening lately with me. He is a Somersetshire man, who, getting engaged as a shopman in a retail haberdasher's shop a few years ago, struck out a new plan of doing business, by which he made the annual returns of the concern above a million, and the profits from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.*, half ruining thereby all the old-established houses in that line, compelling them to act upon the same plan. He married his master's daughter, and, at an age certainly not exceeding four or five-and-thirty, is at this moment worth not less than 150,000*l.* The strangest part of the story is, that he seems to have no love either for business or

money. He was bred up as a Dissenter, and so became of course a Radical, and in natural process an unbeliever. The success in life has cured him of Radicalism, and a very inquiring mind has not allowed him to rest in unbelief, and he is now on his "Pilgrim's Progress," having just got free from the Free-thinking Christians, and in a mood which made him very willing to receive a few hints from me concerning his journey. When I have added that he was on his way to Owen, at Lanark, to look at that establishment, and if he found it such as Owen reports it, to vest 5,000*l.* in the projected experiment of the Owenites' community, you will know as much of this singular man as I do.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Oct. 31. 1823.

My dear Wynn,

The Portuguese Cortes met in one chamber. The nobles, the higher clergy, secular and regular, the judges, certain ministers, the governors of cities and towns, and such fidalgos as had full power in their own domains, had seats there. The commons consisted of two deputies from every corporate town, and were something fewer than 200. How they were originally chosen I do not know, whether by the municipal authorities, or nominated by the immediate lord, as they were latterly by the government; but certainly there was nothing like a popular election. The principle of the Portuguese constitution is the very reverse of ours. The power of making laws and imposing taxes is vested in the King, but the consent of the Cortes is required. The King is to advise with his counsellors, and the Cortes to give a popular and legal sanction to the mea-

sures of government. They have been disused since the reign of Pedro II. I have a MS. of the proceedings of that which was held in 1698, which was perhaps the last; but as yet I have neither had occasion to ascertain this, nor to peruse it.

A minister of Pombal's capacity and courage would find no other difficulty in setting Portugal to rights than what the deficiency of revenue must occasion. Nothing is required but to restore the ancient forms, and give effect to good laws. The corruption of justice was the crying evil in that kingdom. If this were remedied, and the laws regularly enforced, Portugal would have nothing to apprehend from the revolutionary party. It was not against the principle of the government that they revolted, but against the stagnation and putridity; indeed, no words can be too strong to characterise its abuses. The one thing which they should borrow from us is the *Habeas Corpus*. I know nothing which would be of so much importance to them. There is neither public feeling nor sense of private honour to prevent interference with the course of law. I rather wish than hope there may be a minister who feels as he ought upon this subject, and who will endeavour to supply their place by the fear of punishment. My opinion of the Portuguese is, that in their civil and their military character they would be found of all people the most easy to regenerate; but there is as much to be done in every department of the state as there was in the army.

I leave home on Monday next, and if the weather (contrary to its present appearance) should allow us to linger on the way, we shall not reach Sir G. Beaumont's before that day week. With him we shall stay two or three days, and then make the best of our way to town. Most probably I shall arrive in Queen Anne Street on the 15th.

Doyle has written to offer me papers which will be

very useful. My best information concerning the proceedings in Catalonia and Aragon, in the early part of 1809, have been derived from his correspondence with Frere. I shall be glad if an opportunity offers of seeing the Duke of Wellington partly for this reason, that the want of any direct communication from him has been on one occasion a disadvantage to me. Lord Frederick Bentinck volunteered to procure papers for me from Lord Hill, and Lord Hill refused upon the ground that he had not the example of the Duke to make him feel warranted in imparting them. God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. The Bishop of Limerick has invited me to visit him. I shall wait till the next rebellion is over.

To the Rev. Neville White, &c.

Keswick, Feb. 19. 1824.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

Here I am, once more at my desk, by my own fire-side. My movements were all punctually performed, as they had been pre-planned. I reached home on Sunday morning, without impediment or mishap of any kind, and, thank God, found all well. Some little time is required before I can fairly get into joint again, after so complete a dislocation; and I bring back with me a formidable accumulation of letters, which followed and found me withersoever I went, and which it was not possible for me to answer during so hurried a mode of life.

I spoke about the piracy to Longman and Rees. They argued the point like two lawyers; the former taking my view of the question, the latter holding an opinion that the rascals may shelter themselves under

the letter of the law. They promised to consult Turner, and do everything which could be done. I saw Turner also, and told him in what manner I considered the case. The matter will now be properly investigated,—whether justly determined is another thing. It sets upon the wording of the act; and if words in law will bear an acceptation by which villany can be covered, and rogues escape punishment, that interpretation is the one which the craft will give it, as if one of the main uses of the law were to defeat justice.

They would have Doctored me at Cambridge if I would have waited another day for it; but my engagements were made in London, and feathers of this kind are not worth having when fees are to be paid for them; a civil letter of thanks is price enough for them. We had fine weather there, so that Edith saw the place to advantage, and delighted with it she was; though I must tell you that when we drove into the town she took St. John's for a prison. On the Thursday we breakfasted with Tillbrook, and the coach took us up at Peter House Gate. Charlesworth came to the coach door at Ipswich as I was stepping into it. I was pleased with the country about that place, and with Bury also. By the hasty view I had of it it appeared to be one of the prettiest country towns in England.

It was a disappointment to me not to see Mr. Sewell in town, and thank him for his hospitality and kindness. I wish there was a prospect of my being able to return them here. You, however, I hope and trust, will remember that you have more than half promised to take a course of mountain exercise and mountain air with me early in the season, as the likeliest and best means of recruiting your health, and fairly re-establishing it. Mrs. Neville has given you leave of absence, and all you have to do is to provide in time for your churches; set about that business without delay, and set off for

Keswick as soon as possible after the leaves begin to open. You cannot fix a better time for your departure than May-day. I am very confident that the air here, and the continuous exercise, will be of more service to you than any regimen or any remedies which could be prescribed.

And now I must thank you and Mrs. Neville, and Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, and your excellent mother and sisters also, for the truly kind and gratifying reception which you gave us at Norwich. Short and seldom as such meetings are, they are nevertheless sunny spots in life; and henceforth, when I make one of my expeditions to the south, I shall look upon it as part of my business to strike eastward on the way. You are, and you have deserved to be, a happy man, Neville. Only attend to your health, to which nothing can be so injurious as sitting and studying too much. You must resume, as far as possible, those active habits to which you were accustomed, or supply their place as you can by some gymnastic exercises within doors, when it is not convenient to ride or walk. Come to me, and I will endeavour to put you in good condition.

My book appeared to be going *on*, that is to say, going *off*, well when I left town. I take my chance for the profits, which appears to me more advisable than it would have been to accept Murray's offer of 700 guineas for the copyright; for if the work should obtain a regular sale as a portion of English history, containing what is nowhere else to be found in one succinct and continuous view, it may become a valuable property. I proceed now with the "Peninsular War," and with the "Tale of Paraguay." The latter will now be my main object till it is completed.

Remember me most kindly to all your circle, not forgetting Miss Lingam, whose gentle and winning countenance I remember with much pleasure, and my

country woman, Miss Edmunds, herself a fair proof that good things come from Somersetshire. I may send Cuthbert's love to Mary-Anne, if she will not accept my own, though, perhaps, she likes me better now I am at a distance. Let me hear of you and yours. My godson, I hope, continues to go on well.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that Tillbrook will secure a sizarship for Ebenezer Elliott at Peter House, and do for him whatever else may be in his power. The father is apprised of this, and I expect daily to hear from him respecting the plan to be adopted till the youth is qualified for college. God bless you, my dear Neville.

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Edith May Southey.

Keswick, March 12. 1824.

MY DEAR E. MAY,

I am to give notice,

That the packages arrived on Tuesday last, and that the tunic and trowsers produced a most extraordinary metamorphosis in Cuthbert. He declared that he must now leave off all his childish ways. He kept his hands in his pockets, as if that were the main purpose for which hands were intended; and having, unawares, given me a kiss after tea, he recollected himself, reddened to think of the impropriety into which he had been betrayed, and exclaimed, in a quick tone, half anger, half mortification, "Oh, but I've left off kissing!" For your comfort, however, I may assure you that the tunic and trowsers are quietly put away for high days and holydays, and that he no longer insists upon the decorum belonging to the degree which he has taken in apparel.

Montgomery's two volumes of "*Prose, by a Poet,*" were left behind. They had been lent to somebody, I suppose. When they turn up, let them be sent to Murray's, to come in one of his parcels. I have succeeded in stowing away the whole of this recent cargo, and the books from Italy, without having any new shelves, by converting four duodecimo shelves in the organ-room into three octavo ones, and removing the duodecimo books into the passage, where some of the shelves have been pieced, to make them hold a double row,—octavos behind, *shorticums* in front. Another change has been, to fill the book-case on the lower landing-place with bound books, which has very greatly improved its appearance.

I wrote an account of the effect produced upon Mrs. C. by the unpacking of the horn, in a letter to Bedford, which you ought to see. You will let us know when you are low in purse, and I will desire him to supply you. I will supply you, also, with another pack of autographs. By the by, *if you were to get yourself a little book, and transcribe into it these brief extracts, from time to time, as they pass through your hands, you would find yourself possessed, one of these days, of a choice collection of sentences and maxims, and I should have an additional reason for supplying you.* *

Your drawing-books are likely to prove as useful as you wished them to be. All three girls are getting on well, and Bertha has made a hopeful attempt at colouring a butterfly. What shall I do for my wine-

* The advice was not followed, as will appear from the following words written on the fly-leaf:—"This little book, begun by Edith May Southey, remained much as it was till May, 1850. It then, on my wife's birthday, the 1st of May, occurred to me to fill it up; and I have done so from my occasional and diversified reading in different languages." One of these days it will make good reading for the rail, in large type.

brewer this year? I am, at this time, drinking your currant wine, and I assure you, that some bottles, marked with the ignominious name of *puddle*, might have very well passed muster for Champagne. One-third of the bottle was puddle, but the clear part was as good as any Champagne I ever tasted; the main difference, almost the only distinction, being, that it left no unpleasant tang behind it.

Your mother, I suppose, has told you all the business and news of the family. Sara is secretary for triangular* affairs. The department of nonsense is all that is left for me, and in that you shall hear from me officially sometimes. My love to Mrs Gonne and your aunt, and my kind remembrances to Lady Malet, Miss C., and Dame Elizabeth.

God bless you, my dear child,

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, April 26. 1824.

MY DEAR HARRY,

If Westall should deposit at your house a set of the engravings for "Roderick," which I wish to send to my Dutch translatress, will you have the goodness to transmit them to Murray, whom I have intrusted to pack them up with a copy of the "Book of the Church," and despatch the parcel. I had a note from him, the other day, saying he had put a second edition of that book to the press. Whether the engravings are published I do not know.

I am profiting by the communication with Holland.

* This means the DOCTOR, &c., as may be seen by the diagram on the front.

A very well-informed Mr. Willem de Clercy shows a great disposition to correspond with me, and answer my enquiries *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.* Oh, that I had such a correspondent at Lisbon, or at Madrid! I find him, however, very useful, and shall request Murray forthwith to procure for me some German works upon the Peninsular War, which he has pointed out. You would be amused at his letters, which are written in very odd English; but I wish I could read Dutch as well.

Bertha is to return to Palace Yard this day; we have just heard from her. She has been so unwell in Sussex as to lie in bed one whole day and great part of the next,—the effect, I suppose, of too much travelling and excitement.

In reply to a question, how she liked the South Downs? her answer is, "To tell the truth, I quite despise them, they are just like little molehills." What airs these young mountaineers give themselves! When she is a little older, she will understand that downs are not to be compared with mountains, and learn to enjoy any scenery that is really enjoyable,—and there is very little natural scenery which is not so.*

Having given up all hope of getting Olivares's "History of the War in Catalonia," I have to-day set upon that part of my subject from such materials as I possess, and the second volume, accordingly, will go to press in a few days.

What will become of Portugal with such a creature as D. Miguel for heir-apparent! He seems very much to resemble Affonso VI., if there be any truth in such

* It is just as her father predicted! This day, 7th Sept., 1855, on leaving West Tarring, as she looked from the Railway Station on the chequered light and shade on Cissbury, she exclaimed, "How beautiful are those Downs!"

accounts as get into the newspapers. And his brother in Brazil is of the same stamp. Did I tell you that one of this Emperor's amusements is *to ride negroes with spurs?* With regard both to the Braganzas and the Spanish Bourbons, I fear Jupiter has determined to destroy them; for he has certainly taken away their senses!

A little encouragement would make me think seriously of a *Book of the State*,—tracing the course of political events with the view of showing their effect upon the condition and progress of society.

How is Louisa? how are the children? My love to them. I wish you were all here to enjoy this delicious weather. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, May 8. 1824.

My dear Wynn,

I think you and Reginald Heber saw such of my Inscriptions as were then written when I was at Llangedwin. I send you one now which was finished a few days ago, if finished that may be called which will probably receive many corrections before it goes abroad. The subject was Sir Harry Burrard's eldest son, one of Sir J. Moore's aides-de-camp, whose horse was killed under him by the General's side when he fell; and who, a few minutes afterwards, received his mortal wound upon the same spot. What I have said of his character is, from accounts written of him *before* his death, by one of the chaplains (Owen, I think, his name) to his mother.

There will be from thirty to forty of these Inscriptions, and they will most likely make their appearance when the "History of the War" is completed, in a

quarto form to accompany it, for those who may like to purchase verse as well as prose.

I think you will like the temper in which I have spoken of America in the last "Q. R." Gifford could not let it pass without making one offensive alteration. I had spoken of the state of literature and science as existing in New England, and he altered the sentence so as to imply a suspicion that there was none there. However, it must have gone very much against the grain with him to insert the paper. The truth is, that he thinks me *too* liberal, and Murray thinks me too bigoted. The middle way, whatever it might have been for Phaeton, is not only the most difficult to keep on earth, but the most dangerous, for you have enemies on both sides.

I am reviewing "Hayley's Life," to pay my midsummer bills. I have written some forty stanzas in the "Tale of Paraguay," and have brought myself more into the run of verse than I have been for many years.

My inclination would lead me strongly to think about a view of our civil history down to the accession of the House of Hanover, upon such a scale as the "Book of the Church," and to follow it with the "Age of George III.," connecting them by an introductory sketch of the two intermediate reigns. Had I been made historiographer, with a becoming salary, I should have earned my pay. God bless you.

R. S.

To Edith May Southey.

Keswick, May 17. 1824.

MY DEAR E. MAY,

I have found one! I have found one! I did not think there had been such a thing in the world, but I have actually found one. Incredible as it may appear,

what I am saying is literally and strictly true. You should have been here to have seen and enjoyed the discovery. I wish you had! and so we all wished—Kate, and Isabel, and your cousin Sara. And we wished for Bertha too, for Bertha would have enjoyed it. She has often heard of it, but how it would have surprised her to have seen it!

You are by this time dying with impatience to know all about it: *what* it was? *where* it was? *when* it was? *how* it was?—and you shall hear all. But we must proceed methodically, lest your pleasure should be spoilt by an abrupt and hurried disclosure. To do this properly, that is to say, with judgment, requires some consideration; and whether to begin with the *What*, or the *Where*, or the *When*, or the *How*, is a matter of critical difficulty, upon which more depends than any person can well understand, who has never composed a book.

It has been a received maxim, since the days of Horace, that an Epic poem should begin in the middle; though I deny the maxim, and have not observed it, believing that the propriety of that rule, like most others, depends very much upon circumstances. How to begin, indeed, is the great difficulty in many cases. In the present, I am inclined to think that postponing the *Quid*-ship, and letting the *Quomodo*-ship follow the *Ubi*-ship (as it naturally would), the matter may best be introduced by letting that good ship the Quando lead the way.

When was it, then? *Quando?*

This day, I answer, being Monday, May the 17th, 1824, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Now for the whereness. *Ubi?* Where was it? A simple answer will not suffice here, for this *Ubi* hath a double relation. And when, in reply to its first and more general meaning, I tell you it was in the study, the question still remains to be answered in its second and special bearing.

I then say it was in the first volume of the "Monumenta Boica."

My dear daughter, you know that book, and yet you do not know it. I must, therefore, put you in the way of recollecting it; for it is necessary to the full enjoyment of any story that you should understand it perfectly as you go on; and I dare say you have felt this at the opera. You have had the "Monumenta Boica" in your hand, and made use of some of the volume; but I doubt whether you ever looked at the title-page, to see what the work was. You may call it to mind, perhaps, when I tell you where it stands in the library: in the book-case which is between the windows, on the top shelf, fourteen volumes of the foreign small quarto size, — seven standing on one side of the middle division, and seven on the other. You collected a few minor monsters from it for the tea-caddy. It would be an instructive story, were I to tell you how I saw this book at Verbeyst's, on my first visit to Brussels, and did not buy it, and repented that I had not bought it for two years, till I went to Brussels again, and did what can very seldom indeed be done,—repaid a fault of omission by buying it. And I might also explain to you what the book is, and wherein its value consists, and why I find it singularly useful, and how many curious things I have found in it, and am finding. But interesting as this would be in itself, it would be improper to introduce it here, because you are becoming impatient to know what it was that I found in this book this morning; and I know how impertinent anything appears in a story which is not essential to its progress or development, when curiosity is all *agog* and a *magog*, as yours is at this time. So we will proceed to the *How* it was, without any delay, let, hinderance, impediment, ambagiosity, circumlocution, or needless, superfluous and unnecessary roundabout forms of speech; but

plainly and briefly replying to the question, *Quomodo?*

As thus: I was showing Cuthbert the pictures in the first volume, upon which I had been employed before breakfast, and there I found it.

And now, in due order, comes the quiddity, the cream, the kernel, the essence or quintessence. *What* was it? *Quid? Quid Diabolus?*

I defy Diabolus himself to guess.

Something it was of which you have heard your aunt Coleridge speak; but which, till this day, I verily thought had not existed either in Heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters which are under the earth.

It was not Moko.

It was not Jilkikker.

It was not Goarum.

It was not a detested Hinder.

But it was,— my dear Edith, guess what it was? I have not defied you to guess, though I have defied Diabolus.

"Here it is!" I exclaimed, and, rising from my chair with delight, carried it to your mother, who was at the other end of the room. "Here it is," I cried, "look at it!" She did look at it; she smiled, and she said, "There it is, indeed! It really is one! Who would have thought of seeing it!".

"Where is Mrs. Coleridge," I exclaimed, "where is Mrs. Coleridge?" And Cuthbert, seeing how I was pleased, clapped his little hands for joy.

I opened the door, went into the passage, and said, "Mrs. Coleridge? Where is Mrs. Coleridge?"

She was in her own room, and answered hastily, "Here I am! What do *you* want?"

I had spoken in a loud voice, that it might be heard down stairs, or in the saints'* room, if in either place

* One of the down-stairs parlours at Greta Hall was called

she had happened to be; but certainly not in a tone of alarm. Alarmed, nevertheless, she was; and I, innocent as I was,—yea, in this case more than innocent,—deserving far other treatment, my whole and sole intent having been to give pleasure,—I, poor I, innocent, meritorious, well-meaning I, received a severe reprimand for frightening her, and disturbing her nerves.

But I bore it meekly as Job, and more cheerfully. That I was more cheerful than the man of Uz was natural; for he was in a sorrowful condition. But that I should have been equally meek should be accounted to my honour. And when you teach your children (should you have any) that string of scriptural questions in which it is asked who was the most patient man? I think you ought to put that question in the plural, or rather in the dual form, and teach the little ones to reply, Job and their grandfather Southey.

Let me, if I can, describe the various expressions which passed on this memorable occasion over your aunt's countenance in rapid succession; so rapid, indeed, that one came on before the other had departed, and so they mingled with and modified each other in a manner, unutterable by words (I fear) and unconceivable to any but those who are well acquainted with the personage in question.

First, then, it was an expression of dolorous alarm, such as Le Brun ought to have painted: but such as Manning never could have equalled, when, while Mrs. Lloyd was keeping her room in child-bed, he and Charles Lamb sate drinking punch in the room below till three in the morning,—Manning acting Le Brun's passions (punchified at the time), and Charles Lamb (punchified also) roaring aloud and swearing, while the tears ran down his cheeks, that it required more genius

"Paul,"—Peter (above) having been robbed to fill the bookshelves.

than even Shakspeare possessed to personate them so well; Charles Lloyd the while (not punchified) praying and entreating them to go to bed, and not disturb his wife by the uproar they were making.

But when she perceived by my countenance and manner that no misfortune had befallen, and that her alarm was altogether groundless and unwarrantable, alarm was succeeded by a yet more unwarrantable and groundless anger, and then the expression became that of indignation. Then it was that the eyes lightened and the tongue thundered, and the cataracts of wrath were opened upon my devoted head, and I — if I had not been

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus—"

how could I have endured the storm? Strong in my innocence, I endured it. Under the protection of conscious virtue, as of an umbrella, I bore the pelting of that pitiless storm. And when the first gleam of better weather appeared in a corner of the countenance, I held forth the book, and said, "I have found one! Here it is! Look at it!"

The cloud was still hanging on her brow; there was yet a lowering and lurid aspect there, from which another peal of thunder might have proceeded. But impatience was now passing into curiosity (an emotion nearly allied to it), and the corners of the mouth, which had been curved downward, gradually drew up into their proper line. "What is it? What is it?" she said. "Let me see!" Perhaps that *let* ought here to be spelt with a double *t*, thus — *lett*, that the emphasis with which it was uttered might be made visible. *Lett* me see! There was an angry as well as a curious impatience in the quick and hurried pronunciation. But,—

"Last came joy's ecstatic trial."

When I told her *what* it was, the face brightened into an expression of scornful incredulity, and the corners of the mouth curved up into an incipient smile, which ripened into a short, loud, and honest ha-ha laugh, as I displayed the book, and she saw that it really was what I said was there, what she had so often spoken of, and what she had never expected to see, nor even dreamt of seeing. Blessed be the herald that emblazoned it! Blessed be the Counts of Rot in Bavaria who bore it so many centuries ago! Little did that herald, little did those counts think what delight it would one day occasion at Greta Hall, in the town of Keswick, parish of Crossthwaite, ward of Allerdale, below Derwent, county of Cumberland, kingdom of England, and island of Great Britain. Little did the humble engraver who engraved the plate, and in his humility did not mark it with his modest name, — (a name which otherwise should be recorded here) — little, I say, did he, — little did the Academy of Sciences at Munich, who published the book, little did they think that on Monday, the 17th day of May, 1824, we should here, in this distant part of the world, discover in it what till then we had always deemed indiscoverable, — a thing existing only in Mrs. Coleridge's creative imagination; and that a young lady at No. 16. York Place, Baker Street, Portman Square, London, would be kept on the rack of impatience while she read through two whole sheets of letter-paper, in no easy hand-writing, dying the while with curiosity to know what it was.

It was then, — it was, yes it was

a L———.

But it is a discovery which ought to enter at the eyes as well as the ears, and therefore you shall see as well as read what it was, in the enclosed paper, the seal of which must not be broken, on pain of excommunication (as

thereon indited), till the letter has been fairly read to this point.

There you will find a L———.

And so farewell,

From your dutiful father,

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, May 24. 1824.

My dear Grosvenor,

What should I do without the exchequer, or rather, without the *auditor* thereof, who, of all personages, whether in *rus* or in *urbe*, is the one to whom I most naturally write nonsense, talk nonsense, and look for friendly offices? I pray you, send Edith some money. She has consignments to send home, and some outlay to make for Bertha, besides her own expenses, which (excellent manager and economist as she is) are of necessity much greater than they would be here. At present she seems to be heartily enjoying London, which is made as agreeable to her as midnight parties and dancing can make it. A little of this is very well; but I shall not be sorry when she takes leave of it, and sets off for the Devonshire coast, to enjoy better air,

keep better hours, and employ herself in quieter and wholesomer pleasures. I wish she were coming home, instead of travelling westward, for she is very much missed here at all times, and will be still more so when the *marooning* season begins — as it would do now, were she with us. But it is better that she should take this opportunity of going wherever inclination and occasion lead her, when she is already so far on the way.

I wrote her a letter, the other day, concerning a favourite simile of Mrs. Coleridge's, which would amuse you who know the parties. It led me heartily to wish that you and I could spend a few weeks in absolute idleness together, that we might write the "Butler's Travels." What a noble chapter might be made concerning the country in which all the creations of heraldry are found! Alas! I am at this time brim full of good, genuine, glorious nonsense, worth all the stupid sense in the world, and worthy of living for ever; and behold, the dull employment with which I must drudgingly and doggedly go on is, a reviewal of the "Life of Hayley;" in which, however, I have the satisfaction of treating a gentleman, a scholar, and a generous-hearted man as he ought to be treated. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, May 27. 1824.

My dear Neville,

I had heard from Edith of my little godson's perilous state, and did not like to write to you under the uncertainty concerning him. Precarious as human life always is, it is peculiarly so in infancy; but, on the other hand, recovery from the very brink of the grave is much more frequent than it is in any other stage of existence. To hope the best, and to be ready for the worst, is our duty in this, as, indeed, in all other cases;

and it is a duty which you, I am sure, practise as well as preach. I will hope for good tidings, and shall be anxious to receive them.

Now to the business part of your letter. But first, let me thank you for your good-will and exertions in my brother's behalf, and say that any names which you may procure may be sent to me.

I should very well like to edit Sir T. Browne's works, write a biographical introduction, and add such Omniana notes as my stores may enable me to furnish. That the speculation will answer to the publishers I am not so sure as Hudson Gurney seems to be; and this you should say to Mr. Wilkin. But the London booksellers must be the best judges upon a question of republication. I should be very far from allowing this concerning a new work. As to terms, I had two hundred guineas for editing the "Morte Arthur," which was what Longman offered, being the sum they were to have given a certain person who was originally announced as editor, but left the book and the booksellers in the lurch, for the sake of decamping with another man's wife. So it is plain that in that sum nothing was allowed for a good name, if mine was not estimated at a better price than his. With that sum, however, I should be content, because I do not think the speculation could afford more; though, if the risk rested with London publishers, I would take all I could get, being richly entitled so to do from them. When I add, that I possess the folio edition of 1686 of Sir T.'s works, and no other, and nothing else of his writings, I shall have said all which, in this step of the business, it can be necessary to say.

There is reasonable ground for hoping that a good deal may be recovered. Tenison speaks of other brief discourses, and of memorials which had been collected for writing his life.

One thing, however, must be taken into account in

the terms. I had nothing to do with correcting the proofs of the "Morte Arthur;" and this is a matter of more importance with Sir Thomas Browne, owing to the peculiarity of his language, than with any other prose writer. Supposing that Wilkin means to print the work himself, he must get some person who is a scholar (and an ordinary one will not do) to revise the sheets. The time which that task would require I cannot afford. Should this lead to any transmission of materials, the Quaker volume may come and be returned with them; otherwise it may wait till I see Norwich once more. Express, I pray you, my thanks to its owner for this civility.

It was a great disappointment to us not to see you. I had fully expected you, and wish *very, very* much you could still come, persuaded as I am that it would be greatly to your good.

My paper in the last "Q. R." was upon Dr. Dwight's "Travels." There was nothing of mine in the preceding number. I am now reviewing "Hayley's Memoirs:" a poor, insipid book; but it has made me like the man, and he deserves to be treated with respect and kindness.

God bless you, my dear Neville,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, June 24. 1824.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

You see I judged rightly concerning the encouragement which Mr. Wilkin was likely to find from the London booksellers. This is a subject on which they are necessarily the best judges. A second edition is not to be hoped for in a case like this, nor do I think there is any reasonable expectation that so large an edition as 1000 will sell. I advise him not to print

more than 750, and tell him, further, that highly desirable as such a collection is of this author's works, it would be prudent not to venture more than 500.

The best service I can render him will be to review the book, which of course is incompatible with editing it. Edit it I ought not to do, unless I could allow to the time and care necessary for doing it in a manner creditable to myself. This I cannot give, and the speculation cannot afford to purchase. Mr. Wilkin had better take "Johnson's Life," to which Kippis's account (if it contains much additional information) may be annexed. Let him then arrange the works chronologically, with a brief notice affixed to each, when it was first published, through how many editions it has passed, and what edition has been followed in the reprint. And if he is desirous of reducing the bulk of the work, throw away all the annotations of other writers, except Sir Kenelm Digby's remarks. All that remains will be to take especial care that it be correctly printed, and state, in a brief and modest preface, the motive for forming the collection, the pains which have been taken in obtaining unpublished papers, and the success with which that search has been attended. The correspondence should follow the life, if it be at all of a domestic and familiar character; but if it relates wholly (as is more likely) to discursive subjects, such as were the object of his studies, it had better then be placed at the end of the collection.

A review in the "Quarterly" will be of much greater advantage to Mr. Wilkin than my name as editor could be. What I should have written as a life, preface, or introduction, may just as well be cast into that form. I lose no time in replying to your letter, that he may lose none in making his arrangements and beginning the print. God bless you my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, June 27. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I had nearly forgotten to answer your question concerning the books which elucidate our Ecclesiastical History. The two works which profess to embrace that subject exclusively are Fuller's and Jeremy Collier's. The first will, I hope, be reprinted at the Clarendon press *; for, with all its manifold imperfections, it contains much matter for which no other authority can now be found,—the records of the Convocation having been destroyed; and it has, moreover, all the inimitable charm of Fuller's manner. Collier is coarse and clumsy, a bigot on the right side. It was necessary that I should have both at hand, but you would find upon investigation that I have drawn my materials from other sources. Collier's lay open before me, and Fuller's, I believe, only in the reign of James.

For facts relating to the History of the Church the most curious books are Kennet's "Parochial Antiquities," and his "Case of Impropriations," H. Wharton's "Defence of Pluralities," and Stavely's "History of Churches. "Bede" and the "Acta Sanctorum" were my resources for the early history, with "William of Malmsbury."

To my sorrow I had no original authorities for th life of Becket, except such as are in the Appendix to Lord Littleton's "History." Berrington is the best historian of those times; indeed, much the fairest of all the English Romanists in his writings.

We come now to Lewis's "Lives of Wickliffe and of

* It was reprinted at the Clarendon in 1845, in six vols. 8vo., and the Rev. J. S. Brewer states, in his preface, that "a careful examination of Fuller's authorities with the statements made in his narrative has ended in a result favourable to his industry, judgment, and accuracy."—p. iv.

Bishop Pecock." I had also Baber's "Life of Wickliffe," prefixed to his "New Testament," and Fox's "Martyrs."

Then came the whole series of Strype's laborious compilations, in which, I believe, nothing has escaped me; though in this work I have not made use of the fiftieth part of my references to them,—Fox, Burnett, and Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography;" Rushworth and Nalson (the former, I must observe, is *not* known as he deserves to be for a great rogue; but he has perfectly convinced me that a writer may deserve to be punished as severely for his sins of omission as for direct falsehood); all the Lives of "Laud," Hacket's "Life of Archbishop Williams,"—a much more important book (in spite of its odd but very amusing style) than it is generally known to be. A great deal has been drawn from tracts published during the Civil Wars, of which I found a rich collection at Lowther; in short, from all Histories, Memoirs, &c. of all parties on which I could lay hands. And I need not tell you that any previous knowledge of monastic history was of great use.

Everybody has cried out for references. I will give them, as I find leisure for doing it, in some future edition; and I will do so for this reason, that when the references are given, the reader who is diligent enough to refer to them may see how faithfully I have represented the facts, and how completely the composition is my own. God bless you. ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, July 4. 1824.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Your letter brought me the first and only intelligence that I have received of Elmsley's death. His place will not easily be filled at Oxford, and that walk of letters which he had chosen; but to his friends it

never can be supplied. For myself it is a loss which will be perceived, whether I look backward or forward. Many recollections which used to be cheerful ones, must now change their character; and I feel myself left with one friend less in the world, at an age when we rarely form new friendships, even if a new friend could ever supply the place of an old one.

I have been very much confined to the house since your departure, by that annual visitation of catarrh, which was then upon me. It has now taken the form of cough, which is usually its last stage; but this year the cough seems to be deeper, and take stronger hold than it was wont. Next year, if it be possible for me to break away from my employment, I will leave home at the end of April, and try, as the only probable means of escaping it, to make a journey of six or eight weeks into Holland and the North of Germany, if I can find a companion.

You were fortunate, while you were here, in the weather; but had you been a month later you would have seen our wonder of wonders, which, though there is nothing beautiful in it, is still very well worth seeing, for I believe nothing of the kind has ever been observed elsewhere.* What is called the Floating Island here, made its appearance. By good fortune Sedgewick, the Cambridge Professor of Geology, is here. I went with him to reconnoitre it on Monday last, and yesterday he investigated it thoroughly.

The bottom of the lake in that part (near Lodore) is covered with aquatic plants, growing in a soft vegetable mould, which is hardly a foot thick, and lies upon a bed of peat; that bed is six feet in thickness, and rests upon a stratum of fine white clay. From time to time a quantity of gas is generated (whether in the peat, or below it, remains to be discovered) which fills this peat,

* Perhaps Pliny the Younger alludes to a like island, lib. viii. epist. xx.

till it becomes so buoyant that it is separated from the clay, and then that part of the bottom of the lake floats and rises to the surface. But so great was the accumulation when this took place that it has made a rent in the bottom some fifty yards long, and some six feet deep. Upon probing, the gas came out freely, but not so plentifully on the sides of this chasm as in another portion at some little distance; where, instead of forcing for itself a vent, the gas has puffed up the bottom in a convex form. Then, when a pole is thrust down, the air rushes out like a jet.

We had rain enough in the course of the week to raise the lake full four feet. The convex part is therefore now under water; and probably the two other pieces, or the sides of the chasm, will soon subside.*

My young ones, thank God, are well, and Isabel's face, which had been frightfully swoln, from an inflammation of the ear, is recovering its usual dimensions. Sara Coleridge is still complaining of her eyes, and talking of going to the South to have them cured; but in this family everything is talked of a long while before it is done. My eldest daughter has deferred all account of her visit to St. Paul's till she returns, as, having so much to say, she dared not begin to write it. She is now on her way to Devonshire. Last week she met Mrs. Wynn at the Caledonian Ball, and thought her looking very ill. She gives a good account of Bertha, who spent the last week with her, and Bertha gives good account of herself.

And now, my dear Madam, present our united regards to Dr. Hughes, not forgetting mine to your son, and believe me, Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* An account of this Floating Island was drawn up for a second series of the "Colloquies." The only printed copy is in my possession — *as far as I know.* It was deposited with me, to produce in case of need.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Aug. 12. 1824.

My dear Madam,

I am indebted to your report of Elmsley's death for the pleasure which I felt, after speaking and thinking, and dreaming of him as dead, in hearing that he was likely to recover; a pleasure worth all the previous pain, and of that kind indeed that I know nothing which can be compared to it. When I was within reach of Elmsley we saw a great deal of each other, and he is one of those friends from whose society I have derived not merely temporary enjoyment, but permanent benefit. The chances of life have separated us for many years, without in any degree weakening our mutual regard; and upon hearing of his death I felt that I had lost what in declining years we can ill afford to part with, an object of esteem and affection,—one of the friends of my youth. Certainly I never received so much delight from any letter, as from that which told me he was alive and recovering. He is well enough to have left Oxford for the house of his sister-in-law, near Croydon, where Wynn and Bedford visited him about a fortnight ago, and found him so confident of his own strength as to talk of seeing Keswick this year as a possible thing.

Had I been less occupied I should have thanked you for a prescription which looks as if it would have been efficacious,—if I could have taken it. But in one respect my constitution is an unlucky one (we talk about constitutions you know, in politics and in medicine, without knowing much about them); the smallest quantity of laudanum deranges the action of the liver, and totally suspends the course of the bile, and this of course cannot be done with impunity. Therefore I cannot venture upon any prescription which contains

laudanum, though that medicine, and that alone, I believe, would cut short this obstinate catarrhal affliction on its annual appearances. I am tolerably well recovered now, though still with some remains of cough, but it is no longer attended with a feverish pulse; and as a proof that my strength has pretty well returned, I took a six hours' walk this morning, and crossed Skiddaw, on my return, at about three parts of its elevation.

You will not be displeased to hear that my second volume is making good progress in the press, so that I am once more in the receipt of proof sheets, which I am lucky enough to regard as one of the pleasures of life. As to a "Book of the State," there are some weighty objections opposed to a very strong inclination. In the first place, I have many works in hand (you would think me a most rash and audacious man did you know how many), and am this day fifty years old: it is time, therefore, seriously to ask myself what upon the common calculations of life I could possibly have time to perform; and secondly, were I to undertake such a view of our civil history, the inconvenience of having no great library within reach could only be obviated by an outlay in books, which it would be very inconvenient for me to afford; for it has so happened that no man's gains in this generation have been so little in proportion to his reputation and his labour as mine.

I must not conclude without thanking you for setting Sir Walter's pen in motion. He wrote me a very friendly letter, to which I returned an immediate answer.

All below unite in kind regards. The girls are in expectation of the arrival of a Welsh uncle to-morrow (a boy of fifteen from Westminster), whom they have never seen. He is coming to pass his holiday with me, and is at this time in the mail coach somewhere about

Leming Lane. I have seldom seen a boy more after my own heart.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Edith May Southey.

Kesvick, July 24. 1824.

MY ELEGANT CYGNET*,

By this time your Elegancy will be looking for some news of the Swan and the Swan's nest. The Swan has for a long time been in bad feather; he is now at last looking up and pluming himself once more; and if your companions would but possess themselves of some Veils, like those in the German story, and appoint a meeting, he would be ready to take wing with them for a flight among the mountains.

You are now in a good land,—a land flowing with clouted cream and laver, which are better things than milk and honey; a land of fish and of cyder, and where, moreover, the strong beer is good; a land also of squab

* The allusion is to some lines of Amelia Opie's, written by her in Mrs. Warter's Album on Southey's leaving Norwick, 30th Jan. 1824.

Too short was thy stay here, 'twas transient and sweet!
It was Hail! and Farewell! — yet 'twas pleasant to meet,
And see thee, fam'd Swan of the Derwent's fair tide
With that elegant cygnet that floats by thy side;
Alas! that thy visit, that long promis'd boon
Should be brief as the splendour of winter's chill noon!
But in one little week, quite exhausted and dry,
Is that cup of delight which thy presence filled high!
Yet still we with grateful emotion can say,
Though the draught was but *shallow*, the *wine* was *Tokay!*

AMELIA OPIE.

pie; a plentiful land, a good land, only not so good as the neighbouring land of Somersetshire. I should not like you to be settled in London by marriage, nor in Ireland, nor in Scotland, nor in the fens of Lincolnshire, which, suitable as they are for water-fowl, are not suitable for my cygnet. Devonshire or Somersetshire would do better; or Gloucestershire, though inferior, might do,—or Cornwall; but not the ugly middle of England, nor the eastern counties. Love may be willing enough to take up with spare diet, a meagre county, and a raw air; but plenty and a mild climate, and a beautiful and good country, agree better with him; and you may depend upon it that there is no better diet for love than what Devonshire affords. Miss Wood's grandmother, you know, gained a husband by a bowl of cream. I remind you of it as a caution; you are in a land of cream, and wives, peradventure, may be won by it as well as husbands; but if it should be so, I shall not object to the country,—nay, I should prefer it to most others, for I have still an inkling for the west. Moreover, it is a good country for geese, and if for geese it must be good for swans also, and therefore a good country for a cygnet to settle in. Take care of swan-hoppers. Rumpelstilzchenen has been very poorly, but is now in tolerable health. Hurlyburlybuss has not been seen for some days. I have put on some new striped trowsers to-day; also I have a drab jacket, and drab trowsers, not to mention the blue Pascoe which I brought down. Think of the richness of my wardrobe.

Once more beware of swan-hoppers.

Your affectionate father,

THE SWAN.

P.S. Are you learning to swim?

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, Aug. 14. 1824.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

I am so completely removed from what is called literary society (which is at this time about the worst society in the world) that not a breath of opinion concerning your book has reached me, nor have I seen anything which has been written concerning it, except Julius Hare's paper in the "London Magazine." A more striking book never issued from the press in these kingdoms, nor one more certain of surviving the wreck of its generation, and this not from the adventitious importance of the subject, but from the excellence of the workmanship; for your prose is always, what the most felicitous passages of your poetry are, as excellent in the expression as in the conception.

My own "Colloquies" are now so far advanced, that it will soon become my primary object to complete them. They will contain a connected and extensive view of our existing states of society, with all its erroneous evils; and I hope the statement will be startling enough to make some of our political men (I will not call them statesmen) rub their eyes. You will feel in the perusal, as I do, that where there is most difference in our views, it is to be explained by the difference of latitude between Tuscany and Cumberland. I should agree more nearly with you in Florence, and at Keswick you would find yourself more in sympathy with me.

By way of relieving the "Dialogues," I introduce some of them, with descriptions of the scenery which lies within the circuit of my usual walks; half a dozen views of it, admirably drawn by William Westall, are now in the engraver's hands. The book will command notice, and provoke hostility. One edition will sell; some of the rising generation will be leavened by it, and in the

third and fourth generations its foresight will be proved, and perhaps some of its effects may be seen.

The books you sent me were lucky enough to escape all inquiry. I have been reading "Casaubon's Letters." If my "Book of the Church" has reached you (as I trust it has, with its companions), you will see that I ought to have read these letters before; you will perceive also that the view which they have led you to take of James's character very much accords with the opinion that I have expressed concerning him.

My family, thank God, is going on well. The two eldest girls are in the South, and greatly do I miss them. My little boy is old enough to have begun upon Latin grammar, and a happier creature does not at this time exist upon this wide earth. It is in our power to make children happy while they are children; and yet how generally is their happiness curtailed, and, as far as nature will permit, destroyed by unwise restrictions and the miserable discipline of our great schools in which boys are bred up to the abuse of power. If Cuthbert lives, and I have to instruct him, he will escape these evils; but how uncertain this must needs be I am fully sensible. Last Thursday I completed the fiftieth year of my age. My little boy is only in his sixth. I may put him in the way which he should go, and direct him in it when I can accompany him no farther, but it is not likely that I should see much of his progress.

Here in England we are in an extraordinary state of quiescence, not a grievance is afloat, and few persons ask themselves what is to become of the rising generation of educated men who can find no room in the three professions, and for whose lives there is no demand, nor what are to be the consequences of an unlimited and illimitable increase of capital, which even the bubble of foreign loans does not appear to check, nor when the manufacturing system is to end, which breeds yahoos as fast as

they can be bred, and invents machinery to throw them out of employ. One remarkable fact of general education is beginning to show itself. Above fifty Weekly Miscellanies are published in London at two pence and three pence each, and it is much the smaller portion that deal either in irreligion or in discontent; the rest are useful and amusing, and the sale is prodigious. This is a good symptom among many evil ones.

I have been getting on with my "Tale of Paraguay," and when I have once escaped from that most difficult of all stanzas, I shall feel like a racer let loose.

God bless you,

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 12. 1824.

MY DEAR R.,

You have heard that I am engaged in an incredible number of works. The booksellers are to blame for something, announcing as an intention what has merely been mentioned as a project for consideration; but the truth is twofold, to wit: first, that I have (and am aware of having) a propensity for planning works "of great pith and moment," which leads me to dream of more than can ever by possibility be fulfilled; and, secondly, that in pursuing any one of my determined engagements I am continually meeting with something applicable to other schemes not yet in course of execution; and in this way, while rearing one edifice, I collect materials for others. It is not with me as it would be if I had nothing to consider but how to employ my time, either most worthily or most agreeably to my own desires. While I have something before me to be

pursued for its own sake, I must, of necessity, have something in hand for the ways and means of the year—something on the present sale of which I can rely. If I have many irons in the fire, one reason, therefore, is that there is a large pot to boil. Now, I have grounds for believing that the part of my time which must be devoted to this essential object could in no way be so profitably employed as in sketching our Civil History, with a view of showing the growth and progress of our constitution, and treating those portions fairly and fearlessly concerning which the greatest prejudices prevail. Three octavos would suffice for this, down to the death of Anne; and then I should think of following it up with the age of George III., introduced by a brief view of the two intermediate reigns.

The objection is what you point out,—the wide course of reading wherein I should be tempted to discourse; of that, however, I should not have much apprehension, if I were provided with the books.

At present I am getting on well with my second volume, and with certain *minora*, the "Dialogues" being one. God bless you.

R. S.

To Messrs. Longman & Co.

Keswick, Sept. 25. 1824.

DEAR SIR,

It is a long while since I have written to you, and the reason has been that I have been otherwise employed than in finishing the "Tale of Paraguay." I am, however, far advanced in the third canto (four being its extent), and it will be ready for the next season.

The purport of my writing now is to propose a republication of Montluc's "Commentaries," the book which Henri said ought to be the soldier's Bible. There is an old translation by Charles Cotton, the angler and poet. Coming from such a man, it is likely to be in a vein of genuine English. I would, however, correct it where needful; accompanying it with a preface and notes, and take care of it afterwards in the "Quarterly Review." It is the very best book of its kind, and perhaps unequalled for the liveliness and *naïveté* of its manner.

Thank you for "Spix" and "Martius"*—pupils of Humboldt's school, but without his genius. Nevertheless, it is an interesting book, and to me peculiarly so.

Pray be kind enough to pay G. Dyer my subscription for his "Privileges of Cambridge," and to send in your next parcel the second volume of "May you like it," the Oxford edition of "Strype's Annals" (if it be published), and Sir John Malcolm's "Central India."

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. As you sometimes reprint American books, I recommend Buckminster's "Sermons" to your consideration. They are so striking and so good that they could not fail of success. He was an Unitarian, but his sermons must please all denominations. I lent them two or three years ago to Richard Sharpe, and he liked them so much that he said he should get over a dozen copies for his friends. I lent them to a clergyman, and he preached one of them.

R. S.

* These Travels in Brazil in the years 1817 to 1820 were published this year in two vols. 8vo.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, Oct. 13. 1824.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

First, let me thank you for offering to join me in an expedition to Holland, when I may find it possible to undertake one. Most truly shall I rejoice to have such a companion. I am, however, under something like a promise of going to Ireland, when I take flight next May, in the hope of escaping from my annual visitation, to visit the Bishop of Limerick, who came hither about seven weeks ago with the hope of taking me home with him. At that time I was not sufficiently recovered to have ventured from home, even if it had suited me on other accounts to have absented myself from my desk. I am now, thank God, once more in good health, and take a good deal of pains in the way of exercise to keep myself so. The want of a companion in these walks is supplied by a book, so that the time is not wholly lost; this habit is with me full five-and-twenty years old, and I can read as well when walking as at the fire-side.

Your newspaper amused me, though I was sorry to see how eagerly an ill feeling seizes upon every opportunity of showing itself. The festival must have made Norwich all alive, and will, I hope, be renewed as often as is prudent. Perhaps there is no other mode of bringing so many people together for the purpose of enjoyment which is so entirely unexceptionable, even if the charitable application of the money were not considered; and this is a very disinterested opinion, from one who has no faculty, and consequently no taste, for music.

Mr. Amyott is an acquaintance of mine, and a very obliging person he is. I am indebted to him for procuring me some Peninsular information some years ago.

I am glad to hear Mr. Wilkin has commenced printing, and am very sure that I shall do him more service than I could have done by becoming his editor. The matter of my reviewing the work is settled.

You ask me concerning the "Methodist." I sent a copy of the letter to the Bishop of London; he thanked me for it, and in a sensible reply observed upon the difficulty of doing anything in the way of a formal negotiation. Meantime individual discretion might do something, and he thought the Methodists might very usefully be encouraged in the colonies, and perhaps in Ireland also. I had a second communication from Mark Robinson, who is a local preacher at Beverley. You will, of course, understand that he knows nothing of my laying the business before the Bishop. The second letter related to the probability of the church Methodists separating from the Conference, and showed a great tendency among them to split into parties. I am inclined to think that Methodism has in this country reached the point in which the main body will not be progressive in numbers, rather maintaining its population than increasing it, and losing as many by defection and schism as it acquires by proselytism and birth. But this rather alters the nature of the danger to the Establishment than diminishes it; for every new sect that branches off has a fresh principle of increase. I asked Mark Robinson to direct me to information concerning some of these sects,—the Ranters, &c., which he has not yet done. If I could obtain sufficient documents, it is most likely that I should prepare a paper on the subject. God bless you, my dear Neville.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Oct. 15. 1824.

MY DEAR MADAM,

My employments, thank Heaven, are such that they allow me to be always at leisure, and this is a blessing which would compensate for more untoward circumstances than have fallen to my lot; so great a one, indeed, that if I had sold my time for any official situation, I verily believe I should have been as uncomfortable as poor Peter Schlemil when he had parted with his shadow. But if I were busier than I am, or ever shall be, it would always give me pleasure to receive a letter from you. I believe we can all of us find time for what we like.

Dr. Hughes's kind present (for which I thank him truly) will probably find a speedy conveyance from your neighbours in the Row. The book will not be the less welcome for Cuthbert's sake, who having some three years ago, when Dr. Bell asked him whether he would choose to be an archbishop or a carpenter, preferred the archbishopric, verily looked upon Canterbury afterwards as his allotted portion in this world, and used to talk with great complacency of what he should do when he came to live at Lambeth, when he was to have more books than his father. He was ill enough to make us very anxious about a fortnight ago, with a bilious fever; but, thank God, he has perfectly recovered from it, and at present we are all well. I have been somewhat seriously an invalid during the summer; the cough, however, has fairly departed; and being once more in tolerable condition, I am taking all dutiful pains to keep myself so.

I had neither seen nor heard of the foolish apology for Mrs. ——, which is enough to shame her out of Quakerism. Without the aid of Cupid (who, however,

has worked many conversions in both sexes) I can account very satisfactorily for her becoming a Quaker. She was bred nominally in Unitarianism, and that, too, of the laxest kind; and it was but nominally, for her father belonged to that sect only, because it was necessary that a man in his profession should seem to be of some religion. She grew up when revolutionary opinions were taking their freest course, and in a city where, I believe, they prevailed more than in any other part of England. Some of her warmest admirers (and no woman had more) were far gone in unbelief; they were men of splendid talents, and, in other respects, of great real worth. In fact, she has always lived among persons whose speculations were under no restraint, and who, however much they differed among themselves, agreed in that rooted dislike to the Establishment, which is a bond of union between the darkest bigots of Popery, the wildest fanatics, and the most thorough infidels. In the state of mind which such circumstances could hardly fail of producing upon a woman who had always been flattered for her talents, but with a lively fancy and a good heart, Mrs. ——, from a life of gaiety in London, went, at the age of about forty-five, to nurse her father, whom, in his old age, severe bodily infirmity had awakened to some sense of the *profligacy* of his past life. The only persons, in her circle at Norwich, who had any warmth of religious feeling, were Quakers; and were you to know her "Quaker Abelard," you would see that few "Eloisas" were to be trusted with him; but whatever her feelings towards him may be, she wanted something more for her imagination and her heart than the cold form and colder creed of Unitarianism can supply, and Quakerism has a great deal for both: I believe she is sincere, and I like her well enough even to excuse the verses which she has written in Edith's "Album." Edith will tell you (for she must

not write) the ungracious return which they called forth.

The "Peninsular War" is going on well in the press, and I am prosing and versing in as good heart and with as much good will as if all the world liked my verse and prose as well as you are pleased to do.

I would fain do the "State some service;" but I am beginning to act upon the resolution of finishing what I have begun, and working up the materials — which so large a part of my life has been spent in accumulating — before I open any new foundations. Now that I am half a hundred years old, it is time to wind up my accounts.

Our kindest remembrances to Dr. Hughes, mine also to Mr. H., and

Believe me, dear Madam,
Yours very sincerely,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, Oct. 21. 1824

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I received yesterday the frank containing your letter and the first sheet of "Sir T. Browne." It cannot be worth while to send that sheet back, as I have no remarks to make upon it, further than to say that it is in every respect what could be wished. Mr. Wilkin seems to have taken infinite pains in collecting editions and MSS., and nothing can be better than the printing. It might be worth while to try whether or not the appearance would be improved by printing the notes in columns.* I am inclined to think it would be pleasanter for the eye where the type is so small, and also as dis-

* This hint was followed, and the notes are printed in double columns.

tinguishing them in a more marked manner from the text. This might be tried upon a single page. I am quite certain that in a folio the eye is less fatigued when the page is divided into columns, than when it has to move to and fro along a long line; and the effect must be the same in small printing upon an octavo page. A man thinks of these things as he approaches the age at which it becomes necessary for him to economise his sight.

Having written so recently, I have nothing to add, except to request that you will present my compliments to Mr. Wilkin, and tell him I am very glad he has taken the edition into his own hands, for I verily believe he will bestow upon it more diligence than any other person would or could have done. I have no memoranda upon the subject which could be of any use to him, but I will be of all the use I can when the work is published, and with the least possible delay. I hope there will be a portrait, and the name given in an autograph.

Our best remembrances to your fire-side and domestic circle. God bless you, my dear Neville,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, Oct. 28. 1824.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

This case of the "Remains" is a flagrant instance of what men will do who have no other principle than the principle of trade, when the laws leave, or offer them a loop-hole. The fellows who pirate that work would rob you in the streets, or break open your house, if they dared do it; they have no sense of honour, or of right and wrong to restrain them.

I would advise that your cheap edition be made better than the pirated ones, though it should sell for six or seven shillings instead of four; the type not being quite so small, nor the page quite so crowded. Johnson published a small edition of Cowper in 1799, in two volumes, which might be a good model; and I do not see why there should be any unwillingness to say at once in the advertisement that the property of the family having been invaded, it is necessary to state that *this* is the only complete edition.

In a court of equity, conducted upon principles of equity, I have no doubt that your cause would have been good; but the Court of Chancery has ceased to be a Court of Equity, and pays as much deference to the quirks and quibbles of law as the most profligate advocate could desire.

The "Life" is yours till it shall have been published twenty-eight years, and as much longer as I may happen to live. In the course of nature, my dear Neville, you are more likely to be called on for friendly counsel in the arrangement of my affairs, after my departure, than I am to perform the duties of guardian to your son. Provide only against my incapacity for business, and count upon me, as I do upon you, for the full performance of all your wishes, to the best of my ability.

My mind is in no danger, Neville, from tension. It never pursues any one object long enough to be fatigued with it. When I read upon my walks, it is not anything that requires deep attention; it is something that amuses the intellect rather than exerts it, and keeps it, perhaps, in a more quiescent state than it might be if left to its own operations. The book is as a companion with whom I can converse when I like; and as it is always some volume which is never taken up at any other time, there is the wholesome recreation which change produces. Were you in the house with me for

a month, you would be convinced that I am anything rather than a hard student.

Have you seen Nicholl's "Arminianism and Calvinism Compared?" It is put together in a most unhappy way, but is the most valuable contribution to our ecclesiastical history that has ever fallen into my hands.

I hope soon to have my "Colloquies" in the press. They will set many persons talking, and some few thinking. They will draw upon me a good load of misrepresentation, calumny, and abuse, which you know how much I regard; and if they do not succeed in pointing out in what manner impending evils may be averted, they will show, at least to future ages, that they were not unforeseen. Our best wishes to all your circle. God bless you, my dear friend.

Yours most affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

To Edith May Southey.

Keswick, Dec. 5. 1824.

MY DEAR E. MAY,

I write rather because there is a frank going off this evening, than for a better reason. However, I have two things to say: one is, that I wish the doctor would order for me two pair of strong shoes, which may come in your box. (N. B. Take care this box be a little better corded than the last, the corder whereof ought to have been sent to the treading-mill.) Secondly, I advise you, and everybody else who can do it, to hear Mr. Benson preach at St. Giles's. He is so far the best preacher I ever heard, as to admit of no comparison with any other.

Wordsworth is coming over to-morrow. I have not seen him since my own return from the South.

You will probably, in the course of the week, see a *sweet billet* of mine in the newspapers noticing a few lies of Lord Byron, as published by his blunderbuss, Captain Medwin. I shall just say what is needful, and no more.

I have accepted a letter of Pope's, for the sake of transferring it to you. The handwriting is so like Miss Tyler's, that I could have taken it for hers.

The third canto of the "Tale of Paraguay" is finished; and as I never so heartily desired to be at the end of any other composition, whether in prose or in verse, I shall not be long in getting through the remaining one.

Yesterday I received Dr. Wordsworth's book *, which has for ever put the question to rest. It is impossible for any investigation to be more complete, or more conclusive. I have written in it, as a motto, Latimer's saying, "Well, there is nothing hid but it shall be opened."

And now, when I have told you that it is snorting weather, and that I am about to write a paper, for the "Quarterly Review," upon the Church Missionary Society, I have no more to say farther than to send as much love and as many kind remembrances as can be inclosed in a frank, to be distributed at your discretion, and to assure you that I remain,

Dear Madam,

With the profoundest respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P. S. Your mother, my governess, means to write shortly about chains and I know not what.

* Who wrote Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ ?

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Dec. 6. 1824.

Dr. Wordsworth has just sent me his inquiry into the question of who wrote "Εἰκὼν Βασιλική?" a question which would now be set for ever at rest, if there were not a political feeling interested in withstanding the truth. The book is in itself so beautiful, and of so much importance in English history, that it was well worth the labour of this minute investigation to establish its authenticity. I expected his brother this morning, but the weather has delayed his coming. I look for him, therefore, to-morrow.

When I have added that a regimental record of the 2nd battalion of the 34th has been sent me by a retired army surgeon, and that it contains a few matters of fact which I might not have found elsewhere, you will have heard all I have to relate; unless it be that a "History of the Peninsular War," under the Duke of Wellington's especial patronage, is coming forth, for the sake of which the Duke refused to supply me with any materials. He wished for a history which should be purely military: therein he was right enough; that is, it is quite proper that such a one should be composed. But I am not so sure that he is right in choosing to have the whole canvas for his own whole length portrait, instead of being the prominent figure in an historical piece; and I am sure that I am in possession of many more of his most confidential papers than he would ever have communicated, even if he had professed to be most communicative. The printer moves slowly; but I am getting on well. I must, however, turn my main attention presently to the Budget, which is no more to be overlooked in private than in public affairs. My subject will be the Church Missionary Society, and I shall probably find matter enough for a paper in some preliminary views of

the subject, and in what they are doing in New Zealand, without entering into their proceedings in other quarters, reserving that for other opportunity. They have large means at command, and are using them wisely.

My niece is about to publish a translation of the "Memoirs of the Chevalier Bayard."

I begin to read Danish with some facility; that is, such plain prose as I have hitherto attempted. But in truth it is the easiest of all northern languages: and the only difficulty lies in its copious vocabulary; my memory is not so retentive of words as it was in youth, and perhaps it would have been stronger than it is if I had ventured to rely upon it more than, for the sake of accuracy, I thought expedient.

Murray, I hear, has advertised my "Colloquies" under a wrong title; a blunder which would not have happened if he had been more in communication with me. It is of no consequence.

Love to my aunt and the children. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, Dec. 21. 1824.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I will not allow you to subscribe for more than one copy, nor will I let your sister's name and your brother James's be given in. A very serious objection to this mode of publication is, that it leads those friends, who are friends indeed, to tax themselves most unreasonably. When these four copies are stricken off the list, you will then have done more to serve me in this matter than any other individual. And this I knew you would do. For none of you, I thank God, are among those persons with whom to be out of sight is to be out of mind.

The person who has been expelled by the Conference preachers at Beverley is, I have no doubt, the Mark Robinson whose letter you saw; but he has not communicated this affair to me, and I only know of it what the newspapers have stated. Concerning the Irish schism, some pamphlets were sent me some time ago by a Dublin bookseller, who is one of the Church Methodists,—Martin Keene, I think, is his name; and I have had thought of making a paper in the "Q. R." which should comprise a brief history of Methodism from the time of Wesley's death. If you remember, I obtained "Kelham's Life," through your good offices, from Nottingham, where it was published. I have since got at some of his writings, and am tolerably well informed upon that schism. But there are one or two other points on which I want information. Upon these I applied to Mark Robinson, but he has not supplied me, being, I suppose, wholly engrossed with his own affairs.

I suppose you have heard of the atrocious libel upon me in the "Morning Chronicle," called forth by my letter; in atrocity it exceeds everything of the kind that I have ever seen. I have written to Turner, and shall be guided by his opinion, whether to bring an action against the publisher, founded upon the last charge, and overlooking the other lies (foul and malignant as they are) because they are nothing when compared to this accusation of obscene impieties. I think that at last I have found out on what it is founded,—on some extracts from a Roman Catholic book of devotions to the Virgin Mary, in the first volume of the "Omniana."* It is my fortune, my dear Neville, to have some of the best friends in the world, and some of the most diabolical enemies; and to despise the one as heartily as I esteem and love the other.

* See Omniana, vol. i. p. 123. &c.

I noticed the advertisement, and hope it may be of some use. But the only effectual way of checking this rascally piracy must be by meeting it with a cheap edition, which may be always upon sale in the provincial towns. I should like to have some of my own poems printed in that manner,—the only manner by which anything can ever obtain a *popular* sale; but the publisher would not like the immediate outlay, would despise the small return, and not perceive the ultimate advantage. So my books must wait for this till they are set afloat in this form after my death, by the same unprincipled spirit of trade which is now interfering with the "Remains." A vile spirit it is, Neville!

You will never believe any advertisement concerning my works unless it says, "This day is published." Murray advertised my second volume for last month. 248 pages of it are printed, and it will extend to 800, so you see how far it is from the conclusion. Were I to pursue it uninterruptedly, my progress might be very rapid, but this is never my practice; if I did, it would be apparent in the want of skill, gracefulness, and animation, which must always be betrayed when a writer works in haste. So soon as my interest in the narrative flags, or as I find any difficulty in connecting it or carrying it on, I lay it aside; at present it is in good progress. I am also advancing in the last canto of my "Tale of Paraguay," which, to my great relief and joy, will soon be finished; and then I shall take up my New England poem in good spirits, and pursue it vigorously.

My daughters will return as soon after the beginning of February as an opportunity of convoy may present itself. We are beginning to look with some impatience for that time. Did I tell you that my brother Henry has bought a part of Watson Taylor's house in Harley Street, which he is now dividing off and fitting up, that he may

remove into it, having outgrown the house in Queen Anne Street? God bless you, my dear Neville,

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 26. 1824.

MY DEAR R.,

I have had a letter from Dr. Stoddart, praying me—almost *in formâ pauperis*—to send him now and then a letter for the new "Times," and to let it be known that I do so. I am very sorry that his paper is in such poor repute as to put him upon this expedient of correspondence, and to have not much hope that this sort of correspondence will prove a better speculation to him upon this scale than it did upon a larger some years ago. No doubt you have heard from him to the same effect. I have promised to help him occasionally, in hopeless good will. His paper, in spite of every possible advantage, is dying of the incurable disease of dulness. The only sure means of saving it would be to put it into the hands of a new editor, which, if he could bear to do it, he could not afford to do.

The "Quarterly Review" is at last consigned to John Coleridge; and Murray may thank me for having provided him with an editor, for he knew not where to find one. If any adequate person, supposed to be adequate, could have been found, I am not without a suspicion that my recommendation would have stood in J. C.'s way, both in Gifford's opinion and in Murray's; Gifford holding me to be too liberally inclined, and Murray, on the other hand, entertaining as equal fear of my *bigotry*. Both, therefore, would be disinclined to an editor who would confide in me, and in whom I

could confide. The change will be of serious advantage to the "Review;" and so far as that "Review" acts upon the public, a very desirable one; and, for myself, I shall write with the better will, as being no longer liable to capricious mutilations, nor in any danger of hearing what I have said in one number purposely contradicted in the next.

If the weather be as wet on the Continent as it is with us, Holland will be in some danger of being drowned.* I see they have called in Mr. Telford, at Bath, in a case of this kind. What a noble way of spending some fifty millions it would be to employ him in taming the inundations of the Rhine and its tributaries, and providing the snows of Switzerland with a safe course to the German Sea. I shall be glad to hear that Willey is quite recovered. God bless you.

R. S.

To Miss Edith May Southey.

Keswick, 1824.

MY DEAR E. MAY,

It has often occurred to me of how much present interest and future advantage it would be if a domestic chronicle were duly kept in every respectable family, comprising not only such events as are usually registered in the blank leaf of the family bible, but everything which concerns the interests of any of its members; and also all those great little affairs which are in private life what wars and changes of ministry are to a nation.. In the course of a few generations such a record would be invaluable, and would justly be considered as the most precious of all heir-looms. Now, though it is far too late in life for me to commence a register of this kind, there is one portion of it which

* It was an ill wish to a Hollander, "That he should be *undammed* in this world, and *damn'd* in the next."

may be supplied by recollection, imperfectly, indeed, but sufficiently to preserve from entire forgetfulness things in themselves as worthy of remembrance as nine-tenths of the battles, intrigues, broils, and mutations whereof history is composed. And therefore I sit down to compose, as faithfully as my memory enables me, a chronicle of the great little events which have occurred at Greta Hall since the birth of that daughter who was declared to be as ugly as a Dodo.*

The top of the house at that time was flat, and covered with pitched cloths and a slight sprinkling of fine gravel. One morning, about half an hour before our usual time of rising, our bed-room door was opened, and Mrs. C. said, "Don't be frightened, but get up as fast as you can,—the house is on fire!" For the purpose of stopping a flaw in the roof, a pitch-kettle had been put on the fire in the back-kitchen, and had boiled over. Luckily, help was at hand; there was nothing very combustible near, and the flame was presently extinguished.

One of the maids had a misfortune.

Derwent C., being then between three and four years of age, swallowed seventeen shillings and sixpence for his amusement. It was discovered by his telling his mother that he had eaten her two yellow shillings. Mrs. C. came in great alarm to communicate it to me and my brother Henry, then a student of medicine, and doctor-in-rus. I remarked that this was work for a gold-finder, and the student in medicine offered to farm the patient at half-a-crown a day, or sixpence a time, till the money should be recovered, and, moreover, to be at all the expense of recovering it. Her fears were considerably relieved by this proposal, which, however, was not accepted. The money, after making the grand tour of Derwent's interior, came into the world again next day.

* See *supra*, Vol. I. p. 275.

All the maids eloped because I had turned a man out of the kitchen at eleven o'clock on the preceding night. One of them was re-admitted on the petition of her brother, and her own acknowledgment of her fault. The wages of the other two, up to this day, were calculated and distributed to the poor as forfeited by their misconduct.

I bought a donkey, and named him John. The garden had not then been made, and when John was called he would come galloping from the end of the field, braying for joy, and put his head in at the parlour window for a piece of bread at breakfast—sometimes he walked into the room for it. As it was not possible to prevent the boys of this disorderly little town from abusing this poor donkey, we were obliged to part with it. Mr. Spedding bought it, and a few years afterwards it died a natural death in the churchyard; but, I apprehend, of disease, and not of old age.

Sara fell into the mill-race from a wooden bridge which stood then on this side the forge. Young Richardson took her out of the water, just as the race had carried her into the river.

The great itch broke out in the family, being brought by R. L. from school.

Sad news arrived that Dapper had been hanged for sheep-stealing.

A tremendous wind forced open the front door in the middle of the night, and the scene at shutting it would have made a good subject for Bunbury.

Another misfortune among the maids.

A frost of four days, accompanied with fog and a dead calm, produced the most beautiful rime I ever beheld. Every branch, bough, and twig of every tree was fringed with it, and it stood upon the boughs inch long. No orchard in full blossom could be more beautiful; but it was like a scene of enchantment,—like a

grove of silver trees in a subterranean world, which had a light of its own,—for neither sun nor sky were visible. On the fifth day the sun prevailed, the fog brightened and drew up, and in the course of two or three minutes the whole magical beauty of the scene had melted away. But the sight while it lasted, and the sudden transformation (more sudden than any natural change I ever before witnessed, being indeed as complete as any scenic change in a pantomime), were things never to be forgotten.

The flat roof being found very inconvenient because it let the rain in, a slate one was put on. The large timbers necessary for supporting it were carried up by William Bowness, on his back,—the most surprising and most fearful feat of strength I ever witnessed, for the weight seemed enough to have broken the ladder under him. I hardly need add that this Bowness was the strongest man in Keswick.*

In the dead of the night we were awakened by hearing the kitchen window, which is under our bed-room, smashed in, and this was followed by a similar crash in Mrs. Wilson's bed-room. This was the greatest little event that ever befel us. In one minute all the household were in the long passage, each running to the other to know what was the matter. I fired out of the window, but in time only to let the culprit know that fire-arms were kept ready. The next morning it was ascertained that a salted leg of mutton had been used as the instrument of mischief, pieces of the fat adhering to the broken glass; the frames as well as windows were broken. We ascertained from which public-houses the

* Bowness was a man of humanity, and I insert the following pleasing anecdote from the recollections of Mrs. Warter. On the occasion here alluded to, his fellow workmen walled up a bird's nest. The next morning before they came to work he had returned and unplastered it He was either afraid to do so in their presence, or knew it would be useless.

drunken rioters had sallied, but nothing more. The magistrates however met, and the public-houses were threatened unless they kept better hours. I sent the crier round to give notice, that if any persons were found late at night about these premises they must *take the consequences.* Upon this was debated at the public-houses whether or not Mr. S. has a right to shoot anybody for coming about his house in the dark. I heard of this notable discussion, and desired it might be made known, that if anybody chose under such circumstances to stand fire I would stand the law.

I deterred Mrs. Coleridge a sure *saus prendre vole* at quadrille by laying my finger upon one of my own cards and cautioning her against rashness.

The Doctor-in-rus and I meaning to cross the Stake, on our way to Charles Lloyd's, missed the pass, being the first time either of us had attempted it; we got upon Bow Fell, agreed that he was a greater Bow than Beau Nash, all to nothing, — or even Beau Brummell; dined there with Duke Humphrey*, and got down into Langdale by a chimney much worse and ten times as long as that on Cawsey Pike.

On another occasion, descending one of the Borrodale mountains, we came to a place where we were fain to slide over a holly bush into a beck. N.B. We were in thin summer pantaloons.

An owl one Sunday flew up and down the body of the church during the greater part of the service.

The barn at Monkhall was burnt down, &c. &c. &c.

Cætera desunt.

* *i. e.* were dinnerless. Every one knows the allusion. In Bishop Hall's VIIth Satire, it is asked, —

"Trow'st thou where he dined to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray."

The readiest reference is the chapter (xli.) in Earle's Microcosmography.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Jan. 7. 1825.

You will see, by a note in my third volume* (p. 48.), that I have noticed the existence of the *W* in the Tupi tongues; but your letter made me refer to the passage, and add a few words for the purpose of more fully expressing my meaning. Humboldt, I believe, has not published more of his "Personal Narrative" than what you have seen. Another volume is announced for speedy publication by Longman; and it has been no small gratification to me to perceive that wherever he touched upon the same subject, we came to the same conclusion, except in two instances, in the one of which I was right, and in the other wrong. I was right concerning Aguirre's course, and Humboldt corrected his error upon further consideration, without reference, however, to my opinion, for he had not seen my narrative of that expedition. I was wrong respecting Indian poisons, and cancelled a leaf (p. 247.) in the reprint of the first volume, for the purpose of correcting that error upon his authority. You will see how I have spoken of him, pp. 700, 701. of the same volume.

I know not whether you have observed that Humboldt is acquainted with "Ribeiro's Journal" only through my references to it. This is evident, because he supposes him to have been employed in the demarcation, whereas he was as Ouvidor, and his voyage was made *em visita e correiçao.*

Humboldt was remarkably attentive to me at Paris.† He sent me one of his books, gave me a short memorandum, which he thought it might be pleasant to possess on my visit to the Alps; and hearing me inquire where —— and ——'s book was to be procured, brought me a copy from one of those worthies the next

* *i.e.* of the History of the Brazils.

† MS. Journal, Tuesday, May 20th, 1817.

morning. An unlucky mistake was made by Longman's people when, after the reprint of the first volume, I desired them to send a set to Humboldt in my name. Some months elapsed without any acknowledgment of it; and when the acknowledgment came, it was from his brother, the other Baron Humboldt, at Berlin. The books, however, though mis-sent, were not mis-bestowed.

Have you seen Mr. Butler's answer to my "Book of the Church?" It is exactly such a book as I expected from him; and I can reply to it as effectually in a preface as in a volume; though a clergyman of industry and talent, who wishes to obtain and deserve notice, need not desire a better opportunity for taking the field. Murray has sent me, with this volume, Mrs. Baillie's "View of Lisbon" — which I shall take as text for a short paper in the next "Quarterly Review" — and Lord J. Russell's "Memoirs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht." As far as I have read, it has raised him considerably in my opinion, giving every open proof of a good mind, though nowhere of a vigorous or comprehensive one, yet I think strong enough to work off a few favourite errors that are now floating upon its surface. The introduction is crude and feeble, and the plan so loose and disproportioned, that there is no knowing to how many volumes it may extend. Nevertheless, it is a creditable and hopeful production for one in his station, and especially for one who has been bred in so bad a school; and if he were not in Parliament, and addicted to the vice of speaking there, I should expect to see him outgrow all his erroneous opinions.

Croker dehorts me from visiting Ireland, from which I do not need much dehortation, considering the aspect in that miserable country. He says that he would not ensure any man's life there for three months; and that if the leaders of the populace should choose to have a rebellion, they may have a second edition of the Irish

massacre to-morrow. I must, however, put myself in motion in the month of May, for the chance of averting an annual visitation, which having been only troublesome for very many years, begins now to be serious. A month or six weeks' travelling is what I want. If I had a companion, I would make a tour in North Wales; but though few men spend more hours by themselves, I have a mortal dislike to travelling alone.

Your weather, I hope, is better than ours; we have, however, this advantage here: that, when the weather is good, it is worth having, and lights up for us scenes that make amends for all the preceding gloom. But I never remember to have passed four months with so little sunshine as these last. God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Jan. 12. 1825.

MY DEAR HARRY,

If there is not a number of "Locker's Views in Spain" lying astray at your house, I wish you would call at Murray's and tell him that the eleventh number has not been sent. It had better be delivered into Edith's care, as they may not for some time be sending me a parcel of fitting size to contain it. You will see by this that the box arrived. E. May "*did'nt think*" of putting in the direction the two little words *by waggon;* and so, according to knavish custom, the people at the office sent it by coach.

Henry Taylor is laid up with jaundice at his lodgings, 9. Bolton Row, Piccadilly. So he tells me in a letter two or three days ago. He wrote a prompt and proper reply in the "Courier" to that rascally attack in the "Morning Chronicle." But concerning that attack I have now as satisfactory an account as could be desired. The gentleman who made it has favoured me with an

anonymous letter, promising more of the same kind in the "Morning Chronicle." In this letter he shows himself to be a raving Irish Roman Catholic, and attacks me as one of the Orange party, though all that I have ever had to do with oranges has been with Portuguese ones, or St. Michael's. If you have any curiosity to see the letter, which is a master-piece of blackguardism, it is now on its way to Bedford, *viâ* Wynn; and it is almost worth seeing, as a specimen of what the Irish friends of the "Morning Chronicle" are.

I shall publisn in reply to Mr. Butler a vindication of the "Book of the Church," with proofs and illustrations, a very easy and agreeable task, with all imaginable respect and friendliness towards him, but putting forth my strength against his cause.

There should be a squib of mine appearing about this time in the "New Times,"—the Megistotherion. It would make my correspondent, Paddy Furioso, more angry than he is if he knew where it came from, for I have said that they have a beast of this genus in training in Ireland at this time, and that they give it nothing to drink but whiskey and holy water, half-and-half.

I won't go to Ireland, lest I should be made a blessed martyr! Love to all. God bless you.

R. S.

"THE MEGISTOTHERION.

"A great deal has been written concerning the Beast in the Apocalypse, and the number of the Beast; and it is not long since Captain Maitland, of the Royal Artillery, published the Beast's portrait, though he omitted to state whether it was drawn from the life. But there is another, and scarcely less formidable animal, called the *Megistotherion*, which appears to be the connecting link between this Beast and the Blatant Beast of Spenser; and it is remarkable, that though this animal has frequently been exhibited, no description of it has yet been published. Nothing more is known of its anatomy than that it has neither heart,

bowels, nor brains; but a monstrous swallow, and a stomach that can digest anything.

"There never was a more vicious beast, nor one that had more dangerous tricks, and yet it has been marvellously submissive to those who knew how to manage it. The first man who ventured to bestride it was a capital rough rider, with a wart on his cheek, and a fiery nose. He rode it with a martingale, and with spurs whose rowels were an inch long; he fairly broke it in, and made it pace at his pleasure, and lie down or rise up at a word, and crouch before him: but he was the only man who ever completely mastered it. After his death it got loose, owing to the negligence of the keepers. The next person who exhibited it was a wicked Enchanter, who had studied in the Caves of Salamanca, and who fed it as Busiris and Diomedes fed their horses, with human flesh. After him came a comely person in a gown and cassock, with an orthodox band and a flowing wig: he was very well pleased with his seat, but would never have thought of mounting, if he had not been encouraged and helped up, and supported while he was there.

"When this person had dismounted the Beast took a long sleep, till it was wakened and ridden furiously by an ugly fellow, who seemed to be looking all ways at once. He rode till he was tired, then quietly slid off, put on a comfortable red gown, and got into an easy carriage, which was ready to receive him. A Scotch madman then got up, and made the Beast as mad as himself. Away they went, galloping through the streets of London, the one spitting fire, and the other strewing brimstone, till the city was in flames.

"Then came a person of dignified countenance and air, and with the pride of birth and station in every gesture. He rode it with a bridle of curious construction, for there was no bit, which was in order that all the mouths might have their full cry; but there were strings fastened to every nose of the many-headed monster. He rode it in triumph from Brentford to Palace Yard; and in a second triumph through the streets of Westminster. A third and grander procession was prepared to make a display both of Beast and Rider, from the Tower to Piccadilly. But the Beast insisted

that he should take up an Apothecary behind him; and upon this, desirous as he was to pursue the triumph, he could not be induced to let the Galen partake; and so he withdrew in dudgeon. Wishing, however, to remain upon a friendly footing with so serviceable an animal, he took care afterwards to keep in its good graces by occasionally tickling its ears, and from time to time currying its hide.

"The Beast was next brought out for a person altogether different in manners and appearance from the last rider, in whose face indeed he had once thrown dirt. But there was this point of agreement between them, that they both caressed the Beast with the view of making the Beast serve them. He made a poor business of his exhibition. Even the Beast's feed was not paid for; for which one of the Masters of the procession was delivered over to the bum-bailiffs. Another shortly after, for an intention of feeding the Beast with blood, was consigned to the hangman.

"Then came a grander day for the Megistotherion than it had ever known before. A woman clothed in scarlet landed from beyond sea, and was presently hoisted upon its back by a great multitude of people. An Alderman rode before her, and a Doctor of Divinity behind, and a Lawyer on each side, for the Beast had a broad back. One of the Lawyers wore a silk gown. The Doctor had a face like a peony, and a wig like a cauliflower; but so many scamps, and demireps, and whole-reps crowded up on the crupper, that he became ashamed of his company, slipped off, and got out of the way.

"Since that time the Megistotherion has not been brought out; but it is reported that an animal of the same genus, only much more ferocious, and bearing more resemblance to the Bonassus, will shortly be exhibited in Ireland. A terrible display of its fury may be expected, for the persons who have it in their keeping give it no other drink than a mixture of whiskey and holy-water, half-and-half. The exhibition, therefore, will be highly dangerous, and prudent people will do well to keep out of the way."

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, Jan. 17. 1825.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

Turner's advice is to let the libel alone, considering what the law is, or rather in what manner it is administered. In this John Coleridge agrees with him, after a regular consultation between them on the subject; and I, of course, yield without hesitation or reluctance to their opinion, having no desire, for the sake of public justice, to draw upon myself much anxiety and probable vexation. An anonymous letter from the libeller, written in the foulest language, and in the most atrocious spirit, explains the cause of his virulence, by showing that he is an Irish Roman Catholic; very possibly one of the agents in the pay of the Catholic Association. Two answers to my "Book of the Church" have reached me, — the one short and abusive, by the Romish bishop Milner, under the anagram of John Merlin; the other more at length, and in a becoming tone of controversy, by Mr. Butler. In reply to the latter, and in a corresponding tone of courtesy and personal respect, I shall publish a vindication of the "Book of the Church," with proofs and illustrations, wherein I shall follow up my blow.

You may see my letter in the last number of "Blackwood's Magazine." The paper in the "Quarterly" is not mine, nor have I anything in that number. Any person may easily be deceived by style, but no one who knows me as you do can well mistake my temper and way of thinking upon such subjects.

I am sorry to hear you talk of smarting in conscience, and doubting the propriety of having entered the Church. That doubt, Neville, arises more from the state of your bodily health than from your understanding; a good digestion would rid you of it. The step which you took

was in conformity with your disposition, and in opposition to your plain worldly interests, and if all our clergy were but half as fit for their office, and half as conscientious in discharging it, the Church would have nothing to fear from its enemies. Do not, I beseech you, give way to fancies of this kind. I wish I had two good livings at my disposal, — you should have one and James the other, and I should feel well satisfied with myself for having so disposed of them.

The Quaker books will be very acceptable. I possess only one of them, and that in so bad a state that I shall be glad to substitute a better copy in its place; part of it having been destroyed by damp before it came into my possession.

As to the "Peninsular War," I believe you know it was delayed in consequence of an impudent piece of falsehood in the "New Monthly Magazine," — the Life of a Spanish author, who was said to have served in Catalonia during the war, and written the history of the war in that province and memoirs of the most distinguished leaders in it. The life was signed John Mitford; and this J. M. spoke of the Spanish author as one with whom he had become acquainted and was in correspondence. It would surprise you to hear what trouble I took for the purpose of procuring these books, literally suspending my second volume more than a year in hopes of them, till at last I obtained full proof that no such works were in such existence, nor any such author, but that the whole was a fiction of this Mitford's.

Most truly and affectionately yours,

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Jan. 22. 1825.

I SUPPOSE that you have heard that the Catholic Association in London have voted thanks to Milner and

Mr. Butler for having refuted the calumnies heaped upon the Catholic Church by Dr. Southey in his "Book of the Church." They have been somewhat premature, methinks, in decreeing a triumph before the battle is won. I shall figure in the next "Index Expurgatorius" as a heretic of the first class; and if they could but deliver me over to the secular arm, I should figure in a *sanbenito* too. But as things are it is but a *brutum fulmen.*

One answer to Butler's book is already advertised as forthcoming. I think I told you that one of the bishops (Durham I suspect) had advised a clergyman, who is an acquaintance of Locker's, to undertake this task; that Locker wished him not to interfere with any possible intention of mine, and that I wrote forthwith desiring him to take his own course. Since then I have heard from Murray, and find from him that the third edition of the "Book of the Church" is nearly half printed before I knew it was in the press. Of course it is impossible to give the references now. But as I have begun to insert them for future use, I wish you would look in Nalson's "Collections," and send me the references for volume and page, for what I have said of Prynne's acknowledgment in his old age, in my second volume, p. 363., for in "Nalson" I found it*; but it was in a book of Lord Lonsdale's, which has been sent back to Lowther.

The book has sold very well,—3000 copies of the first edition, 1500 of the second, and Murray is printing 1500 now. This barking will be useful, and so will the "Vindication" which I have begun, and which will make a supplementary volume, including proofs and illustrations. I will batter the walls of Babylon about their ears. I am about to write to Brussels, in the

* The reference given is, Nalson, i. 798.

hope my friend the bookseller there may be alive, to desire that he will get Wadding's work for me, and let me know what other books of monastic history he has in that prodigious repository of his. Verbeyst is the king of the *mal-lavados*, and if I lived in London instead of at Keswick, much as I dislike the sea, I would have paid him a yearly visit.

There is something quite amusing in the effrontery of these Roman Catholics; they fancy I know as little of their history as they do themselves.

I did not tell you a piece of news relating to yourself, which Mrs. Baillie reports in her letters from Portugal,—that you lost your character in that country by marrying after you left it.

I have given up all thoughts of going to Ireland till the next Rebellion is over; but travel I must as soon as the summer commences, for there is no other chance of escaping, or soon throwing off, my annual visitation. The probability is, therefore, that you will see me at that time in the course of my circuit.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Edith May Southey.

Keswick, Jan. 31. 1825.

My dear Daughter,

Sorry am I to inform you of the illness of his Serene Highness the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquis Macbum, Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide, Waouhler, and Skratsch. His Serene Highness is afflicted with the mange. One of the ladies of the Kitchen first perceived that he was not in health; and as none of the king's physicians were within reach, they consulted John Edmondson, who, upon hearing the case, pronounced an unfavourable opinion, saying it was

a disorder from which few recovered. Acting, however, upon the maxim which, as you may remember, Grio* exhibited in golden letters opposite to his rival's door—"*Dum vita spes*," the son of Edmonds prescribed for his Serene Highness that he was to be rubbed with a certain mixture, and take daily a certain quantity of brimstone; and it was thought, after much consideration, that this brimstone could best be taken in boluses, four at a time, each containing about as much as twelve pills.

The physicians would think his Serene Highness an ugly patient, for he has no faith in physic, and he gives no fees, to say nothing of the risk which there is in feeling his pulse. The ladies of the Kitchen, however, are so interested in his welfare, that they have taken upon themselves the arduous task of administering the medicine; which is a matter of great difficulty and some danger, for his Serene Highness rebels against it strongly. Madam Betty takes him on her lap, and holds his head; Madam Mary holds his legs; and Madam Hannah stands ready with a bolus, which is inserted when he opens his mouth for a mournful mew. That painter who was called the Raffaelle of cats would have found the scene a most worthy subject for his pencil. I, who am historiographer to his Serene Highness, feel but too sensibly that I cannot do justice to it in words. But I rejoice to add that the treatment appears to be attended with success, and that a visible improvement is observed in the patient.

* Grierson, a druggist of those days in Keswick, who, in a poem of his own composing, called himself Grio. In the midst of a fever panic—

> "Grio stepped forth to do the public good,
> And by his efforts saved the sinking brood.
> The son of Edmonds saw with dire despair
> Hundreds recover through the Druggist's care!"

Tell your uncle that Butler in his book charges me with representing, from Bellarmine, an opinion as his, which Bellarmine only states in order to confute it; that, not having the original, I took the passage on the authority of South, in one of whose sermons it is quoted, and of Barrow also; that Butler's point-blank assertion staggered me; that I wrote to Mr. Hughes to ascertain the point at Cambridge; that he has transcribed the whole chapter for me, and that now I have only to hope Mr. Butler has written upon the authority of some of his Catholic friends; for I should be sincerely sorry to think he could be guilty of so gross and audacious a misrepresentation. Towards him individually I wish to use all possible urbanity in my reply; but if I do not make minced-meat of his book he shall be welcome to make minced-meat of me.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Feb. 24. 1825.

My dear Madam,

We thought of you through all that business of the miserable Fauntleroy, and I remember making up my mind to this opinion, that though men must sometimes be hanged (and certainly few criminals deserved it more than he did), yet that no government ought to make the better parts of its subjects unhappy by making the execution a matter of general annoyance. The sentence should of course be public, but the execution should not; neither should the time when it takes place be known. It should be performed within the prison walls; when it was over a black flag hoisted for the remainder of the day; and then the funeral should be public, and an appropriate sermon appointed for it.

My girls are not returned, and if an opportunity of convoy should not offer itself in the course of three or four weeks, they may very likely wait till I call for them, for as soon as May arrives I shall set out in the hope of running away from my annual attack.

The new editor is the John Coleridge of whom I spoke, and in whose hands I wished the "Review" to be placed. One of his first purposes is to make peace with America; and I told him he might expect something from Mr. Hughes.

You have sent me some fair words from Knight's "Quarterly Magazine." I have only seen the first two numbers of that journal;—they displeased me as much by their dandiness as ——'s does by its blackguardism. I hardly know which is the most offensive. We care not for these vices when there is nothing spoilt by them; but when they degrade what might be good, and render injurious what would otherwise be useful, then they excite, in me at least, a strong sense of displeasure. What you sent me I had neither seen nor heard of, nor have I any notion from whence it comes. I should have suspected Henry Coleridge, who is gone out with his cousin, the Bishop of Barbadoes, if it were not that in that case I am sure the number would have found its way here. But to return to the fair words. I have had so many fair words in my time, that if they would butter parsnips (which it is well known they will not) they would have been enough for the produce of ten good acres; and I have, on the other hand, had as many foul ones as would certainly manure those acres. There is as much abuse of me in print as would break the back of an elephant, and as many lies as a brewer's team could draw. And for absurdities, what think you of an American critic (a D.D. at Baltimore) seriously asserting and endeavouring to prove that the "Life of Wesley" was written in imitation of — the "Iliad!"

I have retained a good many childish tastes, Heaven be thanked for it. I like gooseberry-pie as well as ever I did, and sweetmeats and fruit; and can even eat gingerbread, and am very ready to play the fool wherever I feel myself sufficiently at home. And I like praise, too; but then it must be of the right kind, that is, it must fit. A sentence of Kirke White's concerning "Thalaba" pleased me more than all the criticism I ever saw upon my own writings: it was to the effect that I appeared always to think of what was fitting to be said, and of nothing else. A letter of Mrs. Piozzi was shown me once, in which, speaking of my letter to Wm. Smith, she said, "Oh, how I delight to see him trample on his enemies!" and that was worth all the panegyric in the world.

You will see me before it is long trample upon the Roman Catholics, as I am vindicating the "Book of the Church;" in doing which I shall, with all personal courtesy to Mr. Butler, do to his book what he has endeavoured to do to mine,—prove it to be one continued tissue of sophistry and misstatement.

I have heard nothing of the Speaker's removal, except what the papers say; but I am inclined to think there are reasons which might make him like to leave this country. In that case would it not be considered as descending the political ladder for our friend to pass from the cabinet to the chair? That he would like it better I have no doubt.

Cuthbert is six years old to-day; and this day I have finished the "Tale of Paraguay," which was begun five years before he was born.

Present our kindest remembrances to Dr. Hughes, and believe me,

Dear madam, yours faithfully,

R. Southey.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, Feb. 27. 1825.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

Once more I thank you for the Quaker books, which are now safely arranged upon my shelves; but how am I to return that huge, ill-shaped fellow that came in their company — the very ideal of an anti-portable volume? Looking through it has led me to think that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge would do well were they to print, in chronological order, a volume of select episcopal charges.* It would be creditable to the Church, and incidentally useful in affording materials for ecclesiastical history, as well as directly so by the immediate object and tendency of such discourses.

You asked me about my correspondence with Mark Robinson. Two days ago I received a packet from him containing the pamphlet which he has published with his name ("Observations on the System of Wesleyan Methodism"), and sundry other small tracts. Having, in consequence of that pamphlet, been discarded by the Connexion, he has set up the standard of Church Methodism; and the experiment will now be tried of enlisting such a body in aid of the Church. Wrangham, with whom he dined a few days before he wrote me, went so far as to tell him that no clergyman would incur the Archbishop of York's displeasure by countenancing them. It seems he had communicated my letters to Wrangham, and is disposed to accord more weight to them, and to the wish expressed at the end of my "Life of Wesley," than I should think they would carry; but the truth is, that the hierarchy will be very

* The lamented Hugh Rose wished to follow this suggestion of Southey's, but the project fell to the ground; I forget how.

glad of such auxiliaries, if they adhere to the principle upon which they set out; though it is not to be expected that any direct encouragement can be given till proof is afforded that the Church Methodists steer clear of the errors and extravagancies at which the others have run headlong.

Mark Robinson is a sensible man. He is a draper at Beverley, and the testimonials to his character are most satisfactory. I shall probably see the regulations which he is drawing up for the new society. I have told him they may be very usefully employed in acting as catechists in those extensive parishes where the clergyman cannot possibly discharge this most important duty. By preparing the children wherever they can gain admittance, and bringing them at stated times, when prepared for examination, to the Church, they would render a very useful and acceptable service. They will not intrude upon any of the sacerdotal functions; they will also require their members to attend the Church, and will have no service in their own chapels during the hours of Church service. The affair seems now to be in such a shape, that I may enter upon it in the "Quarterly Review."

Had these communications reached me two hours earlier I should have mentioned them to the Bishop of London*, to whom I had written that very day. But I do not like to write to him expressly on this subject, lest I should be thought fond of interfering in such matters more than beseems me. My letter to him was in reply to an offer which he had communicated of books from Lambeth, if they would be useful in my task of vindicating the "Book of the Church." Any

* The *late* Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, for whom Southey had a great regard. I could wish to add my small tribute to his meekness, and gentleness, and experience, and Christian wisdom.

influence which my opinion may possess in these quarters would be destroyed if I were once supposed to be a *meddling* person; whereas, by going on in my own course, and never going out of it, there is a probability of preparing the way for some good.

Those persons who so positively ascribed that paper in the last "Quarterly Review" to me must have had a worshipful opinion of me to think I would puff myself. By-the-bye, the "damning tale" of the Nonconformists, as it is there very properly called, which the reviewer chooses to rest on my authority alone, rests upon the very highest authority—that of Clarendon himself (not in his "History," but in his own life). It is therefore as certain as any historical fact possibly can be.

I have nearly got rid of a cough which, though little troublesome, has lasted long; and I have also got rid of the "Tale of Paraguay" at last. It was finished, to my great joy, last Thursday. Our kindest remembrances to your own fireside and both your families. God bless you, my dear Neville.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, March 6. 1825.

I AM going over to Wordsworth's to-morrow, for four or five days; *over* is the word, as the road crosses a mountain ridge, where it divides the two counties. Change of air and exercise will probably rid me of a cough, which in a slight degree has continued since it was left some weeks ago by an endemic and peculiar kind of cold. Most likely I shall return on Saturday.

Dr. Phillpotts writes to me that he means to answer

the theological part of Butler's book. It is by such controversy that he made his way to a stall at Durham, and afterwards to the living of Stanhope, of sufficient value not to be tenable with that stall. Very probably he has his eye upon something higher, which he is not unlikely to attain. The Bishop of Durham has been his patron thus far. He is a clever man, who knows the world, and understands very well what he is about.

I have had a second note from the Bishop of London, communicating an offer of books from Lambeth. Of this I am not likely to avail myself here; but I shall be very glad to do so at Streatham. You need not apprehend that I shall be entangled in a *long shirt;* I shall most explicitly state that no replication will ever obtain any further notice from me. Spin as many cobwebs as they will, I shall leave to others the task of sweeping them away. As for Mr. Butler, if men always lay still after they were slain, there would be an end of his movements; but there are some, you know, who even after they are buried, and a stake driven through them, choose to get up and play the vampire. I will have nothing to do with vampires.

Did I tell you that the new Bishop of Chester* has recommended my book in his charge.

I think of calling this supplementary volume "Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," and for the English part of the title, "The Book of the Church vindicated and amplified." What is done of it I take with me to show Wordsworth, and shall from thence send it off to Murraylemagne. My Brussels bookseller I begin to fear is dead, as I hear nothing from him. It will be very unfortunate if he is, for I am grievously in want of "Wadding," whose work is one of the most important

* The present Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, to whom I am likewise indebted for kindness and courtesy.

in Roman Catholic history, and contains what is not to be found elsewhere,—the history of the struggle between the more enthusiastic Observants and the Popes, which was one great predisposing cause of the Reformation, and contributed very materially to its success. There are only the three first volumes at Lambeth. The whole series consist of seventeen.

I was disappointed in not getting two books from Cochrane's catalogue,—Beausobre's "History of the Reformation," and Beza's "History of the Reformation in France."

William Heathcote's succession has come in good time; not soon enough to spoil him, and quite early enough for the full enjoyment of good fortune. He may now make an *auto-da-fé* of his law books, and turn his mind to those studies which will prepare him better for the part which he may be called upon to take in life. But were I in his place I should be disposed to live to myself; for I know not any inducement that could tempt me to take a part in public affairs, especially seeing how they are conducted now, when men who have the very best intentions are doing all they can, in conjunction with those who have the very worst (and make no secret of them), to ruin this country. And ruin it they would if their ends were to be shaped as they are rough-hewn.

You will be amused by Caldcleugh's "Travels." What a portrait all these travellers give us of the Spanish Independents! And I have just read a ship-captain's "Journal" (which wants a publisher), that gives, as far as it goes, a more unfavourable likeness than all the rest. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

March 12, 1825.

MY DEAR R.,

I returned from Wordsworth's this morning, after a four days' visit,—a sort of holiday it was meant to be; but I found that side of the country covered with snow, and was in consequence shut up in the house half the time. I had been closely employed before in finishing a poem which had hung long and heavily on hand; and, moreover, in beginning a reply to Butler's feeble sophistry, which is thoroughly Jesuitical in everything except in its weakness and want of information: weak, however, as it is, the Bishop of London writes to tell me it was making an impression upon persons who ought to have known better (these were his words), and to express a hope that I intended to answer it. And he communicated an offer of books for that use from Lambeth. I am not unwilling to take this opportunity of enlarging upon some points which are passed over or slightly noticed in the "Book of the Church;" and I shall call my reply "*Vindiciæ Eccl. Anglicanæ;* the Book of the Church vindicated and amplified."

Wordsworth was conversing some time ago with Lord Lowther upon the effect which the possible admission of the Catholics into Parliament would have upon the House of Commons. Lord Lowther (who is a man of much more sense than those who know little of him suppose) apprehended that it would produce more in the House of Lords, "where," he said, "a good deal of mischief might arise from men in the decline of life falling into the hands of a father-confessor and a French mistress."

Upon this question Peel would find himself supported by the country, if he appeared more confident; but he seems as if he were cowed by Brougham. I never

knew any speaker who might be so pulled down by the press as Brougham, if any competent writer would undertake the task of pointing out the fallacies of his speech as regularly as they were made. Like a savage, he fights with a tomahawk, and has neither shield nor breastplate.

I have been writing to Bertha and her sister concerning their return, wishing to have them home before I start for the south; for my movements must be timed with relation to this object, which is to avert, if I can, a periodical illness by travelling; and setting out about the middle of May. I could not look homeward again till towards the end of June. And it is better they should be with their mother during my absence, who would otherwise feel very much deserted. All accounts tell me that Bertha is very much improved, as well as much grown.

Our kindest remembrances to Mrs. R. I shall resume my transcript now that the "Tale of Paraguay" is finished; and that poem, when it makes its appearance, will, I hope, excuse, as well as account, for the interruption of it. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, March 22. 1825.

I GET no answer from Verbeyst (the Brussels bookseller), and fear, therefore, that he is no longer in the land of the living. This, though not so great a loss as poor Bertrand was to us, is yet a loss which I shall feel. If I could find a fitting companion, who would go with me for three or four weeks to Holland, I should be very much inclined to cross the water, and see what I could find at Antwerp, Amsterdam, and Leyden. I

am sadly in want of "Wadding," which, indeed, I have reason to suppose is the most important book relating to the Ecclesiastical History of the Middle Ages, or rather that very interesting period between the suppression of the Albigenses and the appearance of Luther.

At present I am working on with the "Peninsular War," as my business, and at interludes compounding bitters for Mr. Butler, or what Tom D'Urfey might have called "Pills to purge Popery." It was not till the other day—for like you I had merely thumb-read his book as a whole—that I discovered a notable passage respecting myself. There is a story concerning Gardiner's death, which I took from Fox, and which, it seems, Lingard had maintained to be false, because the old Duke of Norfolk is mentioned there by Fox, when he had been dead some months. Butler supposes I knew this; says that on the appearance of my book it was pointed out in the newspaper; adds that, notwithstanding this, I have retained it in the second edition, and then wishes it may always remain there, as a specimen of what credit is due to those writers who build on Fox.

In the first place I have never yet seen that volume of Lingard's. In the second, the story may be perfectly true; and Fox, in relating it after some lapse of years, and having to speak of a Duke of Norfolk, may very easily have called him by mistake the old Duke, as supposing him to have been the person meant. Thirdly, I do not care whether it be true or not; the sole difference that it could make to me being, whether I should retain or strike out half a dozen lines. Lastly, I heard from Wynn of the statement in the newspapers, and, in consequence, struck the passage out. It is not in the second edition, and Butler, therefore, asserts a direct falsehood (for there can be no mistake in the matter) in saying that it is. He must have trusted to the word of some rascally

Roman Catholic, for I cannot believe he would have the folly to commit so gross an offence, if he had taken the trouble to ascertain the fact. But I have him everywhere so completely at my mercy, that I may very well take credit for forbearance upon the point when I come to it.

But as the Roman Catholics hate Fox as much as the Philistines hated foxes in Samson's days, "and for the same reason," as Fuller says, "because they are annoyed by his firebrands," I have been making notes to-day for a life of him, as a chapter in these "Vindiciæ." And in so doing I have found as strong a passage respecting the tendency of Puritanism in a letter of his, as Parker or Whitgift could have written; though the Puritans boast of him, and though in fact he was one of the first Nonconformists. There are very good materials for a chapter interesting in itself, pertinent to my subject, and useful in its bearings.

If my stray sheep are at Streatham, tell Edith I suppose she will ask General Peachey * to write some verses in her Album, now that he has commenced poet. He sent me a laudatory poem of his own composition last week. The longer he lives the queerer he grows, which is one sort of merit in my eyes. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, March 30. 1825.

MY DEAR G.,

There was nothing forced in the courteous manner wherewith I began my reply to Mr. Butler. It was

* Southey had the greatest regard for his old friend and neighbour, and never speaks of him but with delight. I should be sorry to forget his many attentions to myself.

written *bonâ fide*, with all the feeling of personal good-will which it expresses, and after so cursory a glance through his book that I had not perceived in it some of its most injurious and unwarrantable parts. As to what regards myself personally, I know very well, as you do, that those parts will afford occasion for insolent animadversion at first from persons who, let the book be what it might, would abuse it in any case; and that hereafter those very parts will be remembered and referred to when the controversy is forgotten. But if you observe how they are introduced, and to what they tend, you will perceive with what effect they bear upon the corruptions of the Romish Church.

One of the worst mutilations that poor Gifford ever inflicted upon any of my papers was when he struck out a defence of the Great I, with which I had introduced the reviewal of poor Henry Koster's "Travels." I hope it may be found among the MSS. in your possession,—for it was written playfully, and yet so as to convey sound truth. Just look at "Hayley's Memoirs," and see what a mess he has made of it by writing his own history in the third person instead of the first, as if HE were not quite as personal a pronoun as I.

In the second sheet, of which you will see a revise (in consequence of a paragraph which must be inserted) you will find that when the plural form might as well be used I have substituted it in correcting the press. And when you come to the biographical and historical parts you will lose sight of the author altogether. By and by, too, you will perceive that your Butler, when left by forgetfulness four-and-twenty hours in the lithotomic machine, was but a type of my Butler under the operations which he is destined to undergo.

If time allows I will write a few lines to Allan Cunningham, under this cover, to thank him for a very manly and becoming interference. As for my having

offended the Scotch, I am not conscious of having ever printed an offensive reflection upon any people, except one good-humoured sentence about the Welsh, which I dare say you will remember, and which was written because I had in my mind's eye the very expression which his Right Honour's* countenance would assume upon reading it,—an expression produced by a contest between his half Welsh blood and the plenitude of his good nature and friendly feelings.

You will see in my "Colloquies" that I have touched more than once upon the subject of which you speak so feelingly. We have a great loss in Elmsley, more even than the learned will have. To them his place may be supplied, but we have a friend the less in the world, and that loss is always irreparable, like the loss of a limb.

I shall be in town in May, but for a very short time, —my business being to travel for health's sake. My purpose is, if I succeed, as there's some prospect, in finding a companion, to make a tour in Holland for three or four weeks. This is neither convenient as it regards my employments or my finances, but travel I must, or I shall inevitably be invalided for a longer time than this journey would require, even if the attack were to leave me without any other injury.

I must now set about Reviewing for my ways and means. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, May 8. 1825.

In a day or two I shall have finished a paper for the "Quarterly Review" of September, which is being well beforehand. Did I tell you that I proposed "Montluc"

* Charles W. W. Wynn, — their mutual friend.

to Murray, who, wiser in this than the Longmen, accepted the proposal, and is now looking out for the translation. It is the work of Charles Cotton, Izaak Walton's friend, and pupil of the rod and line. He is almost one of the last poets whose vein of language runs pure; but I have not seen this translation, and think it not unlikely that his prose may require to be weeded from those colloquialisms with which Sir Roger L'Estrange debased the written style of that age. Yet, as in L'Estrange's own writings, these may easily be removed, and the vernacular rareness be preserved. If I meet with an old edition of the original in my travels I shall, of course, secure it. You may be sure I shall not leave any old book shop or stall unexplored.

Six sheets of my "Vindiciæ" are printed. There is a book of Prynne's (I see in Rodd's catalogue) entitled "Pleasant Purge for a Roman Catholic." Mine, I think, is likely to prove a pleasant prophylactic. I am got into an interesting field of history, and shall be able to show that Saint Errantry was as conspicuous a feature in our age as Knight Errantry in another; that there was more of it, and that it was more influential. If Mabillon's "Benedictine Annals and Acts" should fall in my way I shall be strongly tempted to buy them, unless the price should be above my reach. Sometimes I console myself for the want of books by thinking that if all which I wish for were within my reach I should extract less from the perfunctory inspection of a great many than from well searching those which I possess.

Edith, perhaps, told you that she was commissioned to send me Thomas Jackson's works — from Cochrane and Rivington's catalogue. He was President of Corpus, and died just before the Great Rebellion. I am half through the second volume, and have seldom derived so much solid satisfaction from any writer. There is not one of our great divines (great as they truly were) in

whom there is more to admire, and less to wish away. It is in a treasury of sound wisdom, of which I verily believe there is more to be found in some of our old divines than in any other writers of any age or country.

If these writers were read as they ought to be, it would be impossible for ministers to commit the grievous errors which they are committing, as if in utter ignorance of the past, and utter recklessness of the future.

Some papers have turned up, where or how I know not, nor why called the "North Papers," but they corroborate Dr. Wordsworth's argument, by showing that Gauden's own family never believed him to have been the author of the "Icon." I have written in my copy of Dr. W.'s book Latimer's saying, "Well, there is nothing hid but it shall be opened." There is a comfort in thinking so. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, May 16. 1825.

My dear R.,

I have to thank you not only for all your kindness to Bertha, but for a friendly invitation communicated this day by Mrs. Rickman. If you are in town the early part of July I shall be very glad to accept it, or if you should be at Portsmouth, to follow you there for a few days.

My present movements are somewhat unsettled. I meant to have started on Wednesday the 25th; but Bedford and Chantrey are somewhere in Scotland, and may not improbably take me with them on their return. A want of timely communication on the said Bedford's part renders this somewhat doubtful. It cannot, however, make more than two or three days' difference in

my arrival. And my first walk in London will be (instinctively almost now—for it has been for more than thirty years) to the corner of Palace Yard. My dearest associations with London will be destroyed whenever your house and the Exchequer shall be pulled down. I have begun my reply to Butler's book with some reminiscences relating to that spot; and the passage (which I think you will like) is much the better in composition for a quotation from the old "Dialogue of the Exchequer," which I have borrowed from you. I am making an odd book of this, and bringing forward in it a great deal of curious matter.

You cannot have had time to look at Dr. Wordsworth's inquiry concerning the Εἰκών. A case of special pleading was never more satisfactorily made out; and since it was published some papers (called, I know not why, the "North Papers") have come to light, from which it appears that Gauden had never imposed upon his own family so as to make them believe him to have been the author.

I am glad to see that Sir R. Inglis made a speech of good matter upon this cursed Catholic question,—for the point on which to rest is, that the Catholic system is unchanged and unchangeable. The Romanists cannot *bonâ fide* give up the points which in common sense disqualify them for political power, without ceasing to be Romanists. And as for those members who pretend to have been convinced by the evidence of Doyle and O'Connell, my life for it they may be converted to a belief in Transubstantiation, if there was any immediate convenience in their conversion. My charity does not extend so far as to believe that any reasonable man (*humbuggable* as the animal is) can have been so humbugged. I am anxious to see how the Bill will fare in the Lords. If it be thrown out I shall yet hope (thanks to the Duke of York) that the evil will be averted.

Should it be carried, my opinion is, as the Bishop of Limerick says in a letter to me, that we are only at the beginning of troubles. You know, however, that I am no despondent, but ready always to hope, and, where I am able and know how, to act also.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Miss Bertha Southey.

Antwerp, June 22. 1825.

My dear Bertha,

Ik beklaage myzelve, and you will *beklaage* me too, when you hear that I am lamed by a bug-bite, and detained here in consequence. The bite is on 'the pig which stayed at home" when the great pig went to market. It is the same pig which was hurt by the shoe when we walked up Latrigg, and which presently healed. However, I suppose some disposition to inflammation remained in the part. The bite took place either at Bouchain or Mons, and was not troublesome till Sunday evening, when I applied eau-de-Cologne. Monday I travelled to Antwerp in a slipper, and with my foot up. Yesterday and to-day I have been confined to the house and poulticed. To-morrow I hope the evil will be over, and that we may proceed. At present the poor wolf is the wolf of Ur, and finds it dismal enough to be shut up in an inn in a strange place, and where, for want of a sofa or settee, he is disaccommodated with three chairs. So you have all the bad news, if such news can deserve to be called bad, serving only as a little excuse for patience. The good news is that I have got the books I wanted, and that my cold appears to be effectually cured. Six days' travelling in the hottest weather put it to a sharp trial. I blew and sneezed

pretty well for part of the way, but by the end of the journey it was exhausted, and I have not felt the slightest indication of it since. And I believe it to be cured, because there are certain sensations which make me always know when it is only suspended.

I bought at Brussels a cooler cap than my own, the material of which is horse-hair, and which, if my governess will not let me wear it at Keswick, she may appear in herself, or let E. May, or you have it; and if every body else scorns it, it will do for Aunt Lovell's woman. But I must tell you that it is the very pink of the fashion at Brussels, Brussels being the most fashionable place in these parts. The weather is cooler, but continues fine. No post for England leaves this city before Saturday next. I shall, therefore, continue my letter when I have more to say, and perhaps carry it on with me.

Leyden, Sunday, June 26.

Being assured that I might travel without injury to my foot, if I only continued to poultice it, we set off on Thursday from Antwerp, reached Breda that day, Rotterdam the next, and came to Leyden last night, where the first thing I had to do was to write to Mr. Bilderdijk, and request him to recommend me a surgeon. He came immediately with one, by whose account, and by my own feelings, I am now already thirty per cent. better; though it will be three or four days before I shall be able to move, as there is a great sore. The inflammation, however, is lessening just as it should do, and all going on well. Mrs. B. has sent me a bundle of rags and lint; she is unwell herself at this time, and therefore I have not yet seen her. But it was quite a comfort to me to see her husband when I felt myself in want of a surgeon. The surgeon, who speaks nothing but Dutch, is surprisingly like my brother Harry, but rather an older man. His manner is such that, even

without the character which Mr. B. gives of him as his friend, I should have entire confidence in him. My new friend Mr. Bilderdijk, for we were friends at first sight, is seventy years of age, and would remind your mother, both in figure, countenance, and manner, of poor Admiral Burney, only that his dress is very neat. The wife is twenty-four years younger. Should I like her as much as I do him, my governess might perhaps have greener feelings than would be agreeable. I can only say at present that I am very curious to see her. He understands English well, and speaks it, though it requires great attention to follow him, owing sometimes to pronunciation, sometimes to the want or the misapplication of words. He came at eleven this morning, and sat with me about two hours. In the evening he is coming again. I find him a most agreeable and well informed man, and by no means repent my journey to Leyden, though I am laid by the leg here. The accident will shorten my journey and not prolong my absence. It was a disappointment to me not to find a letter here, but perhaps the next post will bring one. My cold is quite gone, and when I get upon my feet again I shall be a sound man. My fellow travellers are all very desirous of assisting me in any way, and I take things quietly and cheerfully.

Monday.

My foot is going on as well as possible; but as it must of necessity confine me for some days to the house, we have determined upon taking lodgings, to which Henry Taylor will accompany me, while Neville White and Malet extend their travels by running up the Rhine to Mentz, rejoining us or not as may be found expedient. Mrs. Bilderdijk will arrange our concerns. I have not yet seen her, but I like her husband so much that I am quite sure I shall regard this detention

at Leyden as a fortunate circumstance when I get home, however unlucky the cause. I suffer little or no pain now, the inconvenience of having one leg always on a chair is all. I am provided with books, and my time will pass neither unpleasantly nor without profit. Indeed by no other means could I possibly obtain so much information as by the society into which I am thus thrown. You are to understand, therefore, that I am in good health all over, except one toe and a piece of the foot, and in good spirits, without any exception at all. And so God bless you, one and all. I shall write again in a few days; but as I do not know when or how the post goes, there may be delays, for which I am not responsible. Once more, love to all, and God bless you.

R. S.

Written with the ruby pen.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Amsterdam, July 16. 1825.

My dear Harry,

Here I am, sound of wind and limb, save and excepting only just enough remains of a wound to require a simple covering till the healing is complete. But in truth I have had an escape from what might have been a very serious affair. I suspect that the bug of Bouchain (may the finger and thumb overtake him!) found an ill disposition in the toe which he attacked, left by that ulceration with which it arrived in London, otherwise such a cause would hardly have produced such effects. The foot, almost up to the ankle, was in a fearful state of inflammation when I reached Leyden. It began immediately to amend under Mr. Docra's treatment (who, by-the-by, is more like you than any of your brothers are); but it was not till after a fort-

night's confinement to the sofa that I was allowed to put on a cloth shoe. That fortnight, past under Bilderdijk's roof, was one of the pleasantest of my life. So extraordinary a man, in all respects, I have seldom or never met with; and his wife is, in her sex and her sphere, noways inferior to him, though without the slightest eccentricity or display. Not that he has the latter in any degree — the former in a very great one, but incidentally only, in speaking English for my accommodation; for language so excellently amusing in every possible respect, never before fell from mortal lips. It was English in the main, with a pronunciation sometimes French, but generally Dutch, and with such an intermingling of French, Dutch, and Latin—sometimes pure, sometimes Anglicised in termination (now and then a little Spanish to boot), that at every word it was an even chance to which vocabulary you must recur in following him. I was presently at ease, and could not anywhere have received more genuine and unremitting kindness, than from father, mother, and child, in that peculiar and almost insulated family.

Yesterday I left them and reached Amsterdam. I have been at the book *Winckel* this morning, and am now expecting * * * * * * to drink tea with me, who is settled here as a missionary from the Society for converting the Jews. *Mens sana in corpore sano* there certainly is not in his case. His complexion is, to the last degree, pale, dyspeptic, and melancholic, his eyes very much like those of a maniac. This tendency has found a vent; but whether it will serve the purpose of a safety-valve time must show. At twelve years of age he was the finest boy I ever beheld, and often have I spoken of him as such. A paralytic stroke withered him in his youth; and in passing from the dogmatical Atheism in which he was bred up, he has gone completely to the opposite ex-

treme, and looks as if, in Homer's phrase, he was day and night employed in "eating his dear heart." *

Here I have bought the Latin Glossary of Ducange, in six volumes, for ten guilders, which for this portion of his works I suppose to be very cheap. I have found here also the well-known, or rather much-talked-of, volume of "Taliacotius." My purchases here go to Leyden, there to join another and larger detachment, which I hope will arrive in London almost as soon as I shall. I send from thence one work of Durand and Martene, in five folios, another in nine; which, with what I have at Keswick, will go far towards completing that important collection. I have got also that edition of Erasmus's "Epistles" for seven guilders for which my uncle would have given thirty shillings in London; a good glossary of the Middle German tongue; another of the more Northern dialects; some rare and very valuable collections of mediæval remains, &c., — enough, in short, to require the assistance of Glover when I get home, for supplying them with shelves, to regale myself for two or three years, every night after supper, and to furnish my arsenal for the services in which I may be required to engage.

To-morrow we go for Utrecht. I hope on Saturday to start in the steam-packet from Calais, or Dunkirk (if there be one there), for London. In that case you will see me that night. The journey has succeeded in enabling me to throw off my cold as often as the hot weather (excessive at this time) has renewed it; and though grievously annoyed by another infirmity till I was laid prostrate by the accident on my foot, I have felt no tendency towards it during the present week, though I have been quite enough on my feet to have

* Ὃν θυμὸν κατέδων, πάτον ἀνθρώπων ἀλεείνων.
"Ipse suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans."
Hom. *Iliad*, Z. 202.

brought it on had the relaxation continued. My journey, therefore, will have answered, in all respects, according to present experience.

I suppose you will, ere this, have seen Neville White and Arthur Malet. Henry Taylor is with me; and though he lodged at the hotel during my confinement at Leyden, seems not to regret that he stuck to the wreck. We have both learnt more concerning the country at Bilderdijk's than one could have done by travelling through every corner of it. My stay in London must be but very short. I shall go forthwith to Streatham, then once down to Rickman's, and return to start for Cumberland with the least possible delay. Love to all. God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Utrecht, July 17. 1825.

My dear Friend,

You bespoke a letter from Franeker, and as I could not go to Franeker to write it, your expectation of receiving one was in some danger of being disappointed. If you knew the might of the thermometer in Utrecht at this time (seven in the evening), and if there were any hygrometer which could ascertain the degree of exudation now going on from every pore of my not-at-this-time "too solid flesh," you would consider it an act of heroic virtue in me, to have walked from one chair to another for the purpose of taking a penknife from my coat-pocket, mended a pen at the window, and then mustered courage to begin an epistle.

You will have heard of my mishap from Harley Street. The consequences might have been very serious. Such as they were they crippled me for three whole

weeks; and from June 25th to July 16th I was under the surgeon's care. The wound is nearly healed, but the limb is weakened, and every night the foot is swollen, as it used to be after two nights' mail-coach travelling. It will require care when I reach home, and, I fear, may disable me from taking sufficient exercise to keep my general system in the condition which it has regained even during this confinement, and in spite of it; for in all other respects I feel like a sound man.

That confinement I cannot but regard as singularly fortunate, unpleasant as the cause was. It threw me upon the charity of Bilderdijk and his wife, two of the best and most interesting people with whom it has ever been my fortune to become acquainted. And no part of my life ever passed away more rapidly, more profitably, or more pleasantly, than while I was confined to the sofa under this roof. I parted with them on Friday with great regret, though not without a hope of seeing them at Keswick, and a determination of revisiting them at Leyden, should life and circumstances render it possible. Thursday I proceeded to Haarlem and Amsterdam with Henry Taylor, who stuck by the wreck when our party was broken up. We stayed one day in the stinking city of Amsterdam (the noisiest as well as the most stinking of all cities at this time), and came this morning in the treckshut to Utrecht, a passage of eight hours. Our places are taken in the diligence for Antwerp to-morrow, and by Saturday next we hope to be in London.

I shall bring home a journal* which is all the better

* On a card inside the pocket of his MSS. diary of 1826, I find these lines:—

"Amsterdam we reached by schooner,
And not liking, left the sooner:
Never city such a sink was,
Weak the drink was, strong the stink was."

for my tarriance at Leyden, though, peradventure, it may be the worse for my laying it aside in order to hurry through this letter. I have sent home seventy-five goodly folios (Heaven send them a safe delivery at Keswick) and about as many more volumes of smaller calibre. It does me good to think of them, to anticipate the joy I shall have in receiving and arranging, and the pleasure and profit in using them. Among them are some of those which I most wanted:—the first edition of "Wadding," containing his whole works, but not the supplements; Mabillon's "Annales," but not his "Acta;" two of Durand and Martene's Collections; the Latin Glossary of Ducange; and some other excellent books. I have seen some curious persons, and heard many curious things; I have eaten of all Dutch dishes that were set before me, in unimaginable compounds and conjunctions; I have drunk of all strong liquors that were set before me, and all weak ones; I have regaled upon cakes, the receipt for making which is a state secret, entrusted only to the Burgomaster of Deventer; I have been called Mynheer, and also Master Soudey; and, finally, I have been disturbed after I had gone to bed, and as nearly to sleep as the ever-to-be-execrated watchmen and dogs of Amsterdam would permit, to receive a letter of reproof from the missionary of the London Society for Converting the Jews, for my intention of travelling by the trekschut to Utrecht this morning, instead of tarrying a day to hear him preach an extempore sermon. Since my midnight arrest with Senhor Aqua Casa at Lagos, this is the most comical adventure that has befallen me.

Heaven send us cooler weather to-morrow, and thin Dutchmen in the diligence! I shall take the latter on to Antwerp; and if I should find no scraps of time there for adding to it, thus much will suffice for letting you

know that I am in good health and in good spirits, but desperately hot at this present writing. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Aug. 30. 1825.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I performed my journey without injury or mishap of any kind,—except the loss of a hat, for which I consoled myself in verse thus:—

> I've lost my hat: well, let it go. Who minds it?
> I only hope t'will fit the man that finds it.

And a good find he had, for it was a new one. Since my return the erysipelas has shown itself more than once, but always slightly; and if the foot be not kept up it soon becomes oidematous. It will probably be long before I have the full use of it; but it is not painful or otherwise troublesome, and confinement, either partial or total, is no privation to me.

This, however, made it necessary for me to decline an invitation to Storr's. I lost by it more than I was aware, for Sir Walter dropped in there. He came over to see me. We had not met for twelve years; and I found him, as might be expected, much aged and altered. He looks older than he is. I should take him, by his appearance, for three score. I have promised to cross the border and visit him ere long.

The Bishop of Chester* also spent an evening with me since my return. He is a working bishop, as well as a speaking one; and makes the ceremony of confirmation as impressive as it ought to be. Our bishop is a

* The present Bishop of London.

sleeping one, and this place has been shamefully neglected. No confirmation has been held here within the memory of man; and the bishop never holds one nearer than eighteen miles, and then so seldom that nothing can be more indecent than the crowded assembly, and the manner in which the business is hurried through.*

I picked up at Bruges the "*Vie et Révélations de la Sœur Nativité*," three volumes, printed for the first time in 1817. It is a legend as monstrous and as impious as any of the twelfth century, got up by a French emigrant priest during the Revolution, with the sanction of Milner and other English Roman Catholics. This is a great deal worse than Prince Hohenloh: for his prayers may cure just as well as the tractors or animal magnetism; but here is a tissue of blasphemous inventions, produced with a solemnity which makes one shudder. I have not yet determined whether to reserve this for my "Vindiciæ," or bring it forward in the "Quarterly Review."

Respecting poor Elmsley I shall probably take your hint, and say something of him in a letter dedicating the book to you. But this should not prevent us from inserting something more at length in the "Quarterly Review," where it will be more widely read. I have printed about half a volume, and am going on in good spirits and in good humour with my opponent, who, when he deals with most unfairness, proceeds, I believe, upon the faith of others. But it will surprise you to

* I hope the indecency of Confirmations will be mended in due course, and that some bishops who are regularly in London for the season will not forget that there is such a place as the country, and that they have a diocese to attend to. The convenience of the rail has obviated the old hackneyed excuses, and I have seen too many Waggon Confirmations not to remember them with distress. The article in the *Times* on the confirmation of the Princess was entirely to the purpose. Happily, some bishops did not want the hint.

see of what faithlessness he and his authorities have been convicted.

My books are not yet arrived; and I am looking for them with some impatience, being in want of "Mabillon's Annals." I shall have some very curious chapters concerning monastic history.

Do you remember a passage which has often been quoted from Cotton Mather *, as a specimen of his bigotry, relating that Mrs. Hutchinson, who had been convicted of thirty heresies, was shortly afterwards delivered of thirty monsters? The midwife's account of the birth has just been published (for the first time) in "Winthrop's Journal," and it proves to be a complete case of one of the rarest occurrences in midwifery,—hydatids in the *os uteri*. A copy of the book reached me lately from Boston, having been drowned on the way in crossing the Lancaster sands, where the coach stuck, one horse was lost, and the American who was bringing it to me had nearly been lost also.

Scott, like myself, has been very much struck by your Pont-y-Cyssylltan Aqueduct, which he thinks the most impressive work he has ever seen. The Lisbon † Aqueduct, though higher, is far inferior in effect. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Sept. 4. 1825.

My dear R.,

I am afraid it will be long before I shall have the fair use of my legs again. Either the wound, or

* I will thank the reader to correct the mistake in Vol. II. p. 264. I wonder how I overlooked it, as he is a great favourite, as all oddities are, with me.

† See Vol. II. p. 232. of these Letters.

the erysipelas, has left much weakness in the foot. It swells if I walk for half an hour, or if it is not kept in a raised position the greater part of the day. Now, as partial weakness is only to be overcome by gaining general strength, and as general strength must be diminished if air and exercise are not taken, how I am to get rid of the infirmity is not very clear.

It served me, however, as an apology for not going to meet Mr. Canning at Storrs. I am not fond of visiting at great houses, and meeting a great many strange faces. Lowther is the only place of the kind to which I can reconcile myself, because there are plenty of old books there, and there is a kindness about Lady Lonsdale which makes one think nothing about her rank, or rather, which makes one like her in spite of her rank; for though nobility is an excellent thing in political society, it is no recommendation to my liking.

I have been visited since my return by the Bishop of Chester, Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Canning, and moreover by a certain musical prodigy called George Aspull. George Airey is in Keswick, who was a prodigy of another kind — one of the Jedidiah Buxton genus. He has answered at Cambridge all the expectations that were formed of him, and is now a fellow of Trinity. I mean to obtain from him an opinion upon the scientific attainments of Bede, concerning whom I have said a good deal in my "Vindiciæ."

Canning is looking well, and prolongs his stay at Storrs because he finds the benefit of the air and exercise. Scott I saw much altered in the course of twelve or thirteen years, for it was so long since I had seen him.

Thank you for the last "C. Canal Report." Upon placing it in its volume, I perceive that I have not got the 21st.

Tell Mr. Telford, when you see him, that Sir Walter S.

is full of admiration for the Pont-y-Cyssyltan Aqueduct which he saw for the first time on his way back from Ireland, and which appeared to him (as it did to me) the most impressive work of art he had ever seen.

God bless you,

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Sept. 4. 1825.

THE Bishop of Chester passed an evening with me about a fortnight ago. He hoped my "Vindiciæ" might be published before the question was brought on next session, and expressed a strong sense of the services I had done by reminding the nation what the Romish religion is. Every carrier's day, I am hoping for my books, and every post for a proof-sheet.

I was invited to Storrs to meet Mr. Canning, but returned for answer that it would not be prudent for me to leave home. My foot swells if I walk half an hour, or if I do not keep it up on the sofa the greater part of the day. Whether this is the effect of erysipelas (which leaves this tendency behind it) or of the weakness which the profuse discharge produces, I cannot tell. But as local weakness may best be remedied by improving the general strength, I know not how I am to improve mine while under this sort of half confinement to the house. Canning called here a few days ago, and brought over a renewed invitation. It is no disappointment for me not to accept it, for I have little liking either for great houses or great men.

Sir Walter also has paid me a flying visit; and probably the next visit I shall pay will be across the border to him. The distance is seventy or eighty miles; but it can only be got at by three stage-coaches, and therefore

it is easier to go to London. That journey is facilitated lately by an alteration in our mail. It now passes through Keswick (southward bound) at half after five in the afternoon, and so strait from Penrith.

I have been very much amused with the "History of the Monastery of St. Gall," which occupies the greater part of Goldastus's volume ("Alemannicarum Rerum Scriptores aliquot vetusti"). The whole volume is exceedingly interesting. Some of the successive Lives, being all written by authors of the House, let you more into the manners of monastic life, or rather its feelings and secrets, than any other document which I have yet perused. My marks through the book are so numerous that I am almost afraid to begin the task of making my notes from them. What a store of such notes shall I leave behind me.*

My two youngest girls are barking from morning till night; Cuthbert has joined in the chorus; and there is some apprehension that this may be the commencement of the hooping cough, though I am not of that opinion myself. The rest of the household are well. Edith May, since her return, has been busily employed in superintending the getting up her mother's and sisters' wardrobe. Bertha begins to look like herself again; I mean that we now see the old countenance, and not the alteration which so long an absence had produced in it.

I bought at Bruges and brought home with me the "*Vie et Révélations de la Sœur Nativité*"— an imposture as blasphemous and almost as gross as that of "Maria de Agreda"—got up during the French Revolution, and published in 1817 by a certain Abbé Genet, who was an emigrant priest here in England. It has the approbation of Milner and other English Romanists. It is a great piece of good fortune to have met with it

* See the extracts from Goldastus in the third series of the Common Place Books, p. 335. &c.

as I did by accident. I am inclined to think it will be better to make an article upon it in the "Q. R." than to keep it for my "Vindiciæ;" it will appear sooner, get into wider circulation, and have more effect. They are at their old tricks everywhere, and would go to work again with fire and faggot if they could.

Love to my aunt and Alfred and Southey. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Miss Dora Wordsworth.**

Keswick, 1825.

My Pretty,

Not to have behold you in little horse-waggon come with Mademoiselle E. May, shall have been to me cruel misappointment. I was on the speculation for your coming all to-morning, and all morning before. Truly it should compassion your soft heart to comprehend what I bear then, but it is not first time that I have unfortune to sustain. Now to comfort me I take pen to you; also for moreover cause that I give you the novels of this house.

This house, my Pretty, is grand house for cats. Cat here just now have kitten; so the young peoples here make compliment to me of ask that I should appoint name to kitten, that is to be same what, should kitten be child, you call god-father, which in England I discover to be compliment of first water. Same fine compliment I discover it to be accepted, when name of one

* This and the two following playful letters were written to that bright and gifted creature, Wordsworth's only daughter. She was one of the three in Wordsworth's Triad. Their several names were, Dora Wordsworth, Sara Coleridge, and Edith May Southey, now Mrs. Warter. Mrs. Warter has just informed me that these Letters must be transferred to their several dates, under 1827.—*J. W. Warter.*

great person is appointed to child, or horse, or anything that might be capable to have name: so to make example there is stage coach called Sir Walter Scott: a great gooseberry called Duke of Wellington: and superb Bull called Shakespeare; and little back I read in gazette that one weathercock put upon one house in Somerset county was made namesake to Sir Thomas Lethbridge. True occasion then see I in this matter for to liquidate in particle the duty which I indebted am to my great patron and friend in Russia, with whom I serve in that awful campaign terrible: my great friend the Prince General Chaka-chicka-checka-chocka-choaka-chowsky. So I appoint to kitten that name heroique. Much blame to one your poets here, Mr. Sootè, who make song upon Moscow campaign, and where he so many grand Russ name place in, not to have that. Frenchman who was in the runaway of Moscow, should take sick to-day, and perhaps be die, to hear that name. I saw your kitten set up his eyes, and look, when that name is put to him.

Young peoples here shall say that I convey too far my gratitude in make such compliments to the Prince General my friend, instead of to place upon kitten that Russ name heroique, with which he and whole regiment honorified me, by cause of what slaughter terrible in that pursuance I was happy to make. It was charming name that they compose for me, with significance so beautiful, so true. I shall let you see,—Rogadogchog-vrankovonterochopperslog, which to interpret shall be Noble Butcher into collops who cut French rascal; for all so much meaning it concludes. Pretty name, my sweety, for one of your pigeon-turtles, if you please to show tender compliment to me such way. And if you desire to have name for your gold fish, you may appell him after that false Pole Jamramtamdamkillibenowski-douskifrowski, of who I shall some time tell you the

affrightful catastrophe, for then I encounter the most uncommon of all my exploits. But I shall that history conserve for next time.

Oh, my Pretty, it was compassion to me to hear of what happen to you with the Bootsman at Manchester! What mercy that you fall into hands of Bootsman who had so fine sentiment! He is worth of sonnet from the pen parental, which I think should make sonnet so well in resentment of your melancholy state, as to honour of good Bootsman. Such sonnet ought to be — and pictures of Cruikshank. My Pretty, it put me in a labyrinth to see you at such critic time divide so much discreetness with such valour; for had you not recover that indispensable raiment, you could not have pickled yourself from not to seize one bad cold or rheumatism in your voyage on the coach.

But now I must make finish in haste; so, my Pretty, adieu!

From your faithful old husband,

R. S.

To Miss Dora Wordsworth.

Keswick, 1825.

My dear young Wife,

You have made invention of surprising many of my riddles, which show in you a profound genius, such as becomes my young wife, and make me proud of her beautiful talent. Now I shall explicate the two, three, concerning which you have laboured your spirit to no fruit.

A bill of fare, to be like Glover and his boy, must be one into which *carp enters.*

I call my son father-in-law, when I say to him "So, sir!" (*socer*).

Mrs. —— is unlike a farmer who wishes to get rid of his *tares*, because she wishes to get rid of her *corn*.

Also, I have made these more for your divertisement:—

What king in the Bible was most like a woodman?

Why is the cry of a ewe calling to her lamb like an ancient kingdom in the east?

Who in the bible is most like a man of straw?

Which contributor to the "Keepsake" is like a French insect?

Some little girls are drawn up at school to be examined, and a question is going round which many of them cannot answer; why do they who think they can, look at the mistress as if they were talking of a city which is often mentioned both in sacred and profane history?

Why must Mr. Henry Coleridge, till he is married, be like a man that has hanged himself? And why should I be like one, also, if I were metamorphosed into a woman?

I do not use to make too much euloge of my own glory, because of modest propriété; but in the affair of riddle, I think I may say that, if I was should have been lived in the days of King Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba should have hear of my spirit in the way of riddle, I think, I say, she should here come to pay visit to me. Which if she was done, the kings of Abyssinia from that time to this day they must be my posterity. That is, always provided I must have not had you then for my nice young wife, for then I would have resist, like Joseph, all the Queen of Sheba's attractive courting. No, my pretty! never would I have become a perfidious to you.

So much I love you, that if Venus was just now come by in her caroche, drawn by turtle-pigeons, and I might, could, apprehend one of these turtle-pigeons by

placing upon his queue pinch of salt, I would draw one feather out from his pinion, with the which to make pen, and write sweet billet of affection to you. My faith, I believe that if I was applicate that pen to the place where my heart knock, knock, knock, as the unhappy man who was all for love in the poem did, I think that in my case, too, without to tap the skin, a drop of my core's blood should ought come forth for me to make such writing to you. Pardon you me, then, that I use no better than vulgar ink!

I remain,

Your kind old husband,

ROBERT SOOTÉE.

To Miss Dora Wordsworth.

Keswick, Sept. 18. 1825.

I AM desired to let my young wife know that her two eldest daughters-in-law will be at Rydal Mount early enough to dress for the ball.

To which I only add the pious imprecation, "Confound all balls!" and that I am,

Dear young Wife,

Your dutiful old husband,

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Oct. 29. 1825.

THANK you for your references to Venema; they will be of use, for I have only as yet consulted that author occasionally, not having had leisure to go through him. L'Enfant's "Three Councils" and Erasmus's

"Epistles" have made large drafts upon my reading hours. I am nearly half through the latter, an enormous book, above 1000 pages. By what you say of the smaller volume, I suppose the selection must have been made upon some principle which excluded everything of much value, for I have seldom been more interested. Grotius's "Epistles" come next in course. They are nearly equal in bulk, and the matter must be of equal interest; but I apprehend that the eye will not travel quite as smoothly through his syle as through the pleasant and natural language of Erasmus.

You would perceive that the paper upon Bayard in the last "Quarterly Review" is mine. That upon Pope is by George Taylor, the father of my late fellow traveller. John Coleridge reviewed my poem himself. I have now upon my table the first proofs of a paper upon the Waldenses, which will be finished on the day that this reaches you.

A volume of "Vindiciæ" will soon be ready, 300 pages being printed. The employment is a very tempting one; and I think that the book will amuse as well as please you. I almost pity Mr. Butler; for though nothing can be written in better humour wherever he is concerned, his arguments and his cause are treated according to their deserts. I had thought of concluding the volume by recasting, from the "Edinburgh Register," my argument concerning Catholic emancipation, which the Bishop of Chester apprehended would be brought again before Parliament next session; but Lord Lonsdale, who called on me last week, thinks otherwise, and I wish to fire that shot where it may take effect.

The time will presently come when Edward's lot is to be cast for Oxford or Cambridge. At Oxford, Elmsley would have been a valuable friend to him; and for this as well as other reasons, I greatly regret his loss. Go where he will, I do not doubt of his well-doing;

and I trust also that if the others get to New College, they will not sink with that idleness which New College has a reputation for producing. It is a great defect at Oxford that there is no friendly intercourse between the graduates and undergraduates: in this respect Cambridge is greatly to be preferred,—in others I give the preference to Oxford; but there are Oxford men who see wherein their system is erroneous, and who may probably succeed in bringing about a healthier state of things. Keble did this; Elmsley was doing it; and the son* of my old friend Lightfoot is likely to pursue the same course. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that discipline is relaxed by this sort of intercourse.

Your diocesan, like other diocesans, has no time for defending the faith in the manner that I can defend it. Circumstances have concurred with inclination to make me more conversant with Roman Catholic history than most men; and circumstances have also rendered the knowledge applicable to immediate use in these times. What I acquired with different views, and very much because it suited with a sort of intellectual taste for garlic, *laver* and *caviare*, has turned out to be precisely that kind of knowledge which was most wanted for once more exposing an abominable superstition, which is again beginning to act on the offensive, to be troublesome and to be dangerous.

Do you see that Butler adventures a "Life of Erasmus"!! This must inevitably be so bad a book, that if I were to review it (which I could do if any other person had written it) I should break his heart.

R. S.

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* John P. Lightfoot, D.D., the present rector of Exeter. I have received no further letters of his father's. He was kind enough to say he would send them if there were any.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Nov. 20. 1825.

My dear Wynn,

I am drawing near the end of my "Vindiciæ," at least to the end of one volume, which I shall send out with such a sort of winding up that the subject may or may not be resumed, as suits my own convenience. And I am disposed to introduce it in the manner which you suggested, for reasons of propriety as well as of feeling. When I have sketched what I would say, you shall see it; and if there is anything concerning Elmsley that you think should particularly be noticed, I will work upon any hints that you may send me.

As for the book itself, it is not to be expected that you will like it; for, though it is written with such perfect good temper towards Butler that for anything upon that score we might meet upon our former terms, I have carried the war into the enemies' quarters, and with a strong hand. You know the British Roman Catholic Association passed a vote of thanks to Butler and Milner for confuting my calumnies. I have therefore taken such opportunities as the subject presented for proving upon the Romish Church those charges which they are pleased to call calumnious.

It has been with the "Tale of Paraguay" as I expected it would be. The tale wants the interest of a tale, and in that respect, therefore, may seem to be misnamed. Few have liked it; and those few like it much, because it is in unison with their own feelings. The reviewal of it was written by John Coleridge, who, by the by, wrote that character of Brougham in the paper upon the Mechanics' Institutes, which is said to have pleased the Radicals. The paper upon Bayard is mine; and I shall have one in the next number upon Gilly's visit to the Vaudois. I am now going to make an

article of the Life of Wolfe, though I believe there is little of general interest in that life, except its last glorious scene — certainly one of the finest in its kind. Many years ago Murray sent me a collection of his letters, to see if a book could be made from them; and my opinion was that it could not. I hope the author of the forthcoming work has had better materials.

The author, whoever he is, of the "English in Italy" has sent me his book; and "Tremaine" came to me in the same anonymous manner. I cannot guess at either writer. They are both good in their way; though what is done well in "Tremaine" is done better by Shelton, and better still in the "Minute Philosophie" of Berkeley, which is a masterpiece in its kind. My own "Colloquies" are in the press. The manner of them, when I began to contemplate the subject, was suggested by Boethius; but this is not apparent, and the less so, because I gave up the intention of interspersing pieces of poetry. I have taken great pains with what is written of this book, not with the view of pleasing the public, or any part of it, but with the sober desire of comparing the past with the present, and stating fairly what there is to fear and to hope in the progress of society. Murray can show you the prints which have been engraved for the description parts; they are very beautiful.

My foot is so much better that I hope there will be little permanent injury sustained, — nothing more than the adhesion of the skin to the tendons of the injured toe.

My paper upon the Christian Missionary Society has given offence to the same persons who are displeased with Reginald Heber's conduct, with whom I believe myself to be in perfect accord upon these topics. The appearance of the "British Critic" in its new form is owing to an opinion that the "Quarterly" has become too liberal. I am not sorry for this, because in the

main, both will be serving the same cause; but I wish, with you, that the most zealous friends of the Church partook more of the spirit in which it was founded. The "Quarterly" is of main importance to me, being my chief source of income; and while it is in the hands of the present editor, I can depend upon the regular insertion of my papers, which I could never do with Gifford. Almost the only difference which time has made in my habitual feelings is, that I sometimes feel a degree of anxiety concerning my future means of subsistence, which I was never sensible of in former years, even when my fortunes were at the worst.

God bless you, my dear Wynn,

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 4. 1825.

MY DEAR R.,

The last news I heard of you was that you were going to see the Bayeux tapestry,—a valid and good motive for crossing the water. If you executed that intention, you would very much enjoy the novelty that one meets with everywhere in a foreign country. That part of France I have never seen, though it is very well worth seeing. I should very much like to go through Normandy and Britany, the latter province especially, if I were master enough even of French to collect Celtic traditions, of which there must be good store.

Meantime I have enjoyed myself at my desk, and with my last purchases in the Low Countries. The "Peninsular War," in which you express a friendly interest, has been going on, so that the second volume will appear in the spring, and the concluding one follow

it in the press without delay. I am finishing a volume of "Vindiciæ," meaning to publish it forthwith. Having nothing to defend, my warfare is offensive throughout, and I have attacked the Romanists everywhere in a way which will make them wish that they and their advocate had let the "Book of the Church" alone. The book will have variety, oddity, and research to recommend it.

You would discover that the review of "Bayard's Memoirs" in the last "Q. R." was mine. In the next I have a paper upon the Waldenses, good in this respect, that it contains a clearer abstract of Manicheism than is to be found elsewhere. I do not know for what reason Murray has thought proper to change his editor. His own story to John Coleridge has been plumply contradicted to me by the only person who can contradict it (Sir W. Scott); and he is so well aware that I shall not like the change, that he has not yet written to me upon the subject. The new editor, Scott's son-in-law, is a person whom I know only by sight, and by character which is twofold,—that which he earned for himself in "Blackwood's Magazine," and that which Sir Walter gives him. I lose, by the change, an editor whom I knew, and on whom I could rely; but I am released from any motive for continuing to work at that occupation longer than my own convenience may render necessary.

I have had great entertainment in going through Erasmus's "Epistles," which contain, as one might expect, a great deal of English matter. It is amusing to find that in his days it was thought an honour to be a Cockney. Mr. Butler advertises a "Life of Erasmus," which he is about as well qualified to write as I should be to write the Life of Roger Bacon or of Sir Isaac Newton. For a sound scholar, and a man of diligent research, the subject would be a most fortunate one.

A course of epistolary reading is exceedingly pleasant as supplemental to history, political as well as moral. I have gone through Casaubon's and Scaliger's with great interest, and shall begin upon Hugo Grotius's for my after-supper books, when I shall have gone through the collection of Durand and Martene, which form my standing dessert at present.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Dec. 6. 1825.

MY DEAR MADAM,

The *generals* which you have heard of us have been of the most general *genus;* these exceptions being to be made from the statement of our being all well,—that I am still lame of one foot, and that my son, my three younger daughters, and Sara Coleridge, are settled in the whooping-cough for the winter. Bating these things, with Bertha's tooth-ache, and Isabel's cold, and Edith's sore throat, and a few other, &c.—why, thank God, we are as well as can be expected. And as the force of the whooping-cough has spent itself, and of the tooth-ache also, and the sore throat is better, and Isabel has been this day be-calomelled (which is her sovereign remedy when her head and tongue indicate a week of it), and I can bear a close shoe again,—why, methinks, all is well, if not in the present tense, at least in the future in *rus*.

My journey into Holland proved effectual, as I hoped it would, in getting rid of my old enemy for the season. But—oh, that *but!*—my misfortunes in Holland, though they did not, like Tristram Shandy's, begin before I was born, begun before I left England,—yes, before I

left home. I have them at this moment, not at my finger's, but at my foot's end; and as you desire the whole Iliad, why the whole Iliad you shall hear. *Ill*iad on this occasion it ought to be written, for an ill story it is.

Be it known, then, to you, that two days before my departure from Keswick, at the end of May last, in coming down Latrigg with the children, I suffered a slight hurt from a disagreement between the shoe and one of the joints at the end of my right foot. Though one of the most peaceable persons in the world, and careful ones, too, in such things, I cannot always succeed in keeping the peace there; but a piece of paper laid on in place of the old skin had always, heretofore, sufficed till a new one was formed. Towards the close of my journey to London, the foot swelled with travelling, and the pressure at that part made it fester, when it would otherwise have healed. A little rest in London put all to rights, as it appeared. Over the water I went, and proceeded to Douay, making that place in my route for the dutiful purpose of seeing where my twice or thrice great-grandfather, Sir Herbert Croft, is buried, — the first of the name, who turned Roman Catholic, and died among the English Benedictines. I had a mind to see his monument, but I might as well have looked for Amandus and Amanda's at Lyons; for when I got there, the church had been gutted during the Revolution, and the crypt was full of rubbish, and inaccessible. So I could do no more for proving myself the most dutiful of twice or thrice great-grandsons, than look at the outside of the ugly building and the crypt-door.

Now, whether it were at Douay or at Bouchain, I know not, but at one or other place, Satan, who took the form of a flea in former times to annoy Saint Dominic, took the worse form of a bug to annoy me. Whether

it were so, or that by some instinct in a Roman Catholic bug it knew me for a heretic of the first class, so it was, that the said bug fixed upon that very joint for his supper, which ill-fortune had, I suppose, rendered tender, and so to her liking. And to make short of a long story, the excessive heat of the weather, and the excitement of travelling, brought an inflammation there; and I reached Leyden in such a state that the consequences might have been very serious if the evil had gone on four-and-twenty hours longer. Then I lay three weeks under a surgeon's hands. When I got back to London, just as the wound was healing erysipelas appeared there; and though this was soon subdued, a tendency to swell upon the slightest occasion still continues, and the joint will always be stiff.

Now I should tell you that Bilderdijk and his wife (who translated "Roderick" into Dutch) took me into their house at Leyden, and nursed me there; and that they are two such people, that I never passed three weeks of my life more to my heart's content. But it would take a longer letter than this to contain all that I could say of these most excellent and most remarkable persons. I would gladly purchase two such friends again at the same price, if it were possible that two such could be found.

I sent home nine hundred-weight of goodly folios, and here I am revelling upon them. Mr. Butler will have the benefit in due time. A volume of "Vindiciæ" will very soon be finished, and published at the opening of the session, without waiting for a second. It will be an odd book, with much variety of matter, and, if I complete the design, will contain a more regular exposure of Roman Catholic villany than has ever yet appeared. The "Peninsular War" will be published in the spring; "Oliver Newman" takes long naps.

I have not seen the "Life of Sheridan," and now that

the "Quarterly" has changed its editor, I shall know nothing more concerning it than what I may do in it myself. I have had some correspondence with Sir Walter concerning the changes.

Pray give me your receipt for erysipelas, an enemy I have learnt to fear. My womankind join in kind regards; make mine to Dr. Hughes and your son, and believe me, my dear Madam,

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Dec. 19. 1825.

MY DEAR R.,

Thank you (and your amanuensis also) for your Journal, which reminds me of a great deal, and gives me a good deal to think of. Few things, I believe, appear more remarkable to an Englishman than the apparent want of population in France, and the little travelling everywhere on the Continent. Were you to land at Calais, and travel to Petersburg, you would not meet so many carriages on the whole way, as you would in one day between London and Bath. More carriages are to be seen in Holland than anywhere else where I have been,—the remains of their old prosperity. Where the population is, I cannot tell; villages are few, there seem to be no scattered houses, and the towns are neither large nor numerous. I suspect that France has not yet recovered from the Revolution and from Bonaparte's war. When I was there in 1817, there was a manifest and shocking deficiency of men between twenty and forty years of age; the generation which had become capable of bearing arms during some five-and-twenty years, seemed to have been swept away. There

must surely have been a great excess of females at the end of that time, after allowing largely for broken hearts, and the deaths produced by misery of every kind.

I should like to know what causes can have thrown the land into large farms; it can neither have been speculation, nor capital. There is a very full account of the state of agriculture and the agriculturists in France by Arthur Young, who travelled at the beginning of the Revolution. I believe it is said that the Revolution tended very greatly to improve it: how, I know not; but it is certain that you see no waste land in France.

With regard to the small quantity of animal food consumed in France, their wiser cookery seems to be the chief cause; plain boiling and roasting are wasteful modes of preparing food. With them, nothing is lost in the form of steam or of pot-liquor; and the worst parts of the meat serve as well for made dishes as the best.

The Bayeux tapestry, then, is bas-relief in needlework. This sort of quilting work was in fashion for veils, &c. two or three years ago, producing good effect by the easiest process. The incorruptibility of linen I do not understand. We find it becomes rotten by age, whether it be exposed to the air (as in curtains), or laid by in the form of table-cloths, &c. Is villanous bleaching the sole cause of this? Or, when rag is made into paper, is this some chemical change in the process, as if all that was corruptible were got rid of, and the residue acquired the property of incorruptibility?

Of late I have been reading largely in monkish chronicles, to my great profit and entertainment. Glaber I have read among others, who gives the fullest account of that great famine which left behind it an appetite for cannibalism.

I never knew before that the charge had been made of prolonging Joan of Arc's sufferings, by the mode of

execution. But I know that from the same circumstance it has been attempted to show (with as little ground) that it was only a mock execution. Her whole history has been elaborately investigated not many years ago; but I know nothing more of the book than what Turner has given us.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Dec. 24. 1825.

The Bishop of Chester writes me word that Baynes, in Paternoster Row, has just got over a convent library from Flanders, where there are many books which he thinks would be useful to me; and he offers to inquire for any that I may be in want of, as they are not yet catalogued. I have requested him to see if there be a history of the Dominicans there, either by Malvenda in Latin, or Hernando Castello in Spanish,—with little expectation of either. But if I had Fortunatus's cap, or the seven-leagued boots, I would look out for myself, with the certainty of finding good stores.

Of all the orders the Franciscans have done most for their own history, and the Dominicans least. Among the latter these two are the only general historians of which I have scent; the one in one folio only, the other only in two.

I have written to expedite the printer's movements, that a volume of the "Vindiciæ" may be ready when Parliament meets: 400 pages are printed, and I have little more to do than to wind it up. I am now tooth and nail upon the "Peninsular War," and running through the Sœur de la Nativité's "Revelations" for

the "Quarterly Review," the new editor being desirous, much to my satisfaction, of going as far against the Roman Catholics as his tether will let him.

Having done with Erasmus's "Epistles," I have now taken Martene and Durand's larger collection for my dessert after supper, and a rich dessert it is. Among other interesting things, there is a letter there written by a bishop who was at the taking of Lisbon from the Moors. There are three folios of charters and correspondence, three of chronicles, and three of ecclesiastical matters, chiefly relating to the latter councils, all rescued from the worms in the convents on the borders of France and Germany. I am just half way through them, and then have another collection of five volumes by the same industrious compilers in store. They succeeded to Mabillon's papers and his pursuits. Mabillon's "Acta of the Benedictine Saints" I have still to procure, and then my preparations will be tolerably complete.

There will be a paper of Copplestone's in the next "Quarterly Review," upon that notable piece of humbug — the London University, upon which, or rather upon its promoters, I have bestowed a parenthesis in my "Vindiciæ." Murray has not written to me since the change of administration, feeling, no doubt, whenever he thinks of me in connection with that subject, like a dog when he has his tail between his legs. He has got himself sufficiently into disgrace with all parties concerned.

My friend Senhouse looked in upon me yesterday on his way home, after nearly three years' absence. I shall probably pass a week with him in the course of the winter. Would that his consignments from Italy were arrived, as my "Wadding" is among them.

In making my notes to-day from a work of Mosheim's, I find a book mentioned which I wish your

jackal, when he next goes upon a prowl, would inquire for at Baynes's, though I have not much hope of finding it,—"Opera M. Gulielmi de S. Amore," in quarto, one vol., bearing date at Constance, 1632, but in reality printed at Paris. Grotius's friend Cordesius edited it, under the fictitious name of Joannes Aletophilus; and as the Dominicans obtained a decree for prohibiting and destroying it, it is exceedingly rare. But here I believe more is to be found concerning the "Evangelium Æternum" than anywhere else; and here also is some very important matter relating to the Mendicant orders, whom he attacked and exposed in the height of their power. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Jan. 18. 1826.

My dear R.,

I sent off by this post the last portion of my "Vindiciæ" to the press. This will give me a little breathing time. You will find in it some curious exposures of Romish impudence, and will see also in what manner I can handle a flail, which, by the bye, was once used as a very formidable weapon by Ziska's soldiers in the Bohemian wars. They literally threshed their enemies; it was flail *versus* sword and buckler.

We are just beginning to thaw, having had the glass at 12° two days ago. My young ones lament that they can have no more *shirling* on the lake,—a motion something between skating and sliding, and originating in the iron-shod clogs. Their coughs are wearing themselves out, not *them;* and will continue to keep slight but pertinacious hold (like a cockchafer with one claw), till the warm season returns. Did William escape the

whooping cough? for it was from Dean's yard that ours was imported.

An advertisement in the papers tells me that an attempt is making to revolutionise the booksellers' trade, as Morrison has done the haberdashers',—tempting purchasers to one shop by cutting off all the intermediate booksellers' profits, which are one third per cent. They promise books at little more than half the ordinary price. Murray and Constable seem to have anticipated some such necessity for putting forth works at a cheaper rate. The truth is, that the largest class of readers is now beginning to be found in a lower stage of life.

Our kindest remembrances to Mrs. R., Bertha's more especially; she is preparing for a Christmas party this evening, a mile and half from home.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Jan. 25. 1826.

To-day I sent back the proofs of a paper for the "Quarterly Review," upon the "Life and Revelations of Sœur de la Nativité," which Lockhart thinks must produce no small effect if the Catholic question is renewed this next session. It is quite as bad as the worst legend of the darkest ages; and, as it was got up with the approbation of the heads of the emigrant clergy in this country and of their English brethren, Milner especially, the exposure will be well timed. I have brought it forward as a proof that the Roman Catholics are just as bad in all respects as ever they were. My book will be published before it; I should think in the course of three weeks, as there are but three, or, at the utmost, four sheets to print. So I shall have two batteries in action.

I got the other day from a Darlington catalogue Thevet's "France Antarctique," with some good wooden cuts of my old friends, the Tupinambas. Some value has been set upon the book, because it is *ruled*, in the old fashion, with red ink. I bought also (it was a pig in a poke) an Italian poem in manuscript, for the subject sake—*Il Capitolo Fratesco*. The manuscript is not old, and very well written; the age of the poem I shall be able better to guess at when I read it: probably it is of the last half-century. From the little which I have looked at, it promises well.

I have been reading Louis Bonaparte's "Documents" respecting Holland. It is a curious exposure of his brother's villany, and a still more curious display of his own character. He has left a good name in Holland, and very deservedly, for no man ever had better intentions, or acted more uprightly in the most trying occasions. There is the strongest admiration of his brother, with the strongest disapprobation of his actions; and his natural affection survives the worst usage.

I am now looking through Grotius's "Epistles;" by far the greater part are written while he was in the service of Sweden, and are therefore political. Something I shall get from them relating to Brazil, and probably more concerning Portugal when I come to the year 1640. But Grotius is not one of those writers who tempt you to the regular perusal of a large folio closely printed in double columns. He never writes perspicuously, and rarely with any felicity either of thought or expression. Still it is an important book, and I shall collect a good deal from it, for various uses.

Our weather, though with extraordinary ups and downs of the thermometer, is, and has been, the pleasantest that I ever remember for January. In three days the glass rose thirty degrees; but the coldest weather was without wind, the thaw without rain, and generally sun-

shine enough even to tempt me from the fireside. The lake is still frozen. My girls are good *shirlers* — an exercise you have not heard of in the South. Shirling is neither sliding nor skating, but a sort of intermediate motion, performed in the common clogs of this country, which have irons on them like horse-shoes.

The last "Quarterly" has not reached me yet; nor have I had any communication with Murray since he began his manœuvres for changing the editor. He is ashamed to write to me.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White, &c.

Keswick, Feb. 11. 1826.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

Remember you, from this time forth, that if you do not receive every book of mine as soon as it is published, that the publisher is in fault; and I pray you let me know it, that directions may be repeated accordingly. Such neglect is not unfrequent. I know that I have lost several books in this manner which were intended for me; and have reason to think that many of my own, in like manner, have never reached their destination. I forgot to tell you that my "Traveller's Guide in the Low Countries" came back to me, in a better livery than it was worth.

You will, I trust, see my "Vindiciæ" in the course of a fortnight. I expected the last proof this day. It is not a defensive book,—for what had I to defend? but I think it will make the Roman Catholics wish that Mr. Butler had never attacked me; and for his own sake I wish so too, as it is very likely to keep him embroiled in controversy as long as he lives. I may, or

may not, complete the dissection of his book, as circumstances may render advisable. The employment would neither be unpleasant nor useless; still, it is not exactly the employment which I should think best for myself. However, if it be necessary, I shall not shrink from the task. The most injurious parts of his book are left untouched, and of course the strongest parts of my reply would be to come; but in what is done, there is enough to demolish fifty such antagonists.

There has been an advertisement in the papers which makes me guess that Morrison's principle is about to be applied to the book-trade. Septimus Prowett is the bookseller who is the agent in this new scheme, and he promises books at little more than half the ordinary price. This may, in its consequences, shake Paternoster Row. How it will affect authors, remains to be seen. They cannot, I think, be worse used than they are by the existing race of publishers. Something ails that race; for nearly two years they have retrenched all civilities in presenting any of their new publications: there can be no other motive for this, than retrenchment.

I am not satisfied with these experiments in free trade, which are making at all risks: on the contrary, I incline to think that in certain things we must come by-and-by to regulations for checking those unlimited supplies which so far exceed the demand as to ruin the manufacturer. Of this I am fully persuaded, that the manufacturing system cannot be carried on as it is at present, without producing, in the course of half a century at farthest, a more tremendous convulsion than these kingdoms have ever yet sustained. It brings with it in its train everything that is detestable and dreadful. I have some home truths to bring forward in my "Colloquies" upon this and other subjects connected with it.

Two of my whoopers still favour us with a little kennel-music, and will probably continue so to do till the month of May. In other respects we are going on well. I am trying cold water for my foot, pouring a stream on it morning and night, and friction afterwards; what remains is a constant tendency to swell, not any perceptible weakness in any other way; but the foot is plainly larger than the other, and I must have a larger shoe made for it in future, unless the present system should prove effectual.

Mr. Gurney's is a surprising book. I am not acquainted with any other which contains so clear and full and convincing a view of the evidences and doctrines of Christianity. A clergyman would have well deserved a bishopric for it. I think he extends the inspiration of scripture further than is maintainable; but if this be (as I believe it to be) an error, it vitiates none of his arguments; they remain in their full strength, though nothing more than historical authenticity should be required for the historical books. There is no man whom I should so well like to see more of, and to know intimately.

You shall have some autographs ere long in a frank. They are one of the plagues of my life; and I cannot conclude this letter better than by transcribing some lines which I wrote, in "right, downright, sincere sincerity," not long since, upon an application made through Mrs. Opie's friend, Mr. Barber.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,"—
Where these perpetual solicitations
For albums, and for autograph collectors,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
"My soul is sick with every day's" request
For scrap, or gem, or line, or signature,
From *askers* of all shades of modesty,
Known or unknown, direct or round about,

Through friend, or through acquaintance's acquaintance,
In post-paid letter, or in barefaced call!
An Albophobia they have brought upon me!
I shudder at the sight of a blank book;
White paper makes me dangerous; and if pen
Be forced into my hand, oh, then I rave
And vent my fury in mordacious verse!

God bless you, my dear Neville; our best and kindest remembrance to your whole circle.

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.

Messrs. Longman and Co.

Keswick, Feb. 14. 1826.

DEAR SIR,

I send off this day the volumes of Chalmers' collection, and the biographical notices,— one alone excepted, for which I have not the necessary materials. As nearly as I can calculate, the pieces marked from the following authors will extend to about 900 pages:—

Chaucer.	Daniel.
Stephen Hawes.	Drayton.
Skelton.	Giles Fletcher.
Surrey.	Phineas Fletcher.
Sackville.	Browne.
Gascoigne.	Wither.
Spenser.	Davenant.

The pieces to be taken from Chalmers are marked there. Hawes's "Pastime of Pleasure" is so scarce a book, that it will, I suppose, be cheaper to have it transcribed than to sacrifice a copy at the press. Surrey's "Poems" should be printed from Dr. Nott's edition, the whole of them. They will not exceed 30 pages.

The whole of Sackville's too, which, if not printed from Hazlewood's "Mirror of Magistrates," should be corrected by it. All the others are included in Chalmers except Wither. His "Shepherd's Hunting" and his "Motto" are what I mean to include; and I should have been glad if there had been room for his "Abuses Stripped and Whipped." Wither's is the life which I cannot write till I have other materials. It may be done when I shall be in town in May next.

Room — room — room has been wanting. I could give nothing of Spenser but the "Fairy Queen;" nothing of Phineas Fletcher but the "Purple Island;" nothing of Brown but the "Britannia's Pastorals;" and only the "Nymphidia" of Drayton, besides his "Poly-Olbion," with which poem the notes must not be printed, for they take up about 50 pages. I have selected the most remarkable pieces of the list, and most remarkable writers, as far as the limits allowed; and more than this could not be done.

It will be most essential to have the press carefully corrected, and by some person competent to the task; for Chalmers's collection, though not quite so bad as Anderson's, is nevertheless *infamously* incorrect. Those sheets which contain the biographical notices you must let me see.

The two poems which are marked of Skelton's ("Colin Clout" and "Philip Sparrow") may very well be printed in pages of three columns. I have punctuated great part of one, and any person of common understanding may complete the task.

It may be worth your while to consider whether a similar volume, consisting wholly of sacred poets, would not be likely to sell. In that case Giles Fletcher might be struck out of the present list.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Feb. 28. 1826.

MY DEAR R.,

You have got my book, I hope. Mr. Butler may bless his stars that it breaks off before I came to his worst and weakest parts, if one part be weaker than others in so flimsy a web. I have a letter from him explaining the notable mistake which is mentioned in my preface. He says Murray told him there were no alterations in the second edition. This fairly accounts for the mistake, but is no excuse for his assuming that I must have read a book which I believe was not published when that part of the "Book of the Church" was written, and that I must have seen a letter in the "Morning Chronicle" which, but for a mere accident, I should never have heard of.

I do not understand the question about Free Trade; but I suppose that, like most other great questions, there are degrees belonging to it which theorists are apt to overlook. The Quakers owe much of their prosperity to their principle of dealing among themselves. Did I ever tell you that the practice of travelling to take orders originated with them, and by accident? Their first itinerants found that the interests of the Spirit and of the Ledger might very well accord. This is one of the odd facts which I have met with in my Quaker-reading.

But I am sure the Ministers are wrong in supposing that the Country Circulation can be carried on without small bills. And what fools must those persons be who do not perceive that coining is an easier art than forgery, and may be practised with more ease to a greater extent.

I am now advancing fast towards the close of my second volume of the "War;" it will be off my hands

in time for me to begin my course of travelling in May, when I shall run up to London, and most probably go into Wales with my last year's companion, Henry Taylor, and his father.

My whoopers are nearly well. I wish I could say the same of my foot; it is not painful, but it is not always without some sensation of disease, and it requires a larger shoe than the other. Otherwise I am in good health, spirits, and activity.

Bertha's love and our kindest remembrances to Mrs. Rickman. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, March 10. 1826.

I DID not feel any impropriety in the vouchers which are brought forward for my view of monastic virtue. The story of St. Thomas Aquinas seemed necessary for the history of his Girdle *, which is far too good a history to be left in the Acta Sanctorum; and St. Peter Damian's saying bore so aptly upon it that it could not be dispensed with. To make the Romanists ashamed of themselves is perhaps impossible; but it is doing some good to make others ashamed for them. With such antagonists, I could not help playing sometimes both with them and the subject. A book wholly of strict and severe argument was not required, and would not have been read. "They have Moses and the Prophets;" if they will not be convinced by Usher, Stillingfleet, and Barrow, &c., nothing can be effected by that form of controversy. I wished my book to be read, and therefore took the advantage which a running commentary upon so loose a work as Butler's fairly afforded.

He wrote to me immediately on its appearance to

* See "Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," p. 329., &c.

confess and excuse the small mistake which I had pointed out in my preface. "Murray," he says, "told him there was no alteration in the second edition." This is a fair excuse for not having examined the passage for himself, — none whatever for the implication which his charge conveyed. How the book agrees with his gizzard, I have not heard; but if his digestion be as good as his swallow, all will be well with him.

Your *apuntamientos* are all to the point. Some I shall insert at once; the "Decameron," odd as it may seem, I have never read; and if you can refer me to the tale, it will save me a search to discover it. My book is in some respects the better, and in others the worse, for dealing almost exclusively with the better known parts of their superstition, and with illustrations which are almost trivial. This is the better, because the proof is made clearer and more undeniable, as relating to points which are popularly known; but it has prevented me from using more curious materials of which I have a miser's store.

It would take such another volume to go through the remaining half of Butler's book, and broil his other side *à la* St. Lorenzo. But whether I shall mount the Persian steed for another excursion upon the plain whither he is sure to carry me, will depend upon the apparent utility of such employment, as regarding both my own advantage, and the state of public opinion. I shall not in any way be influenced by anything which the Roman Catholics may set forth in reply. One more volume of "Vindiciæ" would be required, and then two upon the "Monastic Orders." And if anything could be done by laying faithful information before such a public as the press has produced in this country, an exposure of this kind ought to lay the Catholic Question for the next century.

Butler's second book shows that he is sore upon the

charge of disingenuousness, which both Phillpotts and Townsend have pressed upon him. It is miserably futile; but it will pass with his readers. The question, I am told, will not be brought forward this session, because they are sensible that a strong feeling against them has been excited through the country. It is a little discreditable to Oxford that it could find no fitter representative at this time than a person whom nobody has ever heard of out of his own immediate circle; I, for one, never heard his name before. Sir Robert Inglis ought to be their member, and I should think might be, if he were not a little too conspicuous in the scheme for converting the Jews, which Norris of Hackney has with so much patience exposed, and which of all insane ways for expending zeal and wasting money is certainly the insanest.

Bedford has been very ill, and I am afraid is not recovering well from the attack. I neither like his own account of himself, nor that which Wynn gives me. Gooch has some notion of summering here, which I fear will hardly take effect. His paper in the "Quarterly Review" has done its work, and saved us, as far as the continuance of necessary laws can do, from the plague. Peel tells him that ministers are convinced by it, and determined to act upon that conviction. So he says he has saved the Parliament from the proper name which you had bestowed upon it.

My illustration of Romish miracles, being wholly confined to the assortment in "Bede," is very important. I have a rich collection in store of facts having the most unequivocal stamp of roguery; to say nothing of those in which either the story is a mere lie, or the alteration lies between miracle and murder. I do not think any work could be planned which could throw so much light upon the Middle Ages as a view of the Monastic Orders. I have been making my notes from Martene

and Durand's larger collection, which is an invaluable storehouse. The mischief is, that the view continually widens as you advance. I now want some other work of Mabillon, and Dr. Achery's "Spicilegium," &c. In short, I want such a library as neither my means can compass, nor my house hold. However, I have wherewith to do a great deal.

Love to my aunt. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

March 21. 1826.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Pray look at Butler's book (p. 211.), and see what he says about my having inserted the story from Fox, relating to Gardiner's death, as a specimen of his candour.

In the first place, as I told the story after Fox, and did not extract it from him in his own words, the omission of the word *old* was like that of many other words, which there seemed no cause for retaining.

Secondly, I had never seen that volume of Lingard, nor, indeed, have I yet seen it. I never saw the articles in the newspapers, nor should I have heard of them unless, as you will very well remember, you had mentioned it to me the very last time I saw you.

Thirdly, without caring whether the story be true or not, neither you nor I can suppose that Fox invented it, for he was a thoroughly religious and good man. Undoubtedly it was communicated to him; and supposing it to be true, either he or the people who related it to him may very easily have supposed it related to the *old* Duke of Norfolk, and not the young one.

Lastly, in consequence of that conversation with you,

I did what you would have expected me to do. I expunged the story, and accordingly it is *not* in the second edition, where Butler *charges me with having retained it,* and infers from this how little reliance is to be placed upon me.

This is quite as bad as his assertion respecting "Bellarmine," and when I read it, I really apprehended that Murray must have mislaid my directions, or that they had been lost at the printing-office; for I could not suppose Mr. Butler capable of anything so thoroughly dishonest. However, upon referring to the second edition, I had the satisfaction of finding that the passage had been expunged. Both this statement and that about "Bellarmine" he must have taken upon trust, and that from some person not very scrupulous as to truth. But as his book appeared to have made some impression upon you (which I wonder at, seeing how shallow and sophistical it is), I send you the refutation of the rough charge in it, which would impeach my integrity were it true.

I *know* now the depth of his shallowness, — to use an Hibernian flower of speech. My uncle's remark upon it is perfectly just. He says, "His contradicting you, and asserting that you have misstated facts, may be answered in what Warburton said of one of his antagonists, 'It may be so, for all he knows about the matter.'"

I expect the first proof of my "Vindiciæ" in the course of the week. When the work which it defends was printing, I pleased myself with the thought of surprising Elmsley with the dedication. Time is now every year taking away old friends, and I am past the age for making new ones. When I look around me now, "Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, March 30. 1826.

MY DEAR R.,

I hope the Easter holidays have been, in the language of the saints, *improved* by you; that is, that you have profited by them to get that refreshment which green fields and an open sky afford after long and close attention to business in London. How you stand such perpetual wear and tear of intellect is to me marvellous. I have a reputation for hard-working, but had this head of mine been worked half as much, or half as intensely as yours, it would have been under the sod long ere this. My bow is never kept strung, and half its time only with a loose string, which just serves for letting fly a fool's bolt. Idleness and mirthfulness have done much towards keeping me in working trim.

Turner writes as if he were in better health and spirits than one should think possible from the way in which he was going on two years ago, and the great degree of bodily derangement under which he evidently laboured at that time. It is marvellous to see sometimes how a good hearty mind can keep a crazy body from falling to pieces. He is busy upon "Henry VIII.'s Reign," and I am glad to find that he is disposed to allow himself more space, and enter more into details than he has usually done. With his industry, and, what is of not less value, his tact for perceiving what may be discovered, he has only to persuade himself that what he has found worth knowing must be worth communicating also.

The King of Portugal has died in ill times. We could have better spared any of his contemporary sovereigns; that is, there is no other whose death could be likely to produce so many untoward perplexities. One knows not what may happen either at Lisbon or

in Brazil. In Portugal there are the Queen's party, ready to renew a system so bad that it furnishes an apology, if not a cause, for any revolutionary projects; and there are the Revolutionists, who, on their part, are just as incorrigible by experience, and as impenetrable to reason. And in Brazil the Republican party is strong enough for Buenos Ayres to rely upon it, and upon it only, in the war wherein that feeble state has engaged. But that party could desire nothing more favourable to their designs than the death of the king, which brings the question of succession at once to issue. Supposing the emperor renounces the right of inheritance to Portugal for himself and his eldest son,—if that line failed, the right would revert to the second son, whom he might send to Lisbon (supposing he has one, which I believe is the case), and the Republicans will very well know what use to make of this interminable claim, for showing that the only way effectually to cut it off is by setting up a popular government. The sure and immediate consequence would be division, anarchy, and butcherly civil wars.

A person in Leadenhall Street, to whom I write under your cover, thinks he can obtain for me a sight of Wesley's letters to his wife during a period of fifteen years. I shall be very glad to peruse them; Wesley's married life being that of his history, which has been most blackened by his enemies (his wife at their head), and kept back in the shade by his encomiasts.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, April 9. 1826.

THERE is a good story in point to your extract from the "Foreign Scenes," which I find in a very singular

book, "*Œconomia moralis Clericorum duobus Tractatibus Carmine leonino breviter ac lepide descripta*," the work of a Brabantine priest in the middle of the seventeenth century. It is given in prose as illustrating the precept in the verse. A fellow who had stolen a pig was enjoined, in penance, to distribute five stivers to the poor, and being well pleased at getting off so cheaply, he replied that he would distribute ten. The confessor's suspicions were awakened by this voluntary duplication, and upon questioning his penitent, he forced from him the avowal that there was another pig in the same sty which he meant to take possession of upon the same terms.

A digest of the evidence upon the state of Ireland has been published by two Irish clergymen, with a very able commentary, in which the practices and designs of the Romish clergy in Ireland are exposed with great effect. They have sent me the book, and one of them, Mortimer O'Sullivan, with whose brother I have had some correspondence, is coming here this summer to visit a brother of Latouche, the Dublin banker. Dr. Doyle, it seems, was educated at Coimbra. He could not have attained a greater proficiency in the art of equivocation if he had studied there in the days of the Jesuits.

Murray has sent me the new volume of "Discoveries in Central Africa," where, though they have found men in armour, there appear no vestiges of ancient civilisation. According to this account the huge lake, or fresh water Caspian, at which the Niger flows, has no outlet. Murray has shown some quackery about the engravings in his advertisement. This is the most successful journey that has yet been made, and it cost the lives of two of the party, and a third, who went afterwards to Bornou, with the title of consul, has died also.

I see by the newspaper that Frederick Blackstone is

married, and that Julius Hare has taken orders, which I am glad to see, because he has knowledge and industry and talents enough to distinguish himself greatly and usefully. In promoting Van Mildert to Durham, there seems a wish to make some amends for having sent * * * * * * * *. As Sumner was to be the new bishop, I wish Carlisle had fallen first. It would be pleasant enough to have a bishop there with whom I should like to be acquainted; and Sumner is a person who is intimate with several of my friends, and whom I have often been on the point of meeting.

The Roman Catholics have been too wise to bring on their question this session; they feel that they have lost ground in consequence of the stir which has been excited, and their friends in Parliament have the fear of a general election before their eyes. If I could have been sure of this, it would have been better to have kept back the exposure in the last "Review;" however, so flagrant and blasphemous a case will not soon be forgotten. I have just sent off a paper upon "Britton's Cathedrals," which would not be worth the time it has cost were it not for the money that it will bring.

As for the "Vindiciæ," I know nothing of the sale, and hear nothing of the book, except that Lockhart tells me it has made the greatest sensation, which he has said for the sake of saying it. I am now fairly reading the "Santuario Mariano!" not for Mr. Butler's sake, but for the historical matter which it contains, for the book is very curious, and to me very amusing. I should have looked at some of the Lisbon idols with more satisfaction if I had been acquainted with their adventures, as recorded in their extraordinary *idolo*graphical work. I question whether what are commonly thought worthless books are not better worth reading than what are commonly called good ones; the latter generally disappoint one, and in the former you are thankful for any inform-

ation or amusement which you may chance to find there.

I will bring up the "Malagrida Drawings," and inquire concerning the expense of having them lithographed. My departure will probably be in five weeks from this time. I shall then have finished the second volume of the "War." God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, April 10. 1826.

MY DEAR R.,

I do not doubt that over-tension of mind has been the primary cause of the evil, and probably some obscure bodily derangement the proximate one. The remedy is to be sought in change of circumstances, scenes, and air. Change of air I believe to be in most cases the most efficient of all remedies; indeed, I feel its effects myself always in increased appetite and improved digestion, sounder sleep, and the rebracing of a bodily frame, which at other times is sensibly relaxed. Take a journey as soon as Parliament breaks up. I shall see you in about five weeks from this time, and will press this upon you. You want change and sunshine, and open air and motion, and that sort of occupation which is amusement, and which can in no other way be so surely attained as by travelling in a foreign country.

The packet which comes herewith contains a note of introduction to Turner, for Mr. Garnett, who is a curate at Blackburn, and a very remarkable person. He did not begin to learn Greek till he was twenty, and he is now, I believe, acquainted with all the European languages of Latin or Teutonic origin, and with sundry Oriental ones. I do not know any other man

who has read so much which you would not expect him to have read. He is very likely to distinguish himself in his vocation by exposing the abominable falsifications of such men as Milner and Lingard, whom he has industry enough to ferret out through all their underground ways. The Bishop of Chester knows him, and, I hope, will give him some small preferment, on which he may have leisure for turning his rare acquirements to good use.

He was the schoolfellow and intimate friend of that poor Ritchie who lost his life in one of the African expeditions.

Murray has just sent me his recent volume of "African Travels," from whence it appears that the great fresh water lake into which the Niger flows has no outlet. This at least is the traveller's conclusion. It is odd to have found men in armour there, and yet not the slightest vestige of any degree of civilisation beyond what at present exists there. The Mahomedan religion, which has done evil everywhere else, has certainly done good in Africa. I wish the travellers could discover something like an authentic history of its progress there. There are some samples of negro poetry in the book, which have more of the Biblical character than anything that has been brought us from Persia or the East. God bless you.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, April 30. 1826.

DEAR SENHORA,

I am the worst person in the world to advise with upon any transactions with booksellers, having been engaged with them some thirty years, and having

all that time been used by them like a goose, that is to say, plucked at their mercy. This, however, I can tell you, that, deal with them how you will, they will have the lion's share, and no one can find it answer to publish on his own account, except it be by subscription, when his friends will take some trouble to assist him.

You had better let the major write to Murray, and propose the book to him. I shall see Murray in the course of three weeks, and will then speak to him about it, and take a place for it in the "Quarterly Review," which will be giving it a hearty shove. The first thing necessary is for him to announce the translation, lest some other persons should get hold of it, which among so many hungry booksellers and hungrier authors will certainly be the case, unless this precaution be taken. As for terms, Murray will (I dare say) either halve the profits with you, or give a price, which will be something less than the half would amount to, and this in either case, when you come to re-halve it, will be little enough. Nobody knows better than myself what cuttings, and parings, and clippings, and loppings, and toppings, and shearings, and clearings there are before the poor author's share is to be measured off.

I have an excellent history to relate, in due place and time, of a monk whose visual sight was so strengthened by special spiritual grace that he could see evil spirits filling the air in swarms like midges. The whole atmosphere, he says, is full of them. For my poor part I think the midges the worse plague of the two, peradventure they may be these very devil-swarms in a tangible form, making themselves seen and felt by us meaner mortals, — fiends in masquerade, who tempt persons to say *curse* the midges, and to other acts of impatience. This, however, is not to the purpose; what I mean to say is, that whether the air be full of devils or not, the earth is full of rogues. We live in a

trading country, where the spirit of trade rules, and that spirit is a vile, selfish, money-getting spirit. "Beggar my neighbour" is the game which every man plays; and the great art of trade is, to allow as little profit as possible to those of whom you buy, and extort as much as possible from those to whom you sell.

If a bookseller be worse than another tradesman, it is because his dealings lie with a class of men who, not being tradesmen, cannot deal with him upon his own system and scale of morality.

Do not send your manuscripts to Mr. Rickman's, but to my brother's, No. 1. Harley Street, a sure receiving-house at all times; whereas R. and his family may be out of town.

I shall see you, please God, in June, very early in the month, if on my way out; and by the 20th, if on the way back, which point will be settled in London when we come to plan our movements there over the map.

I read Berkeley's "Treatise" more than thirty years ago: it is one of those books which prove so much, that you are sure all cannot be true, and therefore fall into a distrust of what is. However, it has always left upon me a persuasion that tar-water must be good for something.

I shall take some of your white salve with me (thank you for it), as a precaution, and I shall take also, like Mr. L., a camphor bag, but for a different purpose, meaning to fasten it on the obnoxious foot at night, that the scent may keep the enemy at a distance. It was not a Dutch bug, Senhora, it was a French one; Bonchain or Douay being its birthplace, therefore certainly French, and certainly Popish. Never again shall I be able to snap the moveables upon that foot. I used to play a duet upon the pedal instrument; now it must be a solo! The part is not thoroughly well, and for that reason I

am at this moment less certain about my movements than I could wish to be.

I wish I could read Dutch as well as I can read French; speak it I certainly could with much greater readiness in a very little time, if I had ever patience to set about learning any language in the right way. However, I have taken very kindlily to everything in Holland,—place, people, books, language, eating, drinking; everything, except smoking and their abominable beds, which for the enormity of bolsters and pillows are worse than the French, and which are, moreover, laid in a box, instead of being placed on a bedstead.

God bless you. Love from all. Remember us most kindly to Mrs. Rickman. E. May is at Rydal. Cuthbert has just been reading with me a chapter in the Dutch Bible.

R. S.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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